

Current Literature

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"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

DEC., 1900

*For a New National
Holiday*

Those who live outside of New England may not have heard of a comparatively new institution in that region called Old Home Week, which there is an apparent effort on foot to make into a sort of a national festival or holiday. We cannot do better than quote the following editorial from the New York Independent at length upon this interesting topic:

The sons of the East have planted the West, and done the pioneering. Families are strung out clear across the continent. It is a rare case where a family remains together for two generations. The consequence is that "All Kansas is homesick. We love our beautiful valleys, but we long once more to hear the brooks running and jumping down the hulls of the old mother States." The whole century has been given to pushing forward. Why not inaugurate the new century with a looking backward, and a re-establishment of the home-making spirit? The Louisiana Purchase was made in 1803; it was accountable for the emptying out of our New England nests. Jefferson said it would take a thousand years to settle from the Mississippi River to the Pacific; but we have done it inside of one hundred years. We put New England on wheels, and rolled it westward till we reached the ocean. Such energy expended for another hundred years would break us up physically, if it did not exhaust us morally. It has cost us a good deal besides hard work. It has sacrificed the home instinct, and it has nearly emptied the nation's cradle. Yet the prairies and the plains, and even the foothills and the Pacific slope, have nothing so loving, so gracious, so entreating, and so satisfying as the hills and brooks and ponds of Massachusetts, Maine and New Hampshire. Have they yet created a Thoreau, an Emerson and a Hawthorne? Inspirations are not explainable. They do not come around under the Rule of Three. Governor Rollins' proclamation of a Home Week was a genuine inspiration. It came out of the heart of events. It was a natural summing up of the century. It was the cry of New England for her children; it was quite as much the voice of her children in Colorado and California. We must

get together again, it said. The home tie must not be severed forever; the home must not be broken up. What are these railroads for? What have we been doing through the nineteenth century with our inventions? Only getting ready to go home more easily. The proclamation was hardly printed before the response came; heartily, unanimously, from a thousand Western homes. Last year a large numbers of towns, especially in New Hampshire and Connecticut, held the Home Week holiday. This year the idea has caught everywhere. Woodstock celebrated with Governor Rollins present; while Andover has built a huge bonfire, as a beacon light to the wanderers, on old Kearsage. It is said that next year nearly every town and village in New England will have taken up with the idea. Hospitality will rule; a welcome of the whole-soul of the East will go out to the children of the West, to come back and be happy, and make others happy. The spirit is good; the conception is ennobling. It demonstrates the real unity of the nation; the reality of the republic as one people, a family. It shows also how truly New England life has flowed through all the Western States, and worked through all their institutions.

A Sherman Anecdote

The death of John Sherman recalls to a writer in the Evening Post an incident of his early career not usually brought out in his biographies. It is interesting both as a contribution to history and to the peculiar and inexplicable ways that books may sometimes act. The writer says:

How many men can remember the excitement over a little book called *The Impending Crisis of the South*, by Hinton R. Helper, of North Carolina? It was in 1857 that this modest volume appeared. It was merely a collection of statistics going to show that the South was falling behind the North in population, wealth, and general progress. The author attributed the backwardness of the South in these particulars to her system of slave labor; and he pointed out an impending crisis after a few years' continuance of the two systems side by side. The North would become the preponderant force in the Union, both industrially and

politically, and as the years rolled on the South would have to take a lower and lower place. There was nothing in the book that could be called new. It was a mere grouping together of statistics already well known. In fact, the book fell dead from the press, and would have remained so had not the author sought and obtained signatures of a number of prominent men in the North to a circular recommending it to the public. Among the signatures was that of John Sherman, who was then serving his second term in Congress. Mr. Sherman had signed the circular as an act of kindness without reading the book, and because others had done so. There was no reason why he should or should not sign it. He had entirely forgotten the circumstances when, in 1859, he received the nomination of the Republican caucus for the Speakership of the House. At first it was supposed that he would be elected, although the Republicans lacked a few votes of a majority, but suddenly the announcement was made that he had recommended to public favor an incendiary abolition document called *Helper's Impending Crisis*. The excitement was tremendous. Immediately everybody wanted a copy of the book. The sale exceeded the wildest dreams of author and publisher. The more it was read, the less reason was discovered why Mr. Sherman should not sign the circular, yet the voting in the House was not determined by the views of the members, but by the noise and clamor outside. It was not determined by those who had read the book, but by those who had not even seen it. The word Abolition was stamped upon it in the public mind and upon Mr. Sherman in consequence, and he found it necessary to withdraw from the contest. Mr. Pennington, of Delaware, was elected Speaker.

The New Cuba

The industrial situation of Cuba is of especial interest just now as it is the best exponent of the effort to reconstruct the country upon new lines. Two elections have already passed off peaceably, and the country is settling down to its proper labor. Governor General Wood gives a succinct outline of the new Cuba in a recent number of *Collier's Weekly*, from which we append the following description of the commercial and agricultural conditions as they now are. He says:

With the exception of one or two districts, Cuba may be said to be fairly well reconstructed agriculturally and on the high road to prosperity. The tobacco crop last year was very large, one of the largest in the history of the island, and this year's crop will equal if not exceed it. The sugar crop in the present year will be in the neighborhood of

550,000 tons, and if the present price of sugar continues the amount of money realized will equal that received from the great crops of years gone by. The cultivation of coffee is being resumed in the eastern provinces, as is also the extensive cultivation of cocoa. Mining industries, especially in the two eastern provinces, are rapidly developing. This section of Cuba has an unlimited supply of very high-grade iron ore, as well as large quantities of copper and oxide of manganese; also there are deposits of zinc and a low grade of asbestos. In the province of Santiago there is still an enormous amount of very valuable timber.

The commerce of the island is growing, as shown by the import duties. There is a great demand for labor from one end of Cuba to the other. Large plantations are being reconstructed, some of them costing \$1,500,000 for machinery and equipment alone. Land in the eastern provinces is cheap, and of the best possible quality. When it is remembered that probably not over 10 per cent. of Cuba was ever under cultivation at one time, the possibilities of its future development can be appreciated. Credit is good throughout the island, but investment by outside capital is slow on account of the political uncertainty of the future.

I know of no land where young men of moderate capital and industry have a better chance than in Cuba. The possibilities in the way of fruit growing have never been even appreciated. Oranges of the finest flavor grow in the greatest abundance, and without any care. With proper cultivation the possibilities in this line are apparently limitless. Frosts are unknown, and there is a sufficient amount of rainfall to do away with need of irrigation. What is said of oranges is probably true of lemons and olives. Potatoes, onions, and all kinds of garden truck grow with the greatest rapidity and in great abundance. The raising of cattle and horses can also be conducted very profitably in the island. The grazing is excellent, the grass being always in condition from one year's end to the other. Many important enterprises are under consideration. Immigrants are pouring into the island, especially from Spain. These immigrants are mostly from the northern provinces, and are a hardy, industrious race of people and will make good citizens. As to the climatic conditions existing in Cuba, it may be safely said that one can live there with as much comfort as in any of our Southern States, and it is believed that as the reconstruction and development of the island progress the prevalent diseases will largely disappear. Yellow fever, of which so much is said, is not, after all, so much to be feared as is popularly supposed, and we have every reason to hope that in a few years, with careful attention to sanitation, and care-

ful isolation of the diseased, that Cuba can be made as safe for the European as Jamaica is today. It cannot be stamped out at once, nor is its removal the work of a single year. The presence of yellow fever this year in Cuba, and especially in Havana, is due almost entirely to the number of Spanish immigrants who are arriving on every steamer, nearly all of them being non-immunes.

The Hall of Fame.

The Hall of Fame has commended itself generally to the American people, and apparently the idea of an American temple similar in scope to London's Westminster Abbey has certainly interested the country at large. Opinions about it have been various, and some fault has been found with the failure of the first balloting to include in the lists the names of popular favorites like Cooper, Poe, Bryant and others. A specimen criticism against the enterprise in general appears in the Independent, but as a rule the idea has met with a generous reception. The Independent article, by Rebecca Harding Davis scouts the idea of submitting everything to the test of a plebiscite. The writer says:

The voting habit is a chronic disease now among Americans. We only used the ballot at first to choose our rulers when we threw off the yoke of King George, but now we appeal to it to settle every possible question, from that of predestination and the damnation of unbaptized infants down to which is the prettiest girl at a church fair. For us the plebiscite is the voice of God—it cannot err.

A further criticism which she makes is that, no matter how carefully the judges may be chosen from the living, they are incapable of conferring fame upon the dead. In this respect the name chosen is at fault and not the idea, while with regard to the efficacy of the popular vote, it certainly is the only method available in a country where no single individual and no constituted body could possibly select names to be thus memorialized. The matter really reduces itself to the question whether a memorial of this kind is either appropriate or desirable. On this side we give, as in its favor, the following brief quotation from the New York Tribune:

The first balloting of the committee of one hundred judges, or perhaps more properly electors, was canvassed last week, with results which can be regarded not otherwise than as highly satisfactory. It was within the power of the committee to present fifty names for immediate inscription, and there was much expectation that the full number would be presented, if not, indeed, more. On the

contrary, in its conservatism and deliberation of judgment, the committee has offered only thirty names. That in itself is gratifying. Still more so is it that its choices are such as spontaneously commend themselves to what Tennyson felicitously called "the common sense of most," if, not indeed of all. Beyond doubt there are other names well worthy of inclusion which have failed to receive the necessary number of ballots. But that is immaterial, because there are to be other ballotings in future years, until all the tablets are filled with names. What is material, and what is most satisfactory—and indeed what is the best vindication of the whole enterprise—is that no unfit name has been chosen. Men will want to add others; they will never want to erase any of these. We have already printed the list of selected names, but it is fitting to reproduce it here:

George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Benjamin Franklin, Ulysses Simpson Grant, John Marshall, Thomas Jefferson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Robert Fulton, Washington Irving, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, David Glascoe Farragut, Henry Clay, George Peabody, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Robert Edward Lee, Peter Cooper, Horace Mann, Eli Whitney, Henry Ward Beecher, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William Ellery Channing, John James Audubon, Elias Howe, Gilbert Stuart, Asa Gray.

There is not a name there that is not a household word among all intelligent Americans, and that is not known and honored throughout the civilized world. We should be sorry to think there was a schoolboy above the primary grade in all the land who could not offhand identify each and tell its title to fame. And when at last, in the due process of years, the roll is swelled to its full number we have no doubt that the same will be truly said of it all. Perhaps even then it will be incomplete. The United States is not so poor in great names that even so long a list will include them all. But it will be more nearly complete than any other such national roll of fame existing in the world. England's great Abbey is the tomb of many of her illustrious sons. But it also shelters the dust of many obscure and unworthy ones, while many of the very greatest lie elsewhere. The French Academy enrolls a large majority of the foremost intellectual leaders of the nation, but some of its chairs have been filled by nonentities and some of the greatest names have remained outside the Forty. Far more representative and at once more exclusive and more comprehensive will be this Hall of Fame. If it has not a place for every great name, it will at least have a great name for every place.

Thriving Cities

At a time when the results of the national census are being made public statistics become quite common. The first and most important facts, those which are earliest quoted to illustrate the marvelous growth of localities, are the tables relating to the size of cities. If we take our largest centres of population, the rate of growth seems little short of phenomenal. New York City by its enlargements attains a population of three and a half millions, only a little short of that of London. Aside, however, from its growth by amalgamation, this entire district shows an increase of 37.9 per cent. over its population of ten years ago. Chicago again has increased to a million and a half, and shows an increase of 54.44 per cent.; Philadelphia, with a population of 1,293,697, occupies the third place, with an increase of 23.57 per cent.; St. Louis is fourth, with an increase of 25.07, and so on through the list. A writer in the Baltimore Herald, who has sifted the various standings of cities, finds that the greatest gains are made by the seaports and industrial towns. He says:

Nearly all the cities of 25,000 inhabitants and upward which are credited with a gain of at least 40 per cent. during the past ten years have extensive manufacturing or shipping interests. In the case of some, like Duluth, Cleveland and Chicago, the two factors have combined to promote expansion. Strictly local causes are responsible for extraordinary gains here and there, Atlantic City being a conspicuous illustration; but in the main, industrial operations are the foundation and the chief stimulus to urban growth. Among the cities to be included in the list of municipalities distinguished for remarkable prosperity are Indianapolis, with 60.44 per cent. increase; Toledo, 81.88 per cent.; Columbus, 42.44; Worcester, Mass., 39.89; Fall River, 40.85; Grand Rapids, 45.27; Hartford, Conn., 50.01; Bridgeport, Conn., 45.29; New Bedford, Mass., 53.30; Akron, O., 54.81; McKeesport, 61.85; Bayonne, N. J., 71.92; Cedar Rapids, Mich., 42.38. Although the increase in the total population of the New England States is small, the manufacturing towns, as the census tables prove, flourish not less than the cities in any other part of the country, some of the heaviest gains being credited to the cotton mill centres in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. Still more impressive does the demonstration become when the statistics for such Southern cities as Birmingham and Montgomery, Ala., and Little Rock, Ark., are taken up, where the gains have been 46.75, 38.67 and 48.05 per cent., respectively. The general conditions in the South are not favorable to the growth of large towns. Only in places where the new spirit,

diffused by industrialism, has had an opportunity to manifest itself, as in the smelting and coal region of Alabama, do the towns rival Northern cities in expansion. Richmond and Nashville have the advantage of excellent locations, for example, but they remain untouched by the invigorating influence which factories exert, and, as a consequence, they stand almost at the foot of the roster, with gains of only 4.50 and 6.17 per cent., respectively. Next to manufacture the most important factor in the advance of cities is the export trade. All the seaports in a position to profit by the movement of goods abroad, or which serve as gateways for the imports, are well up in the front line of urban progress. Chicago, with a gain of 54.43 per cent.; Portland, with 94.95 per cent.; Duluth, with 59.98 per cent.; Jacksonville, Fla., with 65.28 per cent.; Norfolk, with 33.70 per cent.; Mobile, with 23.99 per cent., and Galveston, with 29.51 per cent., are examples which bear out this assumption. The exhibit proves conclusively that manufacturers are well-nigh indispensable to the life of cities unless the latter are so situated that the commerce of rich sections of the country must pass through them.

Position of the United States

The questions raised by census statistics are after all somewhat larger than those treated in the article just quoted. Sir Robert Giffen, for many years the chief statistician of the British Board of Trade, summarized recently the statistical changes of the century in an address delivered in Manchester, in which he stated the population of Europe and of nations of European origin like the United States had risen during the century from 150 to 500 millions. For centuries the growth of Europe was retarded by wars, pestilence and other checks to population, when all at once in a single century this sudden multiplication of numbers occurs. He drew the following interesting conclusions from these facts:

"It would probably not be far short of the mark to say that while the millions of the advanced portion of the human race have increased in numbers as described, each unit, on the average, is two or three times better off than the corresponding unit at the beginning of the period. Again, the development is for the most part not uniform among the European populations. It is most marked in the Anglo-American section. The increase here is from a population of not more than about 20,000,000, which was the population of the United States and the United Kingdom together a hundred years ago, to a population of not less than 130,000,000 at the present time. If we consider that an empire like that of Britain had its

strength rather diminished than increased by the possession of territories like India, then the United States, having a larger European population than that of the British Empire, might be considered the most powerful State in the world as far as population and resources were concerned. No doubt Russia had a much larger population, but the inferiority of the units was so great that the pre-eminence of the United States was not in question.

"Germany, Russia and the United Kingdom had all grown, while France and Australia had by comparison remained stationary, so that now the great world Powers were four only—the United States, Britain, Russia and Germany, with France a doubtful fifth. The extent of the revolution that had taken place in a century was evident, and obviously accounted for much that was going on in international politics. If the forces now in existence continue to operate as they have done in the past century for only a few more generations, the close of the coming century must witness a further transformation, whose beginnings would be apparent in the lifetime of some among us. It was a reasonable probability that unless some great internal change should take place in the ideas and conduct of the European races themselves the population of 500,000,000 would in another century become one of 1,500,000,000 to 2,000,000,000. The black and yellow races still remaining, as far as one could see, comparatively stationary, this would make a greatly changed world. The yellow peril, for instance, of which we heard so much, would have vanished, because the yellow races themselves would be so much outnumbered. What would be the 400,000,000 of China compared with 1,500,000,000 or 2,000,000,000 of European race? Further progress must also be made in the redistribution of power among European nations. International politics would be more and more limited to the affairs of what were already the four great Powers—the United States, the United Kingdom, Germany, and Russia. The most serious problem would of course be whether the dilemma stated by Malthus and hitherto put aside by the occupation of new lands, would at length become an urgently practical question. It was impossible not to wonder which of the two forces—the growth of population and the increase of the needs of the growing population on the one side, and the growth of invention and mechanical power in supplying human wants on the other side would gain as time went on."

Travel in the Next Century As the new century opens some idea of the possibilities of travel in the future may be gained by a consideration of what the present has developed. One hundred years ago the stage coach was the

fastest method of travel, and it probably attained a speed of from five to eight miles an hour. Since the invention of steam the railroad has slowly forged ahead in the matter of speed until San Francisco is brought within less than four days of New York, and Chicago, which was not so many years ago thought of as the heart of the great West, is only eighteen hours distant from the metropolis. The steam engine has made this marvelous transformation, and although it may not be the means by which that progress is carried further, the accomplishment shows what may be expected during the one hundred years to come. It seems to be generally conceded that the steam engine has now reached its highest efficiency. As the year closes, this is the situation as briefly outlined by the Scientific American from an article in the London Times:

Under a table of the fastest railroad speeds, from start to stop, this country heads the list with four notable trains which are run on the Philadelphia and Reading and Pennsylvania Railroads, from Camden to Atlantic City. The two Philadelphia and Reading trains cover the distance of 55½ miles at the rate of 66.6 miles an hour, while the two Pennsylvania Railroads run between the same points a distance of 59 miles at the rate of 64.3 miles an hour. Following these is a French train, which runs the distance from Morceux to Bordeaux, 67¾ miles, at the rate of 61.6 miles per hour, and next to this are four trains on the Camden-Atlantic City lines, with speeds of 61 and 60.5 miles an hour. Then follows a train on the Paris-Amiens route, which covers 81¾ miles at a speed of 60.5 miles an hour. The next two fast runs are short ones of 15 miles from Dorchester to Wareham in England, which are booked to be made at a speed of 60.1 miles an hour. It is a significant fact that out of forty-three expresses, with a speed of over 55.5 miles an hour, these Dorchester-Wareham trains and three trains on the Caledonian Railroad, two of which cover 32½ miles at 59.1 miles an hour and 56.5 miles an hour, and the third, 89¾ miles at 55.6 miles an hour, are the only ones that represent the English railroads, although it is but a few years ago that English roads were supreme in the matter of speed among the railroads of the world. Out of a total of 57 trains given in this table, there are only three other English trains which have a speed of 55 miles an hour or over. Summing up, we find that America heads the list in point of speed, with twenty-three trains, while France has twenty-six trains and England eight in the table referred to. The credit for running the fastest long distance train in the world is due to the Orleans and Midi Railroad, whose train from Paris to Bayonne, a distance of 486¾ miles, is run at a

speed, including six stops, of 54.13 miles an hour. This is better than the Empire State Express, which runs from New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, at a rate, including four stops, of 53.33 miles an hour. The best work of the English railroads is that done on the Great Northern from King's Cross to Edinburgh, a distance of 393½ miles, which is covered at an average speed, including three stops, of 50.7 miles per hour. By virtue of the high average speed and great number of its long-distance express trains, France hold the premier position to-day, a statement which is borne out by the fact that there are thirteen expresses which are booked to run at average speeds, including stops, of from 51.3 to 57.7 miles per hour, over distances of from 123 to 486¼ miles. The fastest of these, which runs from Bayonne to Bordeaux, covers a distance of 123 miles at 57.7 miles per hour, with two stops; while the most creditable run is one from Paris to Bayonne, of 486¼ miles, at 54.1 miles an hour, above referred to.

Universal Telephones

Few people stop to think of the possibilities of a universal system of telephoning which could be brought about only by reducing the enormous present cost of the service. The Electrical Review, having heard that the Pacific Coast Telephone Company boasted that it would put a telephone in every house, whether a mansion in the city, or a farmhouse, far distant from all neighbors, comments upon this notion of its universal use as follows:

While it is easy to grant the vital importance of the telephone in modern business affairs, one cannot help feeling that, even to-day, this instrument has been denied an opportunity to prove its highest usefulness. There seems to be no physical reason why the telephone should not be as universal as the water-main and the gas-pipe. This alluring subject is liable to lead one afar if he stops to think about the conditions of civilization that would exist were every place of business and every habitation furnished with telephones able to connect with all other telephones. The necessity for taking journeys would practically cease and the passenger business of railroads and steamship lines would be confined to those who travel for pleasure or for the more intimate meeting of their acquaintances and correspondents. The business of the world would be done over wire and not by personal interview or through the mails. Even the five o'clock tea and the social call would become things as far in the remote past as the sedan chair and the hoopskirt. Possibly even the newspaper would find its field diminished, while the solidarity of nations would increase by the free-

dom of intercourse that would be brought about. No one intimately familiar with the telephone and its development can doubt that all this is not only possible but even exceedingly probable. Within the last two or three years the telephone has been developing along just such lines as indicated above, and those of us who have not passed the middle period of age may yet hope to live to see some such widespread use of this instrument as is here suggested.

The Age of Novel Writers

Most people are familiar with the remark of some literary person who said that a writer should never essay a work until he was forty years old or over. This axiomatic remark has, however, been taken up by a writer in the Criterion who gives a long list of those who have written famous novels at a far less mature age. He says:

In the field of the novel as well as of the drama (Shakespeare wrote Romeo and Juliet at twenty-seven) youthful precocity is apparent. Elizabeth Sheppard, the feminine Chatterton of the history of literature, wrote Charles Auchester at sixteen. Victor Hugo wrote his first serious novel at twenty-one, and Charlotte Bronte was the same age when she gave us Jane Eyre. Lord Lytton first achieved success with a novel at twenty-five. At the same age Goethe had written The Sorrows of Werther and was forever famous. Turgenieff was one year older when his first novel brought him into prominence. Dickens wrote Oliver Twist at twenty-six. Frances Burney was no older when she helped to originate a new form of fiction in Evelina. Smollet was only twenty-seven when he produced Roderick Random, and George Sand wrote her immortal Indiana at the same age. Charles Kingsley was still in his twenties when he wrote Yeast. Many of our most treasured novels were written when their authors were little past the thirty-year mark. Stevenson wrote Treasure Island when he was only thirty-three. Thackeray wrote Vanity Fair at thirty-eight, and Mrs. Stowe Uncle Tom's Cabin at thirty-nine. Disraeli, Trollope, Reade, Cooper, Jane Austen and Goldsmith—all these gave their best work to the presses before they were forty. The same is true of Daudet, Balzac, Dumas (pere) and Tolstoi. As a matter of fact, there are only a half dozen or so of novelists whom time has stamped as really great craftsmen who did not show the full maturity of power before the age of twoscore years. Scott did not, but Scott before that age had produced his best poetical work. George Eliot did not, reversing the law that women mature mentally at an earlier age than men. Neither did Hawthorne. These are exceptions, however, that may be cited only to prove the rule.

Bookmakers and Art Books

THE PRINTER AND ILLUSTRATOR. GILT AND SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS. LIMITATIONS OF SIZE. THE CONVENIENT BOOK. THE REVIVAL OF OLD STYLES OF TYPE AND PAPER.

It is only when one penetrates into the subscription book field that the actual standing of the bookmaker's art can be appreciated. It is there that the finest work is being done, both in choice of paper, in binding and in excellence of illustration. This work is perhaps not of such immediate interest to the public as the best that appears in what is technically known as the "trade" books, because it appears in editions of limited size and of much greater price. These editions go in consequence only to book lovers, or to a very few of the wealthiest readers and collectors. They do not appeal to public approval, but to the taste alone of specialists. Knowing this the publisher does not court publicity, but hedges his wares about with cautionary screens, and does what he can to cater to the connoisseur's desire for exclusiveness and rarity. For him, therefore, it is quite meet that the paper maker should provide paper made of real rags, and that every sheet should bear a water-mark. This buyer of limited editions is willing to pay a very high price; therefore it is quite right that extra touches should be given to the binding; that the more expensive hand processes of printing should be used in the plates, that painters only of the highest qualifications should illustrate its pages, and that special types only should be used for its text. There may be something that smacks of ultra-exclusiveness in all these paraphernalia, and yet the enjoyment of a rare book is a luxury often enjoyed by persons of otherwise simple and democratic tastes. It seems like evidence of the existence in our commonest natures of truly regal instincts—a sort of connecting link in the descent of man from a former race of princes and potentates, which may have ruled the earth before the advent of Adam and his descendants.

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Even in the ordinary book making of to-day there have been many beneficial changes. By almost imperceptible degrees publishers have re-adopted old styles which contribute greater ease and comfort to the reader. A very pronounced tendency to revive the old well-rounded and blacker types is surely less of a strain upon the eye, while the lightening of the paper has added enormously to the ease of handling books. These things have been brought about through the efforts of enthusiasts like William Morris in England, and Elbert Hubbard and others in this

country. To-day a fair proportion of trade books is brought out with evidences of some regard for the canons laid down by these craftsmen. Some of the younger houses, indeed, have gone so far that they bring out nothing which has not a quaint and old-fashioned look.

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To revert more particularly to individual books of the season, we find a young house like R. H. Russell & Co. giving quite as much attention to these matters, as in books for the general trade, as others are doing in the higher-priced subscription field. For the present year Russell's most ambitious production is a quarto volume of Irving's Knickerbocker, printed with exquisite taste upon antique wove paper. This typographical excellence is but one of the reasons for republishing the volume, the other excuse, if one were needed, being the presentation of eight spirited full-page drawings by Maxfield Parrish, the Philadelphian illustrator whose individuality in pen and ink makes him one of America's distinctive characters in the field of illustrators. At this juncture, however, we reach a point where the struggle between the illustrator and the public shows two forces pulling in opposite directions. The result is the quarto form, the album, the large page and the consequently unwieldy volume. To reduce the illustration to the size requisite for an octavo, is to rob it of much that the artist prizes in the detail of his work. This is particularly the case where a painter, after laborious effort in composing a scene involving many full-length figures, finds that in the process of reduction all the character detail, reduced by photography to exceedingly small dimensions, comes dangerously near to vanishing altogether. For this reason the painter seeks a printed expression which will not compel him to put up with so serious a loss. The reader who is less keenly appreciative of these details desires a book which will not alone be an ornament, but a readable volume as well. The quarto is therefore but a parlor table ornament, suitable for illustration only and hardly for text. In this form of the art the Russell Co. have been peculiarly happy. They have published many large books because the highest form of the illustrators' art demanded an adequate expression. Besides the Knickerbocker volume, they bring out this year a second album of Nicholson cartoons, devoted to Characters in Romance.

These are polychrome plates, full of spirit and far more effective than the same artist's earlier work.

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Apropos of the question of large-sized books, the fact that almost all art publications preserve the quarto and folio size is evidence of the necessity of an ample page to do justice to a great artist's work. One may see this more distinctly in such a volume as the *VanDyk* by Max Rooses, which is brought out in this country by J. B. Lippincott and Co., of Philadelphia, or of a similar volume upon Sir Joshua Reynolds, of which the Scribners are sponsors of the American edition. The *VanDyk* is far the handsomer of the two, in its rich series of Meisenbach plates, made from the pictures of VanDyk, which were collected and exhibited at Antwerp in 1899. It has been quite a common thing in European centres in the past dozen years to hold representative exhibitions of the work of great masters like Rembrandt, VanDyk, Reynolds and others. At these reunions, one may well see that works are called out whose existence is little known to the public. Indeed the reputations of the great painters may almost be said to have been made by the few examples of their work contained in public galleries. There is a natural tendency of course for the best to drift toward these great centres, but there is still a vast amount of magnificent art hidden in the palaces and mansions of private individuals which is brought out upon such occasions with almost the splendor and eclat of new discoveries. Thus in casting the eye over the superb series of portraits collected in this *VanDyk* volume, one comes upon many an old familiar face, but also upon a host of new ones, each more superb than the last. And best of all are those which are reproduced the largest. The full-length figures lose by their reduction, but the portraits of heads alone, such as that of Martin Pepin, or that of the Count D'Arenberg, or of Malderus, Bishop of Antwerp, seem even finer than those with which one is more familiar, such as the portraits of the Earl of Arundel, the Children of Charles I., and many others. One cannot fail to be delighted in these pictures with the wonderful modeling which the large size of the subject has preserved so that its accentuations are not lost. VanDyk was a master in the delicacy of his treatment of just such detail, and it adds immeasurably to the delight of the reader to find that the achromatism of the photographic lens and over-great reduction of size has not robbed them of this value.

* * *

Among other publications which call for special mention at this time is an important re-publication

by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of the complete writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne. This is in twenty-two volumes, the edition of which is limited to 500 copies, signed by the artist in autograph. Quite a number of notes which have not before been printed will be included in this edition of the works, which will have a special introduction written for it by Hawthorne's daughter, Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and will be illustrated more completely than any work of an American author. The list of illustrators alone is a long one, including as it does the name of nearly every prominent artist in the field, Alice Barber Stephens, Howard Pyle, Eric Pape, Childe Hassam, Jules Guerin, C. O. Deland, Maud Cowles, and a long list of others. Typographically the publishers make the boast that this edition reaches the "high-water mark" of American bookmaking, the type being a Calson type, and the paper a deckle-edge laid antique. The illustrations are all in photogravure, each volume containing a frontispiece and four other illustrations.

* * *

From the press of the Harpers there are also two important works which stand in the same category as the Hawthorne writings. These are editions de luxe of the works of Oliver Goldsmith and those of Motley the historian. The *Goldsmith*, printed on Holland paper, is in twelve octavo volumes, and contains an introduction by Austin Dobson. There are eight frontispieces painted by Sterner, Keller, Alfred Fredricks and others, specimens of which will be found in the illustrated pages which accompany this number of *Current Literature*. The *Motley* is also a limited edition. It contains seventeen volumes and has fourteen frontispieces by many of the same artists as the *Goldsmith*, the illustrations being printed in photogravure upon Japan paper.

* * *

Among the volumes of the season to which particular attention may be directed is the *Century Library of Music*, from which we are elsewhere enabled to give a most interesting portrait of the composer Bizet. This Library, selected by the musician Paderewski, contains fully one thousand five hundred pages of the best music extant. In the text will be found appreciative articles upon the great composers written by such men as Gounod, Saint Saens, Grieg, and other well-known musicians. In each volume there will be some eighty pages or more of music, so that as a whole it is intended to furnish the student with a complete selection of the best work in existence, while for the average pianist it provides a thoroughly uniform and convenient collection of the great masterpieces of art.

Details in my Daily Life

BY ABDUR RAHMAN, AMIR OF AFGHANISTAN.

The following article which has excited a great deal of amusement appeared in November in the first number of the new *Monthly Review*.* It is a portion of the Autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan, which is shortly to be published.

From my childhood up to the present day my life is quite a contrast to the habits of living indulged in by nearly all other Asiatic monarchs and chiefs. They live for the most part a life of idleness and luxury, and it is thought by aristocratic people that the prestige of a prince is minimized by his being seen walking on foot or doing anything with his own hands. I myself believe that there is no greater sin than allowing our minds and bodies to be useless and unoccupied in a useful way; it is being ungrateful for the gifts of Providence. My way of living and dressing has always been plain and simple and soldierlike. I have always liked to keep myself occupied day and night in working hard at something or other, devoting only a few hours to sleep. As habit is second nature, it has become a habit of mine, that even when I am seriously ill, when I cannot move from my bed, I still keep on working as usual at reading and writing documents and various Government papers; at hearing the applications and complaints of my subjects, and giving instructions and judgments. Those who have seen me at such times know how hard I work, and they have often heard me say that, if my hands and feet cannot move from my bed, I can still go on moving my tongue to give orders to those about me, and tell them what I wish to be done. It is no trouble to me to work hard; on the contrary, I love it, and I never feel tired, because I am so fond of work and labor. . . .

The more I see of the people of other nations and religions running fast in the pursuit of progress, the less I can rest and sleep; the whole day long I keep on thinking how I shall be able to run the race with the swiftest, and at night my dreams are just the same. There is a saying that the cat does not dream about anything but mice: I dream of nothing but the backward condition of my country, and how to defend it, seeing that this poor goat, Afghanistan, is a victim at which a lion from one side and a terrible bear from the other side are staring, and ready to swallow at the first opportunity afforded them. . . .

* Published by John Murray, London.

It is a curious thing that the harder I work the more anxious I am to continue working, instead of getting tired. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon!

To those who would like to know some particulars of my daily life, I would say that I have no fixed time for sleeping nor any definite time for taking my meals; sometimes my meals are kept at the dinner-table in front of me for many hours, whilst I, being absorbed in my thoughts, forget all about them. So deeply do my thoughts take possession of me when I am planning various improvements and considering State affairs, that I do not see any of the people who are in my presence. Many nights I begin reading, and writing answers to letters, and do not raise my head until I see that the night is past and the morning has come. My story is just like the story of a lover, well known in the East, named Majnoon, who was so much in love with a lady named Leila, that one day, seeing her dog, he followed the dog, and did not see the mosque nor those who were saying their prayers therein. When he was asked by the chiefs of the mosque to give an explanation, he said that he neither saw the mosque nor those who were saying their prayers therein, because his love to the dog of his lady was so great. They did not love God as much as he loved the dog, because their thoughts were occupied in looking at him and at the dog; so their prayers were of very small value.

My doctors and hakims tell me that this never-ceasing activity is the cause of all my illnesses, that I work too hard, and do not take my meals regularly at fixed times. My answer is: "Love and Logic have never agreed together." And as I am a lover of the welfare of my nation, I do not feel my own pains, but the pains and the sufferings and weakness of my people, which I cannot bear for them, and those who have never been in love do not know how sore are the sufferings of lovers. . . . I believe that a true lover must never turn his face from the difficulties that constantly come in his way, and he must look upon all the naughty and mischievous play of his beloved, and the cruelties shown to him, as very pleasant pains and occupations. The pains of the lover are the luxuries of his love; and the difficulties and anxieties of a reformer only add to his enthusiasm and spur him on to fresh exertions.

There is no fixed time and no proper programme for me throughout the twenty-four hours

of the day and night in which I work; I go on working from morning until evening, and from evening again until morning, like any laborer. I eat when I am hungry; and some days do not remember that I have not eaten my meals—I forget all about it, and ask my courtiers all at once, raising my head from writing: "Did I eat my dinner to-day or not?" In the same way, when I get tired and sleepy, I go to sleep on the same bed which is my chair for work. I do not require any private room or bedroom, neither any room for secrecy or for grand receptions. There are plenty of such rooms in my palaces, but I have no time to spare, even to move from one room to another. Of course I love to go to my harem and spend an evening with my family, and they are equally delighted when I pay these visits, but my time is so full, that there is none to spare except occasionally, when I make it!

As I have said, there is no fixed time for meals or other personal needs. I may mention that my usual custom is to go to rest about five or six in the morning, rising again about two in the afternoon. The whole time that I am in bed my sleep is disturbed in such a way that I awake nearly every hour, and keep on thinking about the improvements and anxieties of my country; then I go to sleep again, and so on. I get up between two and three in the afternoon, and the first thing I do is to see the doctors and hakims, who examine me to see if I require any medicine. After this the tailor comes in, bringing with him several plain suits made in the European style. I choose one for that day's use. After I have washed and dressed, my tea-bearer enters, carrying tea and a light breakfast. During the whole of the time, from the entrance of the hakims until I have finished breakfast, the Usher, the Secretaries, the Nazir (or Lord of the Seal), and one or two other officials keep on looking at me, and saying in their own minds, "Oh, be quick, and let us each put our work before you!" I do not blame them for this, because the Secretaries have to take answers to all the letters and documents and despatches of the day; the Lord of the Seal has to seal all the orders for the daily expenses of the Government, and to put all the reports of the Intelligence Department which have been received since I went to sleep before me. The Usher has to introduce hundreds of people who have their cases or appeals to be tried by me, or who have to be appointed on certain duties and services, and so on. But no sooner do I appear at work after finishing my breakfast than various officials, my sons, and household servants step in to take instructions for their various duties. Every page-boy, of whom there are hun-

dreds, and men of the Detective Department, walk in with letters in their hands from one or other suffering person who requires my help and judgment. In this way I am crowded and surrounded by so many who all want to have their business attended to, as well as to show their zeal to me by giving me more work to do. None of my fellow-countrymen have a tenth part so much to do. I keep on working till five or six the next morning, when I resume the same routine, just keeping a few minutes for my meals. Even then, however, my courtiers and officials keep on asking me questions—and, in fact, there is no rest for the wicked! . . .

The Courtiers.—The following people are always in attendance upon me from the time that I awake until I go to sleep.

Court Secretaries: Aishak Akasee (Gentleman Usher); Nazir (Lord of the Seal); head of the Intelligence Department; head of the Royal Kitchen—he has the duty of bringing all the petitions before me. There is no more honored and confidential position than this. The name of the gentleman now holding it is Safar Khan. The British Agent's letters are also forwarded to the Amir through him. One hakim, one doctor, and a surgeon, as well as a dispenser; two or three officers of the body guard, who, in addition to their being military commanders of the body-guard, are also executioners temporarily during the time they attend the Court. There are a few *khanah saman* (footmen who look after the flowers in the rooms, papers, ink, and pens, etc.); a few *paish khitmat*s (personal attendants who serve the dinner); *maiwahdur* (fruit-keeper, who hands fruits to the officials of the palace); *charibardur* (tea-bearer, who hands tea to the Amir and courtiers); *ab bardur* (he hands drinking-water); *sakab* (who brings the water from the spring); *ghulam bacha ha* (page-boys); *shatir* (the grooms who keep the horses ready saddled and run on foot by the side of the horses to be in readiness to hold them when the riders dismount); the personal chest-fun treasurer; store-keeper for the personal arms, gun-room, etc.; *chilam bardur* (hubble-bubble keeper); a few *Farashas* (those who look after the furniture, carpets, bedding, and other household wants); a few tailors and valets, a librarian, a few doorkeepers, and astrologer; *arz begi* (a person who shouts out loudly anything that the complainers have to say); *alma bashi* (a person who gives notice to those who attend the Court); *Mir akhor* (the master of the horse).

In addition to these people, the following are always near the durbār-room to be ready when required, though not in personal attendance: Pro-

fessional chess players and backgammon players; a few personal companions; a reader of books to me at night; a story-teller. Some of the officials who bring reports before me during the day are invited to sit in my society in the evening when they have finished their work. At night a few other nobles and chiefs residing at Kabul come to see me. If I am free, those who are invited to come in to entertain me and have interviews with me are allowed to remain; the rest go away.

The musicians are of several nationalities—Indians, Persians and Afghans. They also attend the Court at night, being paid for their services, and if I am free they are allowed to come in and sing and play music. Though I am never entirely free, yet the courtiers enjoy the music, and I listen in the intervals. This second group of people is usually employed only for night duty.

There is a third class of personal servants who always keep in the rooms near my sitting-room, or, if I am traveling, in tents near mine, so that they are ready for service when they are called. These are: Coachmen for carriages, dhooli-bearers, gardeners, barbers and hairdressers, sweepers, storekeepers, draughtsmen, surveyors, sappers and miners, additional staff of medical men, engineering staff, runners on foot as well as on horseback for taking messages. There is also a postal department and personal attendants; priests, Imam, or leader of the prayers; schools for page-boys, a band of music, a drum-carrier, umbrella-carrier, and flag-bearer.

When I ride out in any direction every one of these personal attendants and servants starts with me, together with cavalry, infantry, and artillery of the body-guard. The riding-horses of my courtiers, several of the officials, page-boys, and other personal servants have gold and silver harness. When the whole cavalcade starts out, it forms a very pretty and brilliant picture. The retinue is arranged as follows, even though the ride is only from one building to another. I ride in the centre, surrounded by my courtiers and officials and special servants, page-boys, etc. These completely surround me on every side, talking to me in turn. The shatirs, or runners with the horses, chuprasses, walk on foot near my horse or palanquin. This forms the inner circle. The outer circle is made up from the second class of personal servants; the tailors, Farashas hubble-bubble carriers, dispensers, etc. The third circle is formed of infantry of the body-guard, who also go before and behind. The fourth circle is formed of cavalry of the body-guard, riding in front and behind. The artillery is arranged ac-

ording to circumstances, and the direction and time, etc.

I am always ready as a soldier on the march to a battle, in such a manner that I could start without any delay in case of emergency. The pockets of my coats and trousers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food; this bread is changed every day. Several guns and swords are always lying by the side of my bed or the chair on which I am seated, within reach of my hand, and saddled horses are always kept ready in front of my office, not only for myself, but for all my courtiers and personal attendants, at the door of my durbar-room. I have also ordered that a considerable number of gold coins should be sewn into the saddles of my horses when required for a journey, and on both sides of the saddles are two revolvers. I think it is necessary in such a warlike country that the Sovereign, and especially a Sovereign who is a soldier himself, should always be as prepared for emergencies as a soldier on the field of battle. Though my country is perhaps more peaceful and safe now than many other countries, still one can never be too cautious and too well prepared.

All my attendants go to sleep when I do, except the following, who keep awake in turn: The guards with their officers; the tea-bearer; the water-bearer; the dispenser; the hubble-bubble bearer; the valet and tailor. . . .

In my sitting-rooms and bedrooms, as well as in those of my wives, sons, and daughters, all sorts of beautiful flowers, plants, pictures, and pianos and other musical instruments are placed, together with choice pieces of china and other ornaments; Persian and Herat carpets, nightingales and other singing birds. Beautiful and valuable furniture and everything that I can think of, to add to the pleasure of those who associate with me, are to be found in my palaces. If any foreigners or Europeans are present at the time for meals, they are welcomed at our table, and dine with us as our guests, if they are Muslims; but if not, they dine in another room, or at a separate table. I have frequently heard Europeans say to me that they enjoy food cooked in the native method better than the European dishes. I cannot see what is in their hearts, but I am very pleased if they really mean it, and do not say it merely out of compliment to me, their host; but as I generally see that they eat far more of our Afghan cookery than of the European dishes, I think it is clear that they speak the truth, because no man would eat very much of anything that he disliked for no reason but to pay a compliment.

A Modern Wandering Scholar*

Thomas Davidson, who died last September, was a really great American scholar, who might have easily laid claim to having been, at the time of his death, one of the dozen most learned men on this planet. Living a quiet, retired life on a mountain farm in the Adirondacks, the most unworldly of men, caring absolutely nothing for money or fame, the late Thomas Davidson, whose very name is probably unknown to most of our readers, was one of the most gifted and remarkable men of the latter half of this century. To enumerate his writings, learned and important though they are, is to convey no idea of a spiritual personality to whom some (and among them the present writer) owe not a little. It was not the opinions of this "scholar-gipsy" which influenced his friends, for he was the most inconsistent of men, passing through phase after phase of philosophic thought, and contesting in the afternoon the very doctrines he had urged in the morning. Whimsical, vehement, impatient, his satire and argument flowing like a torrent, and his dogmatic spirit sometimes carrying him to lengths he had never intended, yet to know Thomas Davidson was to love him.

Thomas Davidson would have delighted Goethe; the "Wanderjahre" of Wilhelm Meister was Davidson's own life. He, too, held that "to give room for wandering the world was made so wide." As thorough an American as though he had been born within the shadow of Bunker Hill, he nevertheless was so classic in feeling that he yearned for the "palms and temples of the South," and he had his wish gratified. Attached, largely through Longfellow's generous influence, to the examination department of Harvard University, he soon had the opportunity of repairing to Athens, where he studied Greek archaeology. And here it may be said that perhaps Davidson was one of the greatest linguists of his age. Well grounded in Greek and Latin (able, after the good old mediæval plan, to speak as well as to read Latin), he obtained complete mastery of modern Greek within a few months of reaching Athens. He could make a speech in that language as easily as did Mr. Gladstone in the Ionian Islands. He spoke and read French, German, Italian, Spanish, Norse with absolute ease. He did his philosophic thinking in German rather than in his own tongue. He acquired later a complete proficiency in Hebrew and Arabic, and was fairly well versed in Czech, Russian, and Magyar. He

never forgot a single word he had ever learned. His admiring friends tested him on one occasion in Greek. He never missed once, giving not only the ordinary but exceptional meanings, and stating in what authors they were to be found. He could repeat most of Aristotle's *Ethics* from end to end in the original. He knew word for word that difficult second part of "Faust" which at times baffles even German professors, but his supreme love was Dante.

It is rather dangerous to be a great linguist, for the chances are that you will be nothing else,—like Cardinal Mezzofanti. But Thomas Davidson was a contradiction to all rules. Though he missed being a great thinker, he had a powerful philosophic mind. Mediæval in his conception of (and we might say in his impersonation of) the wandering scholar, Davidson became mediæval in his philosophy; he took up the study of Thomas Aquinas. Outside the ranks of the profound Catholic scholars, there are few who can say they have mastered the "Summa"; one of those few was Mr. Davidson. One must not hold him finally to anything, but at the time he wrote his learned work on Rosmini, the modern Catholic antagonist of the Jesuits, he certainly believed that Aquinas, based on the philosophy of Aristotle, had come nearer to solving the great riddle of being than any other thinker. In addition to the work on Rosmini, which is scarcely appreciated in England, Mr. Davidson must have some credit for stimulating the Pope in the preparation of his celebrated Encyclical on Aquinas. There are not, it is safe to say, many laymen who have had three hours' confidential talk on philosophy with Leo XIII., but Thomas Davidson was one. He was also intimate with some of the religious Orders, and knew not a little of the inner life of the Catholic Church, with whose art and devotion he sympathized as much as he detested its politics. He loved Italy as a man loves his bride, and in Rome he foregathered with the veteran Mamiani and others who had helped in the "risorgimento."

Thomas Davidson was not quite a saint, but he loved much and he shall be forgiven much. He could have kept Socrates company over the amphora while the rest were under the table, and could have gone forth to teach with as clear a head. A unique character, built on a solid Scotch foundation, with the bright and eager tone of the American, he was the best example in our time of the mediæval wandering scholar.

* London Spectator.

Do We Inherit Seeds of Thought

BY NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER*

Professor Shaler, in his book, *The Individual; A Study of Life and Death*,† takes us on many stimulating thought-voyages. "It is a plea," writes the author, "for an education as regards the place of the individual life in the whole of Nature which shall be consistent with what we know of the universe. It is a plea for an understanding of the relations of the person with the realm which is, in the fullest sense, his own; with his fellow-beings of all degrees which are his kinsmen; with the past and the future of which he is an integral part." The book on its ethical side will appeal strongly to those people who, whether they take a naturalist's view of life and death or not, are passing from the conception that the end to be obtained by right living is salvation of the individual soul to the broader conception that the individual obligation to right living is racial. Though we have chosen for our reading the question of the transmission of thought, we would suggest that the chapter on Immortality be read in connection with Professor Haeckel's treatment of the same subject, which we give on page 658.

Putting aside the more obtruse inquiries of the psychologist because of the difficulty of approaching this field without professional training, we find that there is enough that is patent to ordinary observation to break down the commonplace view of our nature that comes from the ordinary reiterated experience with ourselves. Thus we readily observe that a certain store of capacities—in fact, nearly all that make man as an animal or denote him as a man—come to him over the generational bridge from the life that was before. All that the development of these ancestral qualities does for a man is to amplify that which is thus handed to him. We thus see, at the very outset, that there is an essential delusion in this conception of ourselves as independent. Going further into the matter, we note that the lower animals—particularly our nearer bodily kindred of the Mammalia, and the birds, which though physically more remote are spiritually near to ourselves—share with us in the greater part of the motives common to our kind. Love, hate, fear, curiosity—nearly all the emotions that are found in men are found in them in like association. If we acknowledge the relation by generations of these creatures to our selves, it becomes plain that all these attributes of the higher life owe their likeness to the common store of experience which all have shared in their ancestral life. The foregoing considerations as to the enchainment of all the indi-

vidual intelligences of this earth may in some measure serve to correct our notion as to the separateness of our life. Yet it is open to those who hold the idea that the mind of man is essentially individual to claim that all we receive from our ancestors is a certain vacant potentiality which may or may not have its empty spaces filled by individual experience.

At first sight the transmission of anything like thought may seem to be essentially more difficult than that of structures alone. We have, however, to believe that the brain, which is the instrument of our thinking, is, to the utmost of our details, determined by inheritance; at least until the individual life has begun to shape it. And even when this independent personality has gone far to give his brain a peculiar stamp, the inherited features must greatly preponderate. Conceiving then that the production of thought depends upon the action of cells or other elements of the cerebrum, it does not appear to be improbable that they may, because of their shape and condition, afford the way to thought such as was the product of the ancestral forms on which they are molded. It is not necessary to suppose that thought is a mere secretion of the brain cells in order to hold the view just above suggested. We need to do more than recognize the fact that there is some immediate connection between the state of the mechanism and the thought that proceeds from it. Come whence the thought may, if its coming be in any way the result of the condition of the brain, a particular state of that organ, such as may be altogether due to ancestral influences, may, indeed must, be conceived as giving rise to a definite mental process.

Taking it to be a fair hypothesis that the shape of the brain, as determined by inheritance, may give rise to some kind of thought, the question arises whether we find in our experience any mental actions or products which can reasonably be referred to the antecedent life and regarded as due to ancestral experience. To approach this question with care we should first note that the kind of mental work that would come to us from the spontaneous action of the inherited parts, if such come at all, is by no means clear. Yet we might reasonably expect that any elements of thought which were thus introduced into our minds would appear in a detached and fragmentary form. We are led to this supposition by what we know of inherited instinct whenever we see the

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† D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

results of a process which is clearly in the same field as that in which suspected phenomena would lie. These emotional features come to us as rather vague impulses which in most cases need to be more or less compounded with personal experience in order that they may be efficient. Thus, in the emotion of fear, all that is derived from the life before our own is a feeling that is characteristically ill defined. It attains shape only when it is informed by the sensations and ideas that are of an immediate individual nature. It is perhaps as incomplete and fragmentary elements of thought that we should expect to find any contributions that depended for their existence on the action of the inherited features of our brains and not upon the stimulus derived from personal experience.

In seeking for any evidence of what we may term inherited or automatic thought, I have been led to observe a group of rather obscure phenomena which has received less attention than it appears to deserve. The facts to which I would call attention may be noted under the following conditions: If we carefully, and with a skill which is gained only by some training, slow down the normal activities of the mind, so as to clear it as far as possible of the ideas that the environment normally induces, we may, with close attention, note that from time to time, often in quick succession, there appear what for convenience we may term seeds of thought—most commonly in my individual experience these take the shape of visual images—rarely that of sounds, most rarely they are presented as a word. It is characteristic of these presentations that unless at once seized upon by the attention, and in some way linked to the more vigorous elements of the mind, they quickly fade away; so that in a very brief time, probably not more than a few seconds, they are not only gone, but cannot be recalled by any effort of the memory. They are indeed most elusive, being in that regard, to my apprehension, distinctly different from the ordinary store of the mind which clearly rests on experience.

The way in which the above-noted seeds of thought enter the mind is in a measure peculiar. They appear to come in an entirely sporadic manner, and not to be connected in any way with the ordinary mental occupations of the observer. Thus, if in the moment before sleep, when the mind has become cleared of the burden of the day, we retain consciousness enough to watch what occurs, we may note these suggestions flashing like meteors out of the darkness, to remain bright but for an instant. If they happen to fall upon some material of ordinary experience they may, by combining with it, attain enough

permanence to start a dream, but usually they disappear without even this slight result.

Where true sleeping dreams occur they sometimes afford what may be taken as clearer instances of spontaneous thought than those which are observable in the conscious state. Although with some people there appears to be a tendency in sleep for the mind to revert to the events of experience had during waking, it is normal for the suggestions which are shaped into dreams to be curiously apart from the ordinary events of life. In my own case, so far as I have been able to examine into the origin of dreams, few, if any of them, appear to be connected with the events of actual life. That is, the seed or centre of the thought is most apt to be foreign to all my waking experience or imaginings, having the same measure of novelty that belong to the fancies of other people of which I have heard or read.

It appears to be a characteristic of these spontaneous thoughts that they are in the nature of images, though they may be in the form of sounds, possibly words. Those I have most clearly discerned are all visualized bits of facts, such as slight landscapes or groupings of people or animals; sometimes the form of a man; perhaps oftenest a human face. In no case are the suggestions, until they appear to be associated with personal experience, at all complicated. Such are the features which we would expect thoughts due to inheritance to exhibit. They would probably be simple, of an accent so slight that they would be readily overlaid by those due to the senses. They would, moreover, tend to abide outside of the field of consciousness, for the reason that their way of coming to the mind was essentially abnormal. These are, it is true, but conjectures; yet they are warranted by what we can note in the phenomena of the emotions which we have to accept as the results of inherited structure.

Some evidence in favor of the hypothesis that concrete thought may be inherited is afforded by the nature of the actions where the mind, for any reason, becomes so disordered that it is the prey to delusions. In this condition the control of the individual consciousness over the mental processes is lost, and, as in dreams, accidental suggestions of a kind that can hardly rest in experience may rule the mind. Thus, it has been remarked by alienists that pure-minded women, concerning whom it is impossible to believe that thought or action have laid the foundations of obscene thoughts, will when insane show by their speech that they are afflicted by indecent images. In general, it may be said that mad people appear to suffer from the vivid presentation of thoughts that are not their own by any legitimate

personal right, but appear to come to them in some obscure manner, such as may be explained by the supposition that, owing to the loss of the control which the consciousness normally exercises, the spontaneous thoughts, as in sleep, gain a strength that sanity denies them.

It is evident that the suggestion that the physical mechanism of the brain of itself may produce thoughts which are not the product of personal experience is in accord with the common empirical judgment which men of all ages and races have made as to the nature of insanity, which is in effect that the afflicted are possessed by ideas not truly their own, but suggested by some other personality—as by evil spirits. Without giving too much value to this ancient view as to the nature of insanity, it may fairly be held that the consensus of opinion, to the effect that the control of the madman is in some way beyond his true self, has some weight in the argument we are following. In all such popular opinions, however much of error they may be, there remains the verdict of the great jury which is apt, in some measure, to hold essential truth. In this matter the judgment is that we have to deal with two conditions of the individual. In one of these—the sane—actions are controlled by the body of such experiences that memory supplies; in the other—the insane—the suggestions come from some source beyond the field whence they are commonly derived—much as they do in dreams. This general recognition of the essentially foreign nature of the suggestions that move those who are mad, so far as it goes, tends to support the idea that there is some other source of thought than that which personal experience affords.

It would be interesting to consider in more detail the relation of this hypothesis of spontaneous thought to the theory of the individual life. To do this would lead us too far from our main purpose. I shall therefore briefly sum up the matter as follows: What we perceive in the evident inheritance of the emotional side of the mind, and of instinctive actions, apparently indicates that the frame which we inherit can of itself produce a kind of mental product, which though distinct from ordinary thoughts or visual images, is not widely parted from these higher products of the brain. What we observe as to the process of thought in peculiar conditions of the body—as in sleep, in insanity, or in the state of quiescence to which we can with care reduce our minds—appears to show that germs of thought not founded on individual experience are spontaneously produced. Further, that the universal judgment of men is to the effect that, in the insane state at least, actions may be controlled by

such impersonal thought. Thus, while it cannot be assumed that the hypothesis is verified, it may be said that it offers a fair solution of problems which do not otherwise seem to be explicable.

The question remains as to how far the hypothesis of spontaneously generated thought may affect our conception of individuality. To answer this we should at first note the point that, assuming the structure of the brain, as determined by inheritance, to generate or disclose thought independent of experience, it does not follow that such thought has its shape because of the specific ideas of our ancestors. It would be more likely that, while some relation to the ancestral thinking existed, the matter would be greatly altered in the transmission, so that the relation between the old and the new would be that of genus or species and not of identity. We may conceive it as analogous to the movements of our limbs. Each of these motions is due to inherited features, developed in our ancestors, of varied degree; by their actions; indeed, altogether shaped by them; but the acts are personal and not ancestral. It is also evident that, while spontaneous thought may possibly have a considerable share in affording material for the use of the constructive imagination, it has little relation to the conduct of an ordinary sane life. That life is, by the moderating effect of the balance wheel of consciousness, kept well within the control of real experience, so that while the control is effective, as it is in the waking life, the man is essentially individual. In that state his thought is effectively determined by its personal experience with the environment.

Whatever be the origin of the spontaneous thought which comes to us in a form to show that it is unrelated to immediate experience, it is clear that it is a possible source of intellectual values that are in this age much neglected. There is reason to believe that our systematic education, tending as it does to limit thinking to matters which are suggested by the exercised attention, tends to make men increasingly less sensitive to these automatic contributions to their minds. The most evident effect is to be found in the loss of the poetic faculty in those who have by long training become dependent on the senses for the stimulus of their imaginations. It seems to me probable that the main difference between practical and poetical minds of like general capacity lies in the use which they have become accustomed to make of the spontaneously offered germs of thought. My own experience serves to show that it is possible, by attention, to increase the share of thought that apparently arises independently of experience.

Living English Poets: Andrew Lang

Andrew Lang was born in Scotland in 1844. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, St. Andrew's University, and Balliol College (Oxford). At Oxford he did brilliant work, and was rewarded by a Merton Fellowship in 1868. Going up to London, he began to write for the periodicals, and soon the first of his long list of volumes, *Ballades and Lyrics of Old France*, 1872, was given to the public. Among other collections of verse that followed were *Ballades in Blue China*, *Ballades and Verses Vain*, *Rhymes à la Mode*, *Rhymes Old and New*, and *Arriere Ban*. Mr. Lang's poetry shows culture and taste, and has a grace and felicity, with a lightness of touch and ready wit that has made it very popular. His poetry does not concern itself with large elemental things but in his own limited field he is a polished craftsman.

AESOP.

He sat among the woods; he heard
The sylvan merriment; he saw
The pranks of butterfly and bird,
The humors of the ape, the daw.

And in the lion or the frog—
In all the life of moor or fen—
In ass and peacock, stork and dog,
He reads similitudes of men.

"Of these, from those," he cried, "we come,
Our hearts, our brains descend from these."
And, lo! the Beasts no more were dumb,
But answered out of brakes and trees:

"Not ours," they cried; "Degenerate,
If ours at all," they cried again,
"Ye fools, who war with God and Fate,
Who strive and toil; strange race of men.

"For we are neither bond nor free,
For we have neither slaves nor kings;
But near to Nature's heart are we,
And conscious of her secret things.

"Content are we to fall asleep
And well content to wake no more;
We do not laugh, we do not weep,
Nor look behind us and before:

"But were there cause for moan or mirth,
'Tis we, not you, should sigh or scorn,
Oh, latest children of the Earth,
Most childish children Earth has borne."

They spoke, but that misshapen slave
Told never of the thing he heard,
And unto men their portraits gave,
In likenesses of beast and bird!

SCYTHE SONG.

Mowers, weary and brown, and blithe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over-word that the Scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below?
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something, still, they say as they pass;
What is the word that, over and over,
Sings the Scythe to the flowers and grass?

Hush, ah hush, the Scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying;
Hush, they sing to the clover deep!
Hush—'tis the lullaby Time is singing—
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass;
Hush, ah hush! and the Scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass!

OLD LOVES.

From Henri Murger

Louise, have you forgotten yet
The corner of the flowery land,
The ancient garden where we met,
My hand that trembled in your hand?
Our lips found words scarce sweet enough,
As low beneath the willow-trees
We sat; have you forgotten, love?
Do you remember, love Louise?

Marie, have you forgotten yet
The loving barter that we made?
The rings we changed, the suns that set,
The woods fulfilled with sun and shade?
The fountains that were musical
By many an ancient trysting tree—
Marie, have you forgotten all?
Do you remember, love Marie?

Christine, do you remember yet
Your room with scents and roses gay?
My garret—near the sky 'twas set—
The April hours, the nights of May?
The clear calm nights—the stars above
That whispered they were fairest seen
Through no cloud-veils? Remember, love!
Do you remember, love Christine?

Louise is dead, and, well-a-day!
Marie a sadder path has ta'en;
And pale Christine has passed away
In southern suns to bloom again.
Alas! for one and all of us—
Marie, Louise, Christine forget;
Our bower of love is ruinous,
And I alone remember yet.

ON CALAIS SANDS.

On Calais Sands the gray began,
Then rosy red above the gray;
The morn with many a scarlet van
Leaped, and the world was glad with May!
The little waves along the bay
Broke white upon the shelving strands;
The sea-mews flittered white as they
On Calais Sands!

On Calais Sands must man with man
 Wash honor clean in blood to-day;
 On spaces wet from waters wan
 How white the flashing rapiers play—
 Parry, riposte! and lunge! The fray
 Shifts for a while, then mournful stands
 The Victor: life ebbs fast away
 On Calais Sands!

On Calais Sands a little space
 Of silence, then the splash and spray,
 The sound of eager waves that ran
 To kiss the perfumed locks astray,
 To touch these lips that ne'er said "Nay,"
 To tally with the helpless hands,
 Till the deep sea in silence lay
 On Calais Sands!

Between the lilac and the may
 She waits her love from alien lands;
 Her love is colder than the clay
 On Calais Sands!

BALLADE OF AUTUMN.

We built a castle in the air,
 In summer weather, you and I,
 The wind and sun were in your hair—
 Gold hair against a sapphire sky!
 When autumn came, with leaves that fly
 Before the storm, across the plain,
 You fled from me, with scarce a sigh—
 My Love returns no more again!

The windy lights of autumn flare;
 I watch the moonlit sail go by;
 I marvel hoe men toil and fare,
 The weary business that they ply!
 Their voyaging is vanity,
 And fairy gold is all their gain,
 And all the winds of winter cry,
 "My Love returns no more again!"

Here, in my castle of Despair,
 I sit alone with memory;
 The wind-fed wolf has left his lair,
 To keep the outcast company.
 The brooding owl he hoots hard by,
 The hare shall kindle on thy hearth-stone,
 The Rhymer's soothest prophecy—
 My Love returns no more again!

ENVOY.

Lady, my home until I die
 Is here, where youth and hope were slain;
 They flit, the ghosts of our July,
 My Love returns no more again!

BEFORE THE SNOW.

(After Albert Glatigny)

The winter is upon us, not the snow,
 The hills are etched on the horizon bare,
 The skies are iron grey, a bitter air,
 The meagre cloudlets shudder to and fro,
 On yellow leaf the listless wind doth blow,
 Like some strange butterfly, unclassed and rare,
 Your footsteps ring in frozen alleys, where
 The black trees seem to shiver as you go.

Beyond lie church and steeple, with their old
 And rusty vanes that rattle as they veer,
 A sharper gust would shake them from their hold,
 Yet up that path, in summer of the year,
 And past that melancholy pile we strolled
 To pluck wild strawberries, with merry cheer.

BALLADE OF THE BOOK-HUNTER.

In torrid heats of late July,
 In March, beneath the bitter bise,
 He book-hunts, while the loungers fly—
 He book-hunts, though December freeze;
 In breeches baggy at the knees,
 And heedless of the public jeers,
 For these, for these, he hoards his fees—
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

No dismal stall escapes his eye,
 He turns o'er tomes of low degrees,
 There soiled romanticists may lie,
 Or Restoration comedies:
 Each tract that flutters in the breeze
 For him is charged with hopes and fears,
 In mo ldy novels fancy sees
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs.

With restless eyes that peer and spy,
 Sad eyes that heed not skies nor trees;
 In dismal nooks he loves to prv,
 Whose motto ever more is Spes!
 But ah! the fabled treasure flees;
 Grown rarer with the fleeting years,
 In rich men's shelves they take their ease—
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!

ENVOY.

Prince, all the things that tease and please—
 Fame, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers, and tears,
 What are they but such toys as these—
 Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs?

HOMER.

Homer, thy song men liken to the sea,
 With all the notes of music in its tone,
 With tides that wash the dim dominion
 Of Hades, and light waves that laugh in glee
 Around the isles enchanted; nay, to me
 Thy verse seems as the River of source unknown
 That glasses Egypt's temples overthrown
 In his sky-nurtured stream, eternally.

No wiser we than men of heretofore
 To find thy sacred fountain guarded fast;
 Enough, thy flood makes green our human shore,
 As Nilus Egypt, rolling down his vast,
 His fertile food, that murmurs evermore
 Oi gods dethroned, and empires in the past.

ROMANCE.

My Love dwelt in a Northern land.
 A grey tower in a forest green
 Was his, and far on either hand
 The long wash of the waves was seen,
 And leagues on leagues of yellow sand,
 The woven forest boughs between!

And through the clear faint Northern night
 The sunset slowly died away,
 And herds of strange deer, silver-white,
 Stole forth among the branches grey;
 About the coming of the light.
 They fled like ghosts before the day!

I know not if the forest green
 Still girdles round that castle grey;
 I know not if the boughs between
 The white deer vanish ere the day;
 Above my love the grass is green,
 My heart is colder than the clay!

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

Surgical Re-Inventions.....R. E. Thomas.....Scientific American

"Died of internal trouble" was the verdict which, prior to the last half century, was the comprehensive term used to record the unsuccessful efforts of treatment of women's diseases. Up to that time gynecology, which has since revolutionized the surgical world, was practically unknown. The few rare cases in which an operation was performed were attended with such an alarming element of danger prior to that time, that even the foremost surgeons hesitated to resort to this last desperate measure. That gynecology was a lost art was an important fact unguessed at since the burning of the great library of Alexandria destroyed an incalculable amount of valuable matter upon this subject as well as of others of equally important bearing in the scientific world. There was, therefore, no scantiest record that such a science had not only flourished, but been brought to its present state of perfection more than two thousand years ago.

Yet such is the case, such the almost incomprehensible truth borne in upon the world of science when the excavations of Pompeii revealed the astounding collection of surgical instruments, mainly for use in gynecology, unearthed in the house of the surgeon adjoining the Temple of the Vestal Virgins.

These instruments now occupy one of the most interesting cases in the museum of Naples, where, for greater safety, the most valuable of the excavation finds are kept by the Italian government. What is far more incomprehensible than the mere fact that these instruments, after having been buried since the eruption of Vesuvius, 79 A.D., have revealed that gynecology was a science flourishing in its perfection long before that date, is that in every instance the instruments are almost, in their minutest particulars, exact duplicates of those in use by the most approved modern science of to-day. Had there been a record upon which surgeons and physicians could have built up this practical treatise upon the diseases of women, the wonder would be less. As it is, with absolutely nothing to hint that gynecology was a lost art, or that it had existed even, it seems nothing short of marvelous that modern minds should in the evolution of this century's instruments have traveled along identical lines pursued by those marvelously skilled Pompeian physicians to the Vestal Virgins ministering in the Temple, on the idyllic remnants of which the sun shines to-day from bluest of Italian skies, and the waters of the Bay

of Naples lap their cerulean waves almost to the gateways of that charmed place about which must ever linger so much of romance and poetry.

A difference between the surgical instruments of to-day and those of the ages ago is that while the latter were of the finest wrought iron, those of the former are of polished nickelplate. But the workmanship is as fine as anything to be produced in this line in the twentieth century. The instruments are hand wrought, the screws as threadlike and capable of as delicate manipulation as anything to be found in to-day's achievements.

It is not more than half a century since gynecology may be said to have had a place in modern surgical science. Dr. Marion Sims, in the lead with his duckbill speculum, has had a mighty rush of followers. Dr. Sims' treatment of vesicovaginal fistula was a revelation at the time. To him the world is indebted for the suggestion and perfection of measures by which this almost untreatable condition has been rendered one of the most certain of relief within the field of surgery. From profound ignorance his duckbill speculum has brought gynecology to the front ranks of surgical skill and attainment.

In every particular, however, Dr. Sims had been anticipated, as in May, 1829, Dr. H. S. Levert in *The American Journal of Science* expounded the results of his experiments in the use of silver wire. This was followed on November 21, 1834, in *The London Lancet*, by Mr. M. Gosset giving a description of his method of using silver wire, and later in 1846 was published the method of Metgler.

The first record which surgical science has in this country of the use of a speculum was of an ordinary teaspoon used by a Southern country practitioner to enable him to see a rent in the bladder of a woman patient. By this primitive means he was subsequently enabled to administer successful scientific treatment.

Following Dr. Sims' trip abroad, when the value of his invention was recognized by the leading surgical authorities of England and France, he returned to this country to make a large fortune by this means. The speculum was then taken up and developed, and additional discoveries practically put to use by other eminent surgeons and physicians, each in turn giving to the instrument his own name. Among the best known of these are those of Meier,CUSCO and Ferguson.

Following upon these inventions, together with others of similar nature, came those finds in the

Pompeian excavations of the house of the surgeon which told to the world a stupendous truth, that the instruments in use to-day, for the alleviation and cure of internal troubles, are identical with those used by skilled practitioners when the world was younger by two thousand years.

Preventive Medicine.....Arthur Shadwell....Contemporary Review

In what direction is the ultimate goal for the prevention of disease to be sought, and what is the road to it? I should say the obvious answer is: the study and cultivation of natural immunity or resistance. There clearly is such a thing, though it has never yet been thought worthy of much scientific attention; and the trend of recent discovery rather goes to show that it plays a more, not a less, important part than has been commonly supposed. The very ubiquity of the infective agents disclosed by modern research suggests that a very large number of people must be constantly exposed to danger with impunity. It is probable, indeed, that most of us encounter virulent germs every day of our lives. There has been a tendency on the part of scientific theorists to attribute the power of resistance wholly to some acquired or inherited property conferred by previous specific attacks. That may be the case with some forms of parasitic disease, but it is quite certainly not the case with others, for the very sufficient reason that attacks render the subject more, not less, susceptible. Take tuberculosis, by far the most prevalent and fatal of all bacterial affections. Attacks increase susceptibility, and if anything is inherited in a consumptive family it is a predisposition, not a power of resistance. Yet the microbe is everywhere; vast numbers of people must be exposed to it every day with impunity. In this case, the power of resistance cannot depend on any acquired property of a specific character; it must lie in the natural healthiness of the tissues. That it is so is proved by the new method of treatment by pure air. As soon as the tissues are rendered healthy they are able to resist the attack. It is exceedingly probable that the same simple condition of healthy tissues constitutes an effective protection against many other infective agents—the pneumococcus, for instance, and the whole race of bacteria that affect the intestinal tract, and cause the various forms of disease ranging from simple diarrhoea to enteric fever and cholera. It has been repeatedly observed that in great epidemic outbreaks of these diseases there is a general prevalence of similar but minor symptoms among those who are not counted as actual cases. I suggest that such persons do not escape infection, but re-

sist it by virtue of having more healthy organs than those that succumb, and that persons with perfectly healthy organs show no symptoms at all. When I was in Hamburg studying the great outbreak of cholera in 1892 I convinced myself that no one escaped infection, and that everyone who could have the disease did have it in some form or another. The great protection is a healthy stomach, the acid secretion of which immediately kills the micro-organism. On the other hand, the extreme susceptibility of habitual drunkards, whose stomachs are ruined, is well established. It was observed at the post-mortem examinations made in the St. Petersburg hospitals that all the fatal cases suffered from dilatation of the stomach, indicating chronic dyspepsia.

It would be beyond my present purpose, however, to elaborate these speculations. I merely wish to lay stress on the factor of natural resistance, and to suggest that it is in part at least dependent on general health. In this direction there is room for indefinite progress; this is the true goal to aim at. It brings us back on the practical side to the older and broader methods of public health work, to which the diminution of mortality achieved in the last half-century is due. Air, light, dry soil, pure water, good food, effectual disposal of waste products and refuse, cleanliness of all kinds—these things, combined with healthy personal habits, moderate eating and drinking, sufficient work and sufficient rest, will form a more efficient barrier against most current forms of disease from any artificial devices. There is plenty of scope for improvement in all these matters. And for the rest I would humbly suggest that a fruitful and valuable field of research lies open to bacteriologists in the study of natural resistance.

*What to Do in an EmergencyCharles Fox Gardiner**

The treatment of what may be called emergencies in the life of the pulmonary invalid should be left at once to the care of the attending physician, who should always be sent for without loss of time; but it is also important for the nurse or caretaker to know some simple methods of treatment, which can be used in the interval before the doctor arrives. Such simple methods are not only valuable in themselves, but reassure the nervous patient and gives a sense of security, in-

* From the *Care of the Consumptive*, a little book intended to give, in as clear and practical a way as possible, the rules that should govern the consumptive in the use of fresh air, sunlight, food, rest, and exercise, so that these natural therapeutic agencies can be applied to the best advantage. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

asmuch as they see that something is being done for their speedy relief.

Probably the most dreaded occurrence in the life of a consumptive is an attack of pulmonary hemorrhage, or bleeding from the lungs. The suddenness of its occurrence—often without warning, and frequently at times when the invalid is feeling better than usual—the sense of suffocation, and the sight of the blood, combined with a knowledge of its possible danger—all arouse even in the most stout-hearted and phlegmatic individuals a lively sense of alarm and more or less nervous shock.

The first thing therefore for the attendant to do is to reassure the patient. Keep cool and do not hurry; you can in this way prevent excitement and keep the pulse from beating so fast. It should be borne in mind that by far the greater number of hemorrhages from the lungs are not dangerous to life, but, on the contrary, probably relieve some congested part of the lung. One should also remember that what appears like a large quantity of blood scattered over handkerchiefs, towels, etc., or mixed with a quart or more of water in a white basin, is in reality a very small amount, if it could be collected into one vessel. Very often no more blood is lost in this way than when a tooth is extracted or in a case of nose-bleed.

The general panic that ensues sometimes when the invalid has lost a little blood is deplorable; often the whole house is in an uproar; doors bang, people are running up and down stairs, the sick-room is in great confusion, the poor patient is surrounded by a circle of anxious faces, the room is close and hot, and any remedy which chances to be suggested by some bystander—such as salt on the tongue, ergot,* etc., all of which are useless—will be immediately tried. The mental agitation, induced by the fuss, bustle, and alarm, is to the patient really much more injurious than being actually neglected.

However, the first thing to do for a consumptive when he begins to cough up blood is to send quietly for the doctor; keep every one out of the room who has no business there; cheer and reassure the patient by your calm manner; do not

* In regard to my statement as to the uselessness of ergot, I will say that my experience has shown that it is practically of no value. I gave ergot for six or seven years, and have seen no difference now that I have not used it for several years. Good authorities, however, recommend its use. Yet it has been proved that ergot, if anything, increases the blood pressure in the lungs, as it causes the contraction of the other vessels of the body, while those of the lungs are not contracted, as they have no muscular coats.

allow any talking, and keep the body half reclining, propping up the patient with two or three pillows. If it is summer, throw the windows wide open, or if the weather is cold, have them opened enough to cool the room to 50° or even 40°, as cool air is useful. Now measures to stop the hemorrhage may be instituted. Give cracked ice to be dissolved in the mouth; if at hand, administer a dose of twenty drops of chlorodyne in a tablespoonful of cold water. Put a poultice of flaxseed three parts, and mustard one part, on the body. (This should be put over the right side from two inches below the nipple to the end of the ribs, and from the spine to the middle of the body in front; put this poultice on warm.) The poultice may also be made of flour eight parts and mustard one part. Pond's Extract is also said to be of service if the chlorodyne is not at hand. If one is trained in the use of hypodermic injections, one quarter morphine under the skin and no medicine by the mouth is probably more effective than anything else. After the hemorrhage has stopped, if there is constipation, give a cathartic, such as calomel, one-tenth grain, every half hour until ten are taken; fluid citrate of magnesia, half glass, may be given instead (unless the bowels have moved frequently, three times, during the previous twelve hours). Keep the patient absolutely quiet; give only liquid nourishment, cool or cold, and no stimulants. It is well also to instruct the invalid to avoid coughing as far as possible, and not to speak at all.

A feverish state, due to some inflammation in the lungs, is generally felt during the course of even the mildest and most curable case of consumption. In the morning hours there are often periods of chilliness, while in the afternoon there is apt to be an elevation of the patient's temperature; the skin feels hot, the eyes often burn, and there may be some pain in the back or muscles, accompanied by drowsiness or languor.

The best way to reduce the fever is to have an excess of out-door air and this may be obtained by having the patient rest lying out-doors. If the fever is very high, such as a temperature of over 102° or 103°, absolute rest must be insisted upon. The patient must be put to bed or lie on a sofa with loose clothing, being, if possible, out-doors, but if in-doors, having the room cool and darkened. Only liquid food should be taken, as digestion is apt to be poor at these feverish periods. If there is thirst, vichy water, lemonade, or orangeade may be taken, or perhaps, if the patient prefers, cracked ice may be used. The skin can be sponged off; to do this sponge a small part of the body only at a time, and do that under the clothes in order to avoid chill,

drying each part before proceeding to another. For this purpose use a small, soft sponge (from which most of the water has been wrung out, leaving it merely damp), with water at a temperature of 65° F., or water and alcohol equal parts, or water and vinegar, or water and sea-salt in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a pint of water; a small amount of cologne added to the water is more agreeable to some people. This sponging can be repeated every hour or so during the height of the fever, and discontinued when the fever goes down or the patient feels easier.

The cold-air bath is of advantage if managed with care. The treatment is essentially as follows: the patient, covered only with a sheet, lies in a room with the temperature about 45°-50°. The patient's temperature must be very carefully watched so that additional covers may be put on in case it goes down. The air bath must not be attempted in a damp climate; in dry mountain regions, with due caution regarding draughts, it is a valuable means of reducing high temperature, without any danger if the proper precautions are observed.

Severe coughing, especially coming on in paroxysms during the night, is not an infrequent occurrence in cases of consumption, and, inasmuch as it tires the patient and causes loss of sleep, it should be relieved. The simple remedies are often of service; but, as a rule, all cough syrups and the like should be avoided, as they tend to upset the digestion and retard lung drainage. Often a cup of hot milk or beef tea will bring relief by dislodging mucus near the throat; inhaled steam, formed from water and oil of eucalyptus, or camphor, or pine tar, is also useful. Preparations containing menthol, used in an atomizer, or a mixture of twenty drops of spirits ammonia in a tablespoonful of water, or sometimes a swallow of whisky, are all good on occasion. The narcotics, such as opium, morphine, or preparations containing them, should be used only by the advice of the physician. Numerous lozenges are useful, or flaxseed or slippery-elm tea, taken slowly, is often very soothing. If the cough comes from inflammation in the larynx and is very painful, swallowing being difficult, a little blister of cantharides, the size of a dime, on each side of the Adam's apple will relieve the suffering. In such a case the patient should take his food lying on the bed with the face hanging over the edge, and sipping the beverage through a tube. Sweating can often be avoided by waking the patient up, in cases of periodical attacks, before it occurs and giving him a cup of hot liquid food, rubbing the body with flannel, or sponging

off carefully with vinegar and cayenne pepper or aromatic vinegar, taking precaution not to expose more than one-quarter of the body at a time and to have the room warm while the sponging is being done. A compress will effect the same result if it is skilfully applied; a cloth dipped in warm water and wrung out is placed around the chest from just under the armpits to the margin or lower border of the ribs. This is covered tightly with at least two thicknesses of flannel, which extends two or three inches beyond the wet cloth and is fastened with safety-pins so as to exclude the air. This bandage or compress may be removed in the morning and the skin rubbed dry with a flannel cloth.

Pain in the side is frequently complained of, and generally arises from pleurisy. A hot mustard plaster or simply mustard leaves, or a hot-water bottle, will be of service in lessening the pain if placed against the side. A strip of rubber plaster, drawn tightly around the painful side from the spine to the middle of the body in front under the nipple, lessens the movement and thereby relieves the pain.

If the patient has persistent pain at the back of the head, which is accompanied by languor, with temperature above or below normal, rest should be insisted upon, as there may be some increase of the disease which is about to develop.

The mental atmosphere which surrounds the pulmonary invalid, such as the companionship and society of his daily life, is much more important to his welfare than is generally understood. While it is true that, even as noticed by Arytacus before the beginning of the Christian era, the consumptive is generally cheerful and optimistic to a remarkable degree, continuing so when the disease has advanced to the last stages and recovery is quite impossible, yet there are many individuals, whose disease has been brought on by close application and over-ambition, whose nervous system is irritable and sensitive. Such people have often a morbid dread of being considered invalids; they are worried and impatient over trifles, and bitterly resent the apparently unkind fate which has interfered with their life-work. Such cases will tax all the resources of the caretaker, and only by a firm and constantly exercised tact and unusual patience can success be attained, or the best hygienic welfare of the patient be secured. It should also be remembered that nagging in all or any of its phases is quite as detrimental to the invalid's progress as almost any imprudences or sins of omission can be; the pulse and temperature are as frequently increased and elevated by "nagging," or a small family row, as by overlooking an extra wrap or a glass of milk.

The Death of the Soul

BY ERNST HAECKEL

The Riddle of the Universe* is a popular and comprehensive study of the monistic philosophy as grounded on evolution. Since the attitude of the majority of readers toward the book will depend on the theological or scientific bias of their minds, we cannot do better than introduce our reading by the following quotation from the translator's preface. "Professor Haeckel, as one of the most prominent zoologists of the century, has a unique claim to pronounce with authority, from the scientific side, on what is known as 'the conflict of science and religion.' In the contradictory estimates that are urged on us—for the modern ecclesiastic is as emphatic in his assurance that the conflict has ended favorably to theology as the rationalist is with his counter-assertion—the last words of one of the leading combatants of the second half of the century, still, happily, in full vigor of mind, will be heard with respect and close attention."

In order to have a short and convenient expression for the two opposed opinions on the question, we shall call the belief in man's personal immortality "athanatism" (from *athanes* or *athanatos*—immortal). On the other hand, we give the name of "thanatism" (from *thanatos*—death) to the opinion which holds that at a man's death not only all the other physiological functions are arrested, but his "soul" also disappears—that is, that sum of cerebral functions which psychic dualism regards as a peculiar entity, independent of the other vital processes in the living body. . . .

The conception of the soul as a "substance" is far from clear in many psychologists; sometimes it is regarded as an "immaterial" entity of a peculiar character in an abstract and idealistic sense, sometimes in a concrete and realistic sense, and sometimes as a confused *tertium quid* between the two. If we adhere to the monistic idea of substance, which takes it to be the simplest element of our whole world-system, we find energy and matter inseparably associated in it. We must, therefore, distinguish in the "substance of the soul" the characteristic psychic energy which is all we perceive (sensation, presentation, volition, etc.), and the psychic matter, which is the inseparable basis of its activity—that is, the living protoplasm. Thus, in the higher animals the "matter" of the soul is a part of the nervous system; in the lower nerveless animals and plants it is a part of their multicellular protoplasmic body; and in the unicellular protists it is a part of their protoplasmic cell-body. In this way we are

brought once more to the psychic organs, and to an appreciation of the fact that these material organs are indispensable for the action of the soul; but the soul itself is actual—it is the sum total of their physiological functions.

However, the idea of a specific "soul-substance" found in the dualistic philosophers who admit such a thing is very different from this. They conceive the immortal soul to be material, yet invisible, and essentially different from the visible body which it inhabits.

Thus invisibility comes to be regarded as a most important attribute of the soul. Some, in fact, compare the soul with ether, and regard it, like ether, as an extremely subtle, light, and highly elastic material, an imponderable agency, that fills the intervals between the ponderable particles of the living organism; others compare the soul with the wind, and so give it a gaseous nature; and it is this simile which first found favor with primitive peoples, and led in time to the familiar dualistic conception. When a man died, the body remained as a lifeless corpse, but the immortal soul "flew out of it with the last breath"

The comparison of the human soul with physical ether as a qualitatively similar idea has assumed a more concrete shape in recent times through the great progress of optics and electricity (especially in the last decade; for these sciences have taught us a good deal about the energy of ether, and enabled us to formulate certain conclusions as to the material character of this all-pervading agency. As I intend to describe these important discoveries later on (in chap. xii.), I shall do no more at present than briefly point out that they render the notion of an "etheric soul" absolutely untenable. Such an etheric soul—that is a psychic substance—which is similar to physical ether, and which, like ether, passes between the ponderable elements of the living protoplasm or the molecules of the brain, cannot possibly account for the individual life of the soul. Neither the mystic motions of that kind which were warmly discussed about the middle of the century, nor the attempts of modern "Neo-vitalists" to put their mystical "vital force" on a line with physical ether, call for refutation any longer.

Much more widespread, and still much respected, is the view which ascribes a gaseous nature to the substance of the soul. The comparison of human breath with the wind is a very

* Translated by Joseph McCabe. Harper Bros. \$1.50.

old one; they were originally considered to be identical, and were both given the same name. The anemos and psyche of the Greeks, and the anima and spiritus of the Romans, were originally all names for a "breath of wind"; they were transferred from this to the breath of man. After a time this "living breath" was identified with the "vital force," and finally it came to be regarded as the soul itself, or, in a narrower sense, as its highest manifestation, the "spirit." From that the imagination went on to derive the mystic notion of individual "spirits"; these, also, are still usually conceived as "aëriiform beings"—though they are credited with the physiological functions of an organism, and they have been photographed in certain well-known spiritist circles.

Experimental physics has succeeded, during the last decade of the century, in reducing all gaseous bodies to a liquid—most of them, also, to a solid—condition. Nothing more is needed than special apparatus, which exerts a violent pressure on the gases at a very low temperature. By this process not only the atmospheric elements, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, but even compound gases (such as carbonic-acid gas) and gaseous aggregates (like the atmosphere) have been changed from gaseous to liquid form. In this way the "invisible" substances have become "visible" to all, and in a certain sense "tangible." With this transformation the mystic nimbus which formerly veiled the character of the gas in popular estimation—as an invisible body that wrought visible effects—has entirely disappeared. If, then, the substance of the soul were really gaseous, it should be possible to liquefy it by the application of a high pressure at a low temperature. We could then catch the soul as it is "breathed out" at the moment of death, condense it, and exhibit it in a bottle as "immortal fluid" (*Fluidum animæ immortale*). By a further lowering of temperature and increase of pressure it might be possible to solidify it—to produce "soul-snow." The experiment has not yet succeeded.

If athanatism were true, if, indeed, the human soul were to live for all eternity, we should have to grant the same privilege to the souls of the higher animals, at least to those of the nearest related mammals (apes, dogs, etc.). For man is not distinguished from them by a special kind of soul, or by any peculiar and exclusive psychic function, but only by a higher degree of psychic activity, a superior stage of development. In particular, consciousness—the function of the association of ideas, thought, and reason—has reached a higher level in many men (by no means in all) than in most of the animals. Yet this difference is far from being so great as is popu-

larly supposed; and it is much slighter in every respect than the corresponding difference between the higher and the lower animal souls, or even the difference between the highest and the lowest stages of the human soul itself. If we ascribe "personal immortality" to man, we are bound to grant it also to the higher animals.

It is, therefore, quite natural that we should find this belief in the immortality of the animal soul among many ancient and modern peoples; we even meet it sometimes to-day in many thoughtful men who postulate an "immortal life" for themselves, and have, at the same time, a thorough empirical knowledge of the psychic life of the animals. I once knew an old head-forester, who, being left a widower and without children at an early age, had lived alone for more than thirty years in a noble forest of East Prussia. His only companions were one or two servants, with whom he exchanged merely a few necessary words, and a great pack of different kinds of dogs, with which he lived in perfect psychic communion. Through many years of training this keen observer and friend of nature had penetrated deep into the individual souls of his dogs, and he was as convinced of their personal immortality as he was of his own. Some of his most intelligent dogs were, in his impartial and objective estimation, at a higher stage of psychic development than his old, stupid maid and the rough, wrinkled man-servant. Any unprejudiced observer, who will study the conscious and intelligent psychic activity of a fine dog for a year, and follow attentively the physiological processes of its thought, judgment, and reason, will have to admit that it has just as valid a claim to immortality as man himself.

The proofs of the immortality of the soul, which have been adduced for the last two thousand years, and are, indeed, still credited with some validity, have their origin, for the most part, not in an effort to discover the truth, but in an alleged "necessity of emotion"—that is, in imagination and poetic conceit. As Kant puts it, the immortality of the soul is not an object of pure reason, but a "postulate of practical reason." But we must set "practical reason" entirely aside, together with all the "exigencies of emotion, or of moral education, etc.," when we enter upon an honest and impartial pursuit of truth; for we shall only attain it by the work of pure reason, starting from empirical data and capable of logical analysis. We have to say the same of athanatism as of theism; both are creations of poetic mysticism and of transcendental "faith," not of rational science.

When we come to analyze all the different

proofs that have been urged for the immortality of the soul, we find that not a single one of them is of a scientific character; not a single one is consistent with the truths we have learned in the last few decades from physiological psychology and the theory of descent. The theological proof—that a personal creator has breathed an immortal soul (generally regarded as a portion of the divine soul) into man—is a pure myth. The cosmological proof—that the “moral order of the world” demands the eternal duration of the human soul—is a baseless dogma. The teleological proof—that the “higher destiny” of man involves the perfecting of his defective, earthly soul beyond the grave—rests on a false anthropism. The moral proof—that the defects and the unsatisfied desires of earthly existence must be fulfilled by “compensative justice” on the other side of eternity—is nothing more than a pious wish. The ethnological proof—that the belief in immortality, like the belief in God, is an innate truth, common to all humanity—is an error in fact. The ontological proof—that the soul, being a “simple, immaterial, and indivisible entity,” cannot be involved in the corruption of death—is based on an entirely erroneous view of the psychic phenomena; it is a spiritualistic fallacy. All these and similar “proofs of athanatism” are in a parlous condition; they are definitely annulled by the scientific criticism of the last few decades.

The extreme importance of the subject leads us to oppose to these untenable “proofs of immortality” a brief exposition of the sound scientific arguments against it. The physiological argument shows that the human soul is not an independent, immaterial substance, but, like the soul of all the higher animals, merely a collective title for the sum-total of man’s cerebral functions; and these are just as much determined by physical and chemical processes as any of the other vital functions, and just as amenable to the law of substance. The histological argument is based on the extremely complicated microscopic structure of the brain; it shows us the true “elementary organs of the soul” in the ganglionic cells. The experimental argument proves that the various functions of the soul are bound up with certain special parts of the brain, and cannot be exercised unless these are in a normal condition; if the areas are destroyed, their function is extinguished; and this is especially applicable to the “organs of thought,” the four central instruments of mental activity. The pathological argument is the complement of the physiological; when certain parts of the brain (the centres of speech, sight, hearing, etc.) are destroyed by sickness, their activity (speech, vision, hearing, etc.) dis-

appears; in this way nature herself makes the decisive physiological experiment. The ontogenetic argument puts before us the facts of the development of the soul in the individual; we see how the child-soul gradually unfolds its various powers; the youth presents them in full bloom, the mature man shows their ripe fruit; in old age we see the gradual decay of the psychic powers, corresponding to the senile degeneration of the brain. The phylogenetic argument derives its strength from palæontology, and the comparative anatomy and physiology of the brain; coöperating with and completing each other, these sciences prove to the hilt that the human brain (and, consequently, its function—the soul) has been evolved step by step from that of the mammal, and, still further back, from that of the lower vertebrate.

These inquiries, which might be supplemented by many other results of modern science, prove the old dogma of the immortality of the soul to be absolutely untenable; in the twentieth century it will not be regarded as a subject of serious scientific research, but will be left wholly to transcendental “faith.” The “critique of pure reason” shows this treasured faith to be a mere superstition, like the belief in a personal God which generally accompanies it. Yet even today millions of “believers”—not only of the lower, uneducated masses, but even of the most cultured classes—look on this superstition as their dearest possession and their most “priceless treasure.” It is, therefore, necessary to enter more deeply into the subject, and—assuming it to be true—to make a critical inquiry into its practical value. It soon becomes apparent to the impartial critic that this value rests, for the most part, on fancy, on the want of clear judgment and consecutive thought. It is my firm and honest conviction that a definitive abandonment of these “athanatist illusions” would involve no painful loss, but an inestimable positive gain for humanity.

Man’s “emotional craving” clings to the belief on immortality for two main reasons: firstly, in the hope of better conditions of life beyond the grave; and, secondly, in the hope of seeing once more the dear and loved ones whom death has torn from us. As for the first hope, it corresponds to a natural feeling of the justice of compensation, which is quite correct subjectively, but has no objective validity whatever. We make our claim for an indemnity for the unnumbered defects and sorrows of our earthly existence, without the slightest real prospect or guarantee of receiving it. We long for an eternal life in which we shall meet no sadness and no pain, but an unbounded peace and joy. The pictures that most

men form of this blissful existence are extremely curious; the immaterial soul is placed in the midst of grossly material pleasures. The imagination of each believer paints the enduring splendor according to his personal taste.

We must lay special stress on the thoroughly materialistic character of Christian athanatism, which is closely connected with the absurd dogma of the "resurrection of the body." As thousands of paintings of famous masters inform us, the bodies that have risen again, with the souls that have been born again, walk about in heaven just as they did in this vale of tears; they see God with their eyes, they hear His voice with their ears, they sing hymns to His praise with their larynx, and so forth. In fine, the modern inhabitants of the Christian Paradise have the same dual character of body and soul, the same organs of an earthly body, as our ancient ancestors had in Odin's Hall in Walhalla, as the "immortal" Turks and Arabs have in Mohammed's lovely gardens, as the old Greek demi-gods and heroes had in the enjoyment of nectar and ambrosia.

But, however gloriously we may depict this eternal life in Paradise, it remains endless in duration. Do we realize what "eternity" means?—the uninterrupted continuance of our individual life forever! The profound legend of the "wandering Jew," the fruitless search for rest of the unhappy Ahasuerus, should teach us to appreciate such an "eternal life" at its true value. The best we can desire after a courageous life, spent in doing good according to our light, is the eternal peace of the grave.

Any impartial scholar who is acquainted with geological calculations of time, and has reflected on the long series of millions of years the organic history of the earth has occupied, must admit that the crude notion of an eternal life is not a comfort, but a fearful menace, to the best of men. Only want of clear judgment and consecutive thought can dispute it.

The best and most plausible ground for athanatism is found in the hope that immortality will reunite us to the beloved friends who have been prematurely taken from us by some grim mischance. But even this supposed good fortune proves to be an illusion on closer inquiry; and in any case it would be greatly marred by the prospect of meeting the less agreeable acquaintances and the enemies who have troubled our existence here below. Even the closest family ties would involve many a difficulty. There are plenty of men who would gladly sacrifice all the glories of Paradise if it meant the eternal companionship of their "better half" or their mother-in-law. It is more than questionable whether Henry VIII.

would like the prospect of living eternally with his six wives; or Augustus the Strong of Poland, who had a hundred mistresses and three hundred and fifty-two children. As he was on good terms with the Vicar of Christ, he must be assumed to be in Paradise, in spite of his sins, and in spite of the fact that his mad military ventures cost the lives of more than a hundred thousand Saxons.

Another insoluble difficulty faces the athanast when he asks in what stage of their individual development the disembodied souls will spend their eternal life. Will the new-born infant develop its psychic powers in heaven under the same hard conditions of the "struggle for life" which educate man here on earth? Will the talented youth who has fallen in the wholesale murder of war unfold his rich, unused mental powers in Walhalla? Will the feeble, childish old man, who has filled the world with the fame of his deeds in the ripeness of his age, live forever in mental decay? Or will he return to an earlier stage of development? If the immortal souls in Olympus are to live in a condition of rejuvenescence and perfectness, then both the stimulus to the formation of, and the interest in, personality disappear for them.

A critical comparison of the countless and manifold fantasies which belief in immortality has produced during the last few thousand years in the different races and religions yields a most remarkable picture. An intensely interesting presentation of it, based on most extensive original research, may be found in Adalbert Svoboda's distinguished works, *The Illusion of the Soul and Forms of Faith*. However absurd and inconsistent with modern knowledge most of these myths seem to be, they still play an important part, and, as "postulates of practical reason," they exercise a powerful influence on the opinions of individuals and on the destiny of races.

The idealist and spiritualist philosophy of the day will freely grant that these prevalent materialistic forms of belief in immortality are untenable; it will say that the refined idea of an immaterial soul, a Platonic "idea" or a transcendental psychic substance must be substituted for them. But modern realism can have nothing whatever to do with these incomprehensible motions; they satisfy neither the mind's feeling of causality nor the yearning of our emotions. If we take a comprehensive glance at all that modern anthropology, psychology, and cosmology teach with regard to athanatism, we are forced to this definite conclusion: "The belief in the immortality of the human soul is a dogma which is in hopeless contradiction with the most solid empirical truths of modern science."

Thoughts on the Christian Life

BY JOHN WATSON

The following selections are from a volume of sermons, the *Doctrines of Grace*,* by John Watson (Ian Maclaren). The fourteen sermons in the book give beautiful expression to a profound and orthodox Christianity.

It is difficult to resist the conviction that Christ intended that His Visible Church should be one society the world over instead of being divided into sections warring with one another and making sport for an unbelieving world. Surely every one will agree that it were more becoming, and therefore more in keeping with the mind of Christ, that in every country there should be one church—the Church of Scotland or of England, by which is intended the Church of Christ in Scotland or England—and not half-a-dozen churches; that in every parish there should be one place of worship where all should meet in the name of the Lord, not half-a-dozen fighting for the possession of the people. Nothing can more certainly hinder the faith of the world, and nothing has so weakened the energies of Christian people and so afflicted their hearts, as the schisms and feuds by which Christ's Visible Church has been rent.

When the Church Visible, which is the shadow of the Church Invisible, is rent—for the spiritual Body must ever be undivided—then the cause is always one and the same, and it ought to lie much more heavily both upon the heart and conscience of believing Christians. The division of the Church into sects, whether Roman, Anglican, Scots, or Non-conformists, since any division does mean section, is not an accident, nor a misfortune, and certainly not an ingenious design to stir up the Church into greater activity, but is a distinct and flagrant sin. If Christian people, gathered in the name of the Lord Jesus, and calling one another brethren, had obeyed Christ's commandments, and yielded to the guidance of the Lord's Spirit, they had lived in purity and in charity, as did the Christians of Pentecost, and the Church on earth had been one to-day, as the Church in heaven is one, and she had been "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." Wherever there is holiness there is unity, wherever there is unholiness there is strife, and it was because the vision of the Lord grew dim and discipline was relaxed, and the world cast her tangling veil round the Christian heart, and brotherly love

died into ashes, that the fair Church of Christ was scattered into contending fragments and became a scandal in the face of men. No doubt the divisions of the Church have been made the means of calling her to repentance and restoring purity, of moving her to good works and vast sacrifices, were it only through the criticism and rivalry of separate Christian bodies; but this does not mean that such divisions were the methods of the Lord, or that He has any pleasure when one crieth, "I am of Paul," and another, "I am of Cephas." What it means is that the Lord, whose grace is as marvelous as it is mighty, has caused light to arise out of darkness, and has made the wrath of men to praise Him, so that in the good which has come from this vast evil we have another illustration of the Apostle's triumphant word, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

Should any person have been so saturated by the modern spirit that to him the idea of the divine intervention, even for the salvation of his soul, is incredible, then nothing can be more foolish or uncharitable than to scold and to denounce him, and especially nothing is more to be depreciated than offering to him, or rather forcing upon him, the brutal alternative between believing in the supernatural or surrendering the ideal of a holy life. If any one be unable to believe in God as a personal and beneficent will and in Jesus Christ as the revelation of God and the Saviour of the world, then he is suffering an immense loss, but an austere ideal still stands out before his soul. He can still respect himself and still serve his fellow-men. He can still appreciate righteousness and fight the good fight against sin. He can still possess his soul in patience, and await with courage the unknown future. His models in the natural virtues are such as may well strengthen and inspire any one, for they are Socrates dying bravely with nothing but a plank to carry him across the great sea to the new world, and Marcus Aurelius sadly speculating regarding the origin and end of all things, but ever doing his duty bravely and carrying himself purely in the battle of life. His, however, is an incalculable deprivation and a dreary outlook, for his conception of life is so much more hopeless than that which filled the heart of the Gentile Apostle with gladness, and touched all his life with a light that shone the more clearly

* McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

when he was a chained prisoner and a candidate for martyrdom.

There may be a few people who have never felt the want of forgiveness, and to whom the word itself has a strange sound, but the desire is surely indigenous in the human race, and any exception does not prove a stronger or finer character. Should one have had the misfortune to offend a friend, and so to wound his heart that intercourse has ceased between the two, then it argues a low state of mind, or an incredible frivolity, that the offender should never miss his friend's company, and should never regret his friend's alienation. Any person with a trace of nobility will consider this quarrel to have been the chief misfortune of his life, and will ever entertain an earnest hope that the way will be opened up for reconciliation. He will surely count it a chief day in his life when he has been assured that this friend forgives him, and they return to the relations of former years. Should this be true of human fellowship, how much more true must it be of the communion between the soul and God. And unless it be that a person is able to say that he has never sinned, and therefore has no need of forgiveness, he must be callous to the last degree who has not longed to be assured that his sins have been forgiven of God, and that there is no cloud between him and his Father.

Whatever may be the reason, people are at any rate not much given to repentance to-day, and as a rule they are not at all ashamed of an unrepentant state of mind. They are apt to complain of Psalms written in a minor key of penitence, and refuse to sing hymns such as *Rock of Ages*, where the sinner declares that he is foul and has no hope of cleansing save through the blood of Christ. What this person says—and he is a representative and modern—is this: "I know the meaning of the English language, and I know the history of my own life. I am not going to tell lies at any time, and especially I wish to be truthful when I am worshipping God. I am not foul, and I am not going to say I am foul when I know that that would be a falsehood."

This person is of course perfectly right in not singing songs of penitence when they would be a lie on his lips. There are undoubtedly a certain number of Psalms which ought not to be sung by any person who is absolutely satisfied with this present world and has no longing whatever for Jerusalem the golden. Undoubtedly there is a great amount of hypocrisy and unreal sentiment in the conventional praise of our public

worship, and it would be a good thing if people were so affected by a sense of honesty and the fitness of things that they were silent when a congregation is declaring its penitence and they are not penitent, or a congregation is longing to be with the Lord and they are desiring only to be in their offices. At the same time it ought to be pointed out to that person that if he is entirely satisfied with his condition this is no ground for pride, but rather a ground for humility.

Suppose that some one is practicing an art, and you go into the room where the work is lying. You are shown the work, and as conversation proceeds you discover that the artist considers that he has touched perfection. Drawing and coloring are, in his opinion, altogether right, and you cannot discover that this person is able to distinguish between his work and that of Raphael. You do not on that account admire that person, or consider that he is likely himself to be a great artist. You are rather convinced that he will never touch even the lowest levels of perfection, because he is utterly unconscious of his own imperfection. After the same fashion, if any one considers that he has written so well that criticism gives him no information and chastens no fault, then it is certain that he has done his best work, and his best work is extremely bad. We admit in the sphere of art and literature that the depreciation of one's own work and a sense of its deficiencies are conditions of success. And yet a cultured modern will consider himself superior to the saints of the past and their successors of to-day, because they sing the *Fifty-first Psalm* and the *Rock of Ages* with intense feeling and he has been raised above this experience. As a matter of fact this person is sealing his own doom and shutting himself out from the higher reaches of religion. A Pharisee is a very incomplete work of religion, and there are for him no future possibilities. You can finish a villa, such a villa as is erected by the modern builder, to the disgrace of the State and religion, within a few weeks, and it is not likely to last more than a few years. When we build a cathedral, nothing but the foundation is seen for years, and it may be that centuries will pass before that cathedral is finished. When it is finished, it stands a monument of human art and industry, and will remain unto all ages and after miles of those miserable buildings have passed again into their kindred dust. This is the difference between the cheap and flimsy character of the Pharisee and the strong but slow growth of sainthood; and the foundations of sainthood are laid in the broken and contrite heart.

Educational Topics of the Day

The Need of Discipline....Thomas Davidson....Educational Review

Discipline must be carefully distinguished from instruction. Instruction deals with the intellect, discipline with the will through the affections. The one relates to knowledge, the other to practice. Now, while in our schools a vast amount of attention is given to instruction, very little is devoted to discipline. For this reason much of our instruction fails to excite interest, and is of little value for life. Instruction is interesting to a child only when he is able to see its value. It may not be pleasing to him even then (we must carefully distinguish between pleasure and interest); but if he has been well trained he will accept it willingly, and even make a virtue of overcoming his dislike to it. In other words, he will subject himself to discipline; and his acceptance of instruction will become a moral action. Now, the chief defect in our American education is just this want of discipline. We not only fail to make our young people set the true values upon all the things and actions in their world, and in practice conform to these values, but for want of this discipline we fail to impart a true instruction. We allow children to reject these kinds of instruction which they do not find pleasant, instead of making them interesting by showing their true value; or else we insist upon their irrationally submitting to instruction in which they see no good, and which thus becomes to them a kind of penance. In either case we fail in instruction for want of discipline, and in discipline for want of instruction. The truth is, if we are to build up a moral world in the child's soul, instruction and discipline must go hand in hand. When the child has been induced to act toward each thing with regard to its spiritual value, he will discover the principle of his behavior, and will then do voluntarily what he has previously done in obedience. With our present feeble, sentimental tendencies, which make us seek a child's immediate enjoyment rather than its eternal well-being, we have a prejudice against discipline, against everything that makes a child sacrifice present pleasure to future good. Let us hope that this conditioning thing will soon pass away, and that discipline, so necessary to the construction of a moral world, may be restored to its rightful position in education. For

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to work that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

*To Educate for the Railway Service.....Educational Report**

Among the later movements in education is that for higher commercial education. It may be said to bear the same relation to those courses of liberal education in history, politics and economics, and sociology that the technical courses do to those in pure science and mathematics, which they follow. Perhaps the transition has not yet been so far accomplished as to warrant the claim that an applied science of these principles has been worked out, but this is the goal toward which it tends. They aim to reduce to effective business usefulness the theories of these sciences, and connect them with the uses of the world. This idea is not a new one in Europe. Commercial education has there come to be a recognized factor in exploiting and holding the trade of a country.

In this country the pioneer in the movement was the Wharton School of Finance and Economy of the University of Pennsylvania, which was established in 1881. In 1898 the Chicago University and the State University of California each inaugurated a "College of commerce," and the authorities of the University of Missouri have such a course under contemplation. Something analogous is the School of Jurisprudence and Diplomacy, established at Columbian University in 1898. These schools bear to the business schools something of the relation of the higher technical schools to the trade schools.

They do not fit for specific occupations immediately, but offer the equipment that with ready adaptation can be turned to practical use. As expressed by Prof. Emory R. Johnson, of the Wharton School of Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania:

"The ideal should not be to train pupils in the arts of business; the aim should not be to turn out skilled clerks, but young men with an education that will enable them in due time to take their place in the ranks of educated business men. Before the would-be physician begins those studies which have to do with the art or practice side of his chosen profession he takes a course of study whose core is made up of certain natural sciences. He studies the interaction of forces in that large world of life of which man is a part, that he may understand the relation of man to that larger world and be able to know and deal intelligently with the forces which con-

* Report of Commissioner of Education, 1898-99.

trol man's physical well-being. Similarly, the boy who expects to enter some particular field of business needs to study the laws and forces which obtain in the larger realm of business, and to analyze the political and social forces which dominate the social world in which he is to live and carry on the special business of his choice."

It is possible that in time these schools will offer special courses as do their prototypes in Europe, in connection with commercial museums and commercial laboratories, both physical and chemical, fitting for the grocery trade, wine trade, etc.

In the commercial colleges railroad subjects naturally occupy a larger place than in the ordinary academic courses of the university. The Wharton School of Commerce has a department of transportation under the deanship of Prof. Emory R. Johnson. The University of Chicago also has a course in transportation. The catalogue describes the nature of the work at the Wharton School as follows:

"At the University of Pennsylvania the course of finance and economy of the Wharton School extends through four years and leads to the degree of bachelor of science in economics. The studies are grouped under the heads of public law and politics, business law and practice, economics and social science, journalism, history, logic, ethics, German, and mathematics. The practical purpose of the course lies in its outlook toward certain definite careers of public life. The course has been arranged to give the future man of affairs an elementary knowledge, at least, of the complex problems of modern life. It was early perceived that the groundwork of such a course should be training in politics and economics. Around this basis has been grouped work in history, logic, language, and mathematics, as well as special work in transportation, commerce, banking, journalism, and kindred topics."

Transportation occupies so large a place in all commerce, economics, and sociology that no course can go far without touching on the subject in some way. Thus, all the universities that offer courses in economics that are in any way thorough devote some of the lectures to railroads. At Yale, Prof. A. T. Hadley, who is so well known as author of the excellent treatise, *Railroad Transportation*, conducts a course in transportation. At Harvard is Professor Taussig, whose name is specially connected with transportation economics. At Cornell one term is devoted to transportation, with text-book, lectures, and reports. There is also a course in economic and commercial geography, which bears directly on the subject. At Ann Arbor, Prof. Henry C. Adams, the statistician of the Interstate Com-

merce Commission, conducts a course in the "Railroad Problem." Leland Stanford University offers a special course every second year, and enjoys considerable prestige as having the finest railway library in the country. Even Smith College for women has a course in transportation.

Mr. H. G. Prout, of the *Railroad Gazette*, at a meeting of the New York Railroad Club, made the following suggestion as to what ought to be taught in a railway school:

There is a branch of railroading much more difficult than engineering, much more difficult than law, because it includes more variables; much more important, because it involves the very life of the railroads and the life of modern society itself. I mean that branch which is handled within the railroads by the traffic departments; in their relations to each other, by the traffic associations, and which the railroad commissioners of the States and of the nation attempt to handle. The great branch of the art and science of railroading is practically untaught, except by a few fragmentary lectures in a few of the colleges, and a large part of the college teaching is bad, for a reason that I shall mention later.

Many railroad men say that this part of railroading cannot be taught except by experience; that the variables are so many that the problems cannot be generalized. This is partly true, but it is also true that a great deal of human experience has been gathered and might now be made useful to the men of the traffic department, to the men in the railroad commissions, and to the teachers in the colleges. Specific questions of rates which arise, and which are fought over in the associations and before the commissioners, have arisen time and again in the last twenty-five or thirty years and been fought over. A few competent college lectures which would group and generalize these questions, which would teach a man where to go to find the records of past fights, would go a great way to prevent waste of time and human energy, both in the form of actual work and stored in the form of money.

Another special branch of railroad education is that of organization of the working force and the distribution of powers and duties. This is a field in which competent general instruction, given in the years when a man is preparing for his work, might often be of great assistance in his after life. I know that railroad officers will tell you that every organization, to have its highest efficiency, must be largely special; it must be adapted to the specific work which has to do and to the actual men available. This is true; but the man who is undertaking to evolve the most efficient organization for his own railroad

cannot neglect, and if he is a man of sense he will not neglect, the organization of other roads in his own country and of roads in other countries.

Again, there is a whole unwritten and unformulated science of yards and terminals and sidings. The officers of each railroad go on working out their own systems from within their own intelligence, or collecting with a good deal of difficulty a few examples of what other men have done, and so modifying their own schemes. Surely they could start easier and go on with less effort if the work of collecting, comparing and co-ordinating and generalizing had been done beforehand by a specialist, and if they had been made somewhat familiar with this work before they got into actual railroad life.

Much the same can be said of signaling. It is only within a very few years that the majority of railroad men have realized that there are certain well-established principles in signaling. Indeed I am not sure that the majority of railroad men to-day recognize that there are any established principles in this art; but every active railroad officer of intelligence has some time or other regretted that he had not been made familiar with the fact that there are principles which govern the application of signals, and been made familiar at least with the sources of information with regard to this art.

The young men who come out of the schools in mechanical engineering have received a very valuable training in machine design and steam engineering, but they, as a rule, know practically nothing of the relations between steam engineering and the work to be done by a locomotive on a railroad track. The loading, the manning, the care of the locomotive, the adaptation of it to the special work to be done in special cases—all this is to them an entirely unexplored field. They have learned their multiplication table, and some of them can use it with considerable facility, but it is still an abstraction. These examples suggest a few of the directions in which preliminary teaching might be profitably given to the young men who aim to go into railroading as a profession.

*An Ethnic View of Higher Education.....J. W. Howerth**

The goal of education is not a single one, as is sometimes represented; it is double. It lies in the individual and in the race. In the education of the individual the goal is the maximum development of social efficiency. This involves the application of physiological and psychological

principles to the development of mind and body. Hence the educational importance of physiology and experimental or psycho-physical psychology. In the education of the race the goal is the successive realization of higher and higher stages of humanity. "Given the hereditary merits and faults of a race," the problem of education becomes, as Guyau rightly stated it, "to what extent can we by education modify the existing heritage to the advantage of a new heritage?" This implies a knowledge of the means and methods of social evolution, the laws and causes of the social process. Hence the importance to the educator of social history and the science of sociology. Educational psychology should be racial as well as individual. The essential fact, however, is that education—elementary, secondary, and higher—is primarily a social or ethnic expedient for accelerating progress. All its problems are therefore social problems.

Another fact which, from this point of view, leaps to the eye, as the French say, is that, contrary to the hypothesis upon which Rousseau and his followers have attempted to found a science of education, education is not a slavish imitation of nature, but an interference with so-called natural laws. Its sole "raison d'être" is the inadequacy of nature's methods. It is the negation of "laissez faire" in individual and social evolution. The assistance it has rendered nature in the development of the individual is perfectly obvious, but its possibility as a social factor has only begun to be appreciated. Down to the present time it has acted almost wholly as a socially unconscious or genetic force in the evolution of the race. To be sure it has long been recognized as a means of social improvement, but there has been almost no attempt to use it scientifically in the development of a people as it is now used in the development of a person. Plato and the Spartans had the idea, but not the ideals and the science. Although books on education are thick, and with regard to many of them I might add as light as autumnal leaves, I know of but few worth mentioning which have urged its ordered application as a national, social, or ethnic lever. Its purposive use has not been consciously directed toward a social end; that is to say, educational teleology has been limited to the individual. The time has come, however, when it may be extended to the race. "Through education," says Professor Dewey, "society can formulate its own purposes, can organize its own means and resources, and thus shape itself with definiteness and economy in the direction in which it wishes to move."

At the present time higher education, instead

* From an address delivered before the Department of Higher Education of the National Educational Association.

of encouraging purposive changes in social environment, is a partisan and an apologist of the present order. It is not its function, of course, to introduce these changes directly. It can only provide the knowledge and the spirit, and leave the initiative to scientific legislation. But academic atmosphere is not always healthful to the growth of this knowledge and spirit. Much has been said about liberty of thought in our colleges and universities. It is contended by the authorities that there is complete liberty, and the claim is logical, for they make a careful distinction between liberty and license. Thought is free so long as it is sound, and the authorities have their own convictions in regard to what constitutes sound thinking. While freedom of thought is doubtless increasing in all our higher institutions of learning, and will continue to increase as they become more conscious of their social function, yet it is probably true to-day that there is not a college or university in the country that would long tolerate an active and formidable advocate of serious changes in the present social order. He would be required to go, and the occasion of his removal would not be avowed as opposition to intellectual liberty, but to his own incapacity, as evidenced by his vagarious opinions. This to the educational martyr is the unkindest cut of all. It is his sorrow's crown of sorrow.

Owing partly to the feeling in college and university circles that one is lucky to have been born a conservative, there has been developed a sort of typical academic attitude in regard to almost all questions of serious social importance. In political parlance this attitude is called a straddle, but the euphemistic phrase is scientific impartiality. There is a certain type of university professor, for instance, who never expresses his own opinion, claims indeed that he has none. In considering a given question he devotes himself to the accumulation of evidence, pro and con, and being unable to determine which pile is the larger, he stands as immovable as the traditional donkey between two stacks of hay. He speaks condescendingly of "oi colloi." His contempt for enthusiasm is profound. He insincerely professes to envy the man who can arrive at a conclusion, but as for himself he sees so deeply and finds so much argument on both sides of every question that he is always in doubt. Like Lowell's candidate in the Biglow Papers, his

"Mind's tu fair to lose its balance
And say which party has most sense,
There may be folks of greater tulence
That can't set stiddier on the fence."

This type of university man has done much to give to higher education the reputation of futility.

His attitude helps to explain why it is that in the popular mind it is sufficient to condemn a theory or an argument to describe it as "merely academic." It is expected that academic discussion is likely to come out at the self-same door wherein it went. We recognize, of course, that higher education must encourage impartiality in investigation and conservatism in social proposals, but there is a golden mean. The true scientific spirit, which is so badly needed in every department of thought, does not imply absence of enthusiasm, but only the restraint of sentiment while investigation is in progress. In matters of social advancement, higher education should be the source of a conservative radicalism.

The whole criticism of higher education from the ethnic point of view may be summed up in a very few words. It is loosely organized from the standpoint of social economy. It is too conservative in everything but religion. It grinds out knowledge with almost contemptuous indifference to its social timeliness and use. More time is given, for instance, to the study of entomology than to the study of anthropology, to the study of insects than to the study of men. Domestic science and sociology receive less consideration than Latin and Greek. It turns out men and women with highly trained powers, but often without the spirit to use these powers in conscious service of the race. It is significant that the church is expected to provide this spirit by conversion. The truly educated man requires no conversion. In evolutionary terminology the variations emphasized and produced by higher education are socially advantageous only when they happen to be so. There is, therefore, too much waste. In a word, higher education acts unconsciously as an ethnic force. It is still under the sway of natural evolution. It illustrates the economy of nature and not the economy of mind.

Socially or ethnically considered a college education may be a profitable investment even if it does not pay in dollars and cents, and if it unfits one for business it may be so much the worse for business. No educational question is strictly or chiefly individualistic. None can be finally settled without careful consideration of its bearing upon the interests of the race. Neglect of this consideration is sure to produce error and confusion in educational thought. "Most of the controversies relative to this great question of education," says Fouillée, "seem to me to be due to the fact that we fail to reach a sufficiently general point of view, i. e., the national, international, or even ethnical." We need therefore, both for practical and theoretical purposes, a new educational orientation.

Choice Verse

The Last Charge.....Thomas Tracy BouvéMcClure's

Trumpeter, blow on, terrific and thunderous;
Blow till thy bugle outring the wild gales;
Spare not the wounded that writhe and wind under
us,
Drown in our ears all their piercing death wails.
Steady, dragoons! Get together your forces;
Aim at the breast, for that makes the best target.
Now let us fly like a whirlwind of heroes—
Ride like your forefathers! Cavalry, charge!

Trumpeter, sound me a dread note and dangerous;
Blow to the end of thy desperate breath!
Blow till the cry of it, clinging and clangorous,
Call back the squadrons that rode to their death.
Close up, dragoons! and ride forward the guidon.
Trumpeter, blow me once more, loud and large!
This is not earth, but dead men, that we ride on—
They were your brothers once! Cavalry, charge.

Trumpeter, sound a note tender and tremulous;
Wail for those lost to us, sob for our dead!
Cry loud for vengeance! Oh, let your note, emulous,
Rival the roar of souls that have fled!
Ready, dragoons! Ye are fifty that follow;
Burst as a river bursts over its marge!
Who first can fling his horse into their hollow?
On, up and over them! Cavalry, charge!

*The Beast.....Lloyd Mifflin.....The Fields of Dawn**

Deep in the earth's most fathomless profound,
In darksome caverns where there comes no light,
I heard a monster crawling through the night,
And as it came its roaring shook the ground.
A Shape invisible, it glared around;
Only its eyes I saw—a baleful sight—
Green-blazing balls of terror and of might;
Formless the horror came—a moving sound.
Then, when I thought the Beast would strike me
dead,
Prone in the dark I fell, and, trembling, prayed;
Whereat, descending from the walls above—
While splendor filled the cave from overhead—
In dazzling beauty to my eyes displayed,
Appeared the white wings of the Sacred Dove.

To Homer.....Alexander Blair Thaw.....Atlantic Monthly

Blind singer of the world's desire,
Thy world is ours. Thy song Troy town
Built, burned; and then thy lyre
Burst in a blaze of fire
Seas shall not drown.

First kindled in a woman's eyes,
Fire burned high Troy; and beckoned men
From home; and from the skies
The gods; those flames yet rise,
Yea, now as then.

Yea, now as then, the world's desire,
Though hidden from us; still doth dwell
In Helen's heart of fire,
And breathes upon thy lyre
Her mighty spell.

*Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00

Against new gods we wage our wars,
New cities build or burn with fire;
And still beneath the stars,
We beat against the bars
Of blind desire.

Our world is thine. New wars we wage,
Under old skies. Our richest wine
Hath savor of thine age:
We write on life's last page
The book is thine.

Of life's brave book the leaves are turned,
And as we read we wonder how
Thy blinded eyes discerned
Life's hidden fires,—that burned
Even then as now.

Oh thou who first, when earth was young,
Sang fate defied and mortal slain,
Upon that honeyed tongue,
How sweet thy songs, though sung
Of mortal pain.

What songs have we thou dost not sing,
What fates thy heart hath not foretold!
Breathe thou the songs we bring;
Bees on thy mouth still cling,
Now, as of old.

The Atlantic Liner....Frederick H. Siegfried....National Magazine

Over the seas with the stride of a giant—
Rushing, plunging, crashing her way.
Looming at night, lights ablaze, strength defiant;
Grandeur and beauty—majestic by day.

The power of a city compressed in her vitals,
Unceasingly hurls her along on the course.
Thunder her engines, the hand-work of mortals—
God the Almighty gives to them their force.

In calm or through storm, the speed never falters,
The knots fly behind her,—on with the race!
Thousands of horse-power tear open green waters
For a hull which, though pond'rous, is noble with
grace.

Into the harbor, resplendent with glory;
Records of ages by her made to fall.
O'er all the nation, fast hasten the story.
Liner magnificent! Homage, of all.

*The Song of the Saw.....Holman F. Day.....Up in Maine**

The song is the shriek of the strong that are slain—
The monarchs that people the woodlands of Maine;
'Tis the cry of a merciless war.
And it echoes by river, by lake, and by stream,
Wherever saws scream or the bright axes gleam,—
'Tis keyed to the rush of the sibilant steam,
And the song is the song of the saw.

Come, stand in the gloom of this clamorous room,
Where giants groan past us a-drip from the boom,
Borne here from the calm of the forest and hill,
—Aghast at the thunderous roar of the mill—
At rumble of pulley and grumble of shaft.
And the tumult and din of the sawyer's rude craft.

*Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.00.

Stand here in the ebb of the riotous blast,
As the saw's mighty carriage goes thundering past;
One man at the lever and one at the dog.
The slaughter is bloodless and senseless the log,
Yet the anguish of death and the torment of hell
Are quivering there in the long, awful yell,
That shrills above tumult of gearing and wheel
As the carriage rolls down and the timber meets
steel.

Scream! And a board is laid bare for a home.
Shriek! And a timber for mansion and dome,
For the walls of a palace, or toil's homely use,
Is reft from the flanks of the prostrate King Spruce.
And thus in the clamor of pulley and wheel,
In the plaint of the wood and the slash of the steel,
Is wrought the undoing of Maine's sturdy lords—
The martyrs the woodlands yield up to our swords.
The song is the knell of these strong that are slain,
The monarchs that people the woodlands of Maine.
And the Fury that whirls in the din of this war,
With rioting teeth and insatiable maw, is the saw!
And this is the song of the saw.

A Sketch.....Julian Hinckley.....The Outlook

A builder's yard, a ship upon the ways,
The groan of straining planks, the snap of stays,
The cheering of a crowd: "She moves!" "She's
off!"

And with a sudden rush and splash the great ship
Leaves the wharf.

A storm-swept, foam-tossed sea, a howling gale,
A ship half lost in foam, a rag of sail,
The tolling of a bell, now lost, now clear—
"The shore! the shore!"—she strikes in crashing
Waves to disappear.

A summer's eve, a calm and wailing tide,
A dismal stretch of sand that tries to hide
The bones of some great vessel, prow on high,
Outlined against the sunset's last faint glow
Athwart the sky.

The Love-Talker.....Ethna Carbery.....The Bookman

I met the Love-Talker one eve in the glen,
He was handsomer than any of our handsome
young men;
His eyes were blacker than the sloe, his voice
sweeter far
Than the crooning of old Kevin's pipes beyond in
Coolnagar.

I was bound for the milking with a heart fair and
free.

My grief! my grief! that bitter hour drained the
life from me!

I thought him human lover, though his lips on mine
were cold,

And the breath of death blew keen on me within
his hold.

I know not what way he came, no shadow fell be-
hind,

But all the sighing rushes swayed beneath a fairy
wind;

The thrush ceased its singing, a mist crept about,
We two clung together—with the world shut out.

Beyond the ghostly mist I could hear my cattle low,
The little cow from Ballina, clean as driven snow;
The dun cow from Kerry, the roan from Innisheer;
Oh, pitiful their calling, and his whispers in my ear!

His eyes were a fire, his words were a snare;
I cried my mother's name, but no help was there;
I made the blessed Sign; then he gave a dreary
moan—

A wisp of cloud went floating by, and I stood alone.

Running ever thro' my head is an old-time rune—
"Who meets the Love-Talker must weave her own
shroud soon."

My mother's face is furrowed with the salt tears
that fall,

But the kind eyes of my father are the saddest sight
of all.

I have spun the fleecy lint, and now my wheel is
still,

The linen length is woven for my shroud fine and
chill;

I shall stretch me on the bed where a happy maid
I lay—

Pray for the soul of Maurya oge at dawning of the
day!

The Grenadiers (from Helne).....W. Sichel.....Saturday Review

Two grenadiers for France were bound;
In Russia prisoners taken.

When once they reached the German ground,
They drooped their heads forsaken.

There both of them learned how the game had been
lost—

How France had been beaten and shaken;
How, battered and scattered her mighty host—
And Napoleon—Napoleon taken!

Then sobbed together the grenadiers,
Such gruesome tidings learning.
"Woe's me," cries out the first that hears;
"My old, old wound is burning!"

The second cries, "A fig for life—
Here ends a soldier's tether;

Yet have I child at home and wife,
Or fain we'd die together."

"What boots me wife, or child, or home;
Higher longings my breast awaken.
If they want for bread, let them beg and roam!—
Napoleon, my Emperor, taken!

"Ah! Brother, now, as die I must,
Do one last errand for me.
My body bear to France's dust,
And let French earth close o'er me.

"Lay on my heart the ribbon red,
The cross that hath renowned me.
My musket give these fingers dead,
And gird my sword around me.

"Like a sentry I'll wait in that silent grave,
And listen the green sod under,
Till the cannons roar and the chargers rave,
And I catch the trample and thunder.

"Never doubt it, my Emperor will ride o'er my
grave

'Mid the clash and the flash and the quiver,
Then I'll rise from my ambush with musket and
glaive,
And Napoleon—Napoleon deliver!"

Some New Zealand Experiments

BY HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD

Every one whose mind is at all alert to the pressing social questions of the day should read *In New-est England*,*—notes of a democratic traveler in New Zealand with some Australian comparisons—by Henry Demarest Lloyd. It is not often that a book so informing and at the same time interesting is written. The attention is held unwaveringly to the end. The leaders of New Zealand have deliberately denied many of the economic dogmas that we worship, and have sought, by intelligent and sympathetic legislation, to make New Zealand a veritable democracy. In the following pages we give abstracts of a few of the many progressive movements which the book records.

Public Life Insurance

The Life Insurance Department was proposed in 1869 to the New Zealand Parliament and passed unanimously. The new venture was popular from the start, for the policies had behind them the guarantee of the State. The department began in 1870 with 463 person insured, and in 1899 it had 37,848 policies. The total amount of insurance now outstanding is \$46,525,710. There have been paid out \$11,885,410, and the department now has on hand \$14,307,670. It has received in premiums since its start \$31,257,051. Out of 75,692 policies held in New Zealand at the close of 1897, the latest year for which these statistics are published, 36,174 were issued by the Government, and of the total of \$98,614,850 of insurance represented by them the New Zealand Government was responsible for \$45,013,005. The Government does much the largest insurance of any agency in the country, and its transactions are practically half the total done in the colony.

Although New Zealand is the healthiest of all countries, its death rate, according to the Commissioner of Life Insurance, being the lowest, its people are the most fully insured. The Government insurance alone amounts to more than \$60 for every man, woman and child, or \$332 for every grown-up New Zealand man. Including the insurance carried by private companies there is an average of over \$375 for every New Zealand man, and of \$30 to \$35 on the average for every New Zealand woman over fifteen years of age. There could be no better test of the thrift of the community than the amount of life insurance its citizens carry for the protection of their women and children, and there could be no better proof than this New Zealand thrift that the self-reliance of the people has not been weakened by

their great extension of Government functions in aid of industry. This highly organized form of "self-help" has, as might be expected, increased and not lessened the self-reliance and thrift of the whole people.

The Government manages its insurance business on the same lines as the private companies. It employs paid canvassers, has handsome and attractive offices, and issues prospectuses in language skilfully couched to invite the confidence and business of the public. The fact that the State is behind every policy has been, of course, one great element in its success. Another is the wisdom which has freed its policies from all oppressive conditions. They are, one of the latest prospectuses says, "practically free from conditions of any kind except the payment of premiums as they fall due." The single exception, is that the commissioner may declare a policy void if the insured commits suicide within six months after taking out his insurance. "All policies are world-wide from date of issue." The insured may "go where they please and do what they like, and if death occurs in Central Africa, at the North Pole, or on the battlefield, the policy money with accrued bonuses will be promptly paid to the relatives."

The Insurance Department pays taxes like any other insurance concern, and its profits do not go to the Treasury, but to the insured. It is purely a mutual, self-supporting office. It pays for its own postage and telegrams.

There have been five divisions of profits among the insured, and the total amount thereby returned to the policy holders has been \$6,877,805. There is a separate insurance under what is called the Temperance Section for total abstainers. Any one who does not wish to be "mutually" insured with those who have the drink habit can be placed with the other non-drinkers in this section. This experiment began in 1882. As soon as the temperance section was established the total abstainers among those already insured demanded to be transferred to it from the "general section." Backsliders are slid back from the temperance section to the general section. When this experiment has lasted longer it will afford material for some interesting comparisons of the comparative health and longevity of drinkers and abstainers. In the division of profits of 1890 the general and temperance bonuses were equal. In 1893 the temperance bonuses were a little higher.

*Copyrighted, Doubleday. Page & Co. \$2.50.

In 1896, however, this was reversed, and the general bonuses were better than those of the temperance section.

This year, in answer to petitions from trades unions, Parliament has added accident insurance to the business, and put a stop to the abuses of private insurance of employees by employers, who were making forced deductions from wages. The department has long had fire insurance business in contemplation, but so far nothing has been done. When life insurance was undertaken there were no powerful vested interests to oppose the venture, such as will now do all they can to keep the Government out of competition with them in fire risks.

The Public Trustee.

If compulsory arbitration is, as I think, the most important addition which New Zealand has made to the art of society, its Public Trustee is the most human aspect in which any people of our day presents itself to the persons who make it up. This creature of law, whom Sir Julius Vogel thought of as only an official depository of papers and a formal agent for the execution of the routine duties involved in trusts, has grown into a functionary with personality as well as officiality, touching the lives of large numbers of the people in hours of grief, disaster and helplessness, not only with the ready and ample resources of the State, but with the discretion and tenderness of a wise friend. If Abou ben Adhem had his choice of New Zealand offices, this would be the one which he would take in preference to all others for his chances of doing good and giving happiness.

The institution was created in 1872. People making their wills may leave their property in the hands of the Public Trustee; the property of those dying without will is given to him if those interested do not appear, and frequently even they ask him to do the work for them. If the courts have to find a trustee, the best of all possible trustees is at hand.

A man named by some relative in his will as executor of an estate too distant or for some other reason inconvenient, hands over the trust to the Public Trustee. The conductor of a great business dies with no relative or partner near. For the enterprise to stop means ruin and the loss of everything to his heirs and yet they may be at the other ends of the earth. The Public Trustee steps in and keeps everything going until the rightful successors are found and can relieve him. To this agent of the people, cities or individuals desiring to create a public trust can betake themselves. A widow left property in different parts of the colony, which she does

not feel capable of managing, puts herself in his hands and knows that she is safe; or, she wishes to go "home" to the old country, to see her friends and family, and wants to be sure that when she returns her agent and her property will both be where she left them.

When a man has undertaken to manage the property of some dead friend, but becomes disqualified by illness, or desires to leave the country, he has but to ask the Public Trustee to take his place. When one has an estate of his own too far away for him to manage, the same official will manage it for him for a very moderate fee. If a philanthropist plans to create a long-continuing trust to carry some generous intention down to posterity, he need spend no anxiety on the problem of how to constitute his board of trustees. The Public Trustee is there and always will be there, and behind the Public Trustee is the public itself, responsible for his administration to the last dollar. If a man or woman goes crazy—and that happens even in paradisaical New Zealand—"Our Mutual Friend" assumes charge of the property and conserves it for the benefit of the lunatic and his kin.

Wills, deeds, trusts, or any other papers intended to place trusts in the hands of the Public Trustee are examined by him in advance, free of charge, so that there may be no chance of misunderstanding or failure. These charges for the different services are all fixed by a published scale and are very moderate, being intentionally made only large enough to cover the actual expenses of the office.

The fame of the Public Trustee has spread, and people so far away as England are placing property in his hands. The number of estates in the department has grown from 1,678 in 1890 to 2,491 in 1899, and the value from \$6,200,485 to \$10,551,581.

You do not have to wait for the Public Trustee to find a particular investment for the property you place in his hands. The law provides that the department shall at once begin to pay, like a savings bank, a specific rate of interest on your funds, just as if they were a deposit. Its present rate is four per cent. up to \$15,000, and three and one-half per cent. above that. This is paid quarterly and is compounded until six years have passed, after which simple interest is paid. You do business with the Public Trustee under these very attractive conditions—the State guarantees you against loss from the investment of your money in bad or insufficient securities, provided you have left him to his own discretion; it guarantees you against loss from delay in finding an investment for your money; it guarantees you

a regular rate of interest, payable at regular intervals, free of all charges.

But the feature which most aroused my interest was the large discretion which the Public Trustee had in the discharge of his duties and the kindness which this has enabled him to display, like a good fate, in the destinies entrusted to his care. Private trustees are tied down to the strictest fulfilment of the letter of their trust, no matter how narrow or mistaken; but the law allows the Public Trustee to use his judgment and even his heart to make good deficiencies or omissions in the instruments under which he acts, and to do what the creator of the trust must be supposed to have intended or what he ought to have intended to have done.

"I mean to establish by-and-by," the Public Trustee said, "a law department. As it is, we do a great deal of law business. We invest a large part of our funds in loans on land and buildings. The other day a workingman sought a loan of one thousand dollars on his place; I accepted it, and asked him if he wanted me to draw up the papers for the transaction. He preferred that I should do it, and this is a common occurrence. We charged him thirty shillings for fees, registration, etc. A lawyer would have charged him five pounds for his services alone, besides the registration fee. We make wills and execute other instruments also for persons of small means. In this and other ways we are doing a great deal of conveyancing business for the people, and I mean to make it, as soon as the opportunity is ripe, a part of our regular duties to give advice and draw up papers for the people in all parts of the colony." A still wider scheme than this is being urged by some of the Progressives of New Zealand. They are urging the installation of Government lawyers in every town and village in the country to execute papers and to give the people legal advice at a minimum charge.

Co-operative Working Groups

The Minister of Public Works—Mr. Seddon—to give work to the unemployed, instituted the system of building roads and other public works by giving contracts directly to the workmen organized in coöperative groups.

It seems at first as if it were a mere detail of administration, this making the workingmen the contractors, but it is, in truth, an essential part of the reforms in land, labor and taxation which distinguish New Zealand democracy.

The first discovery Mr. Seddon made on taking office was that, although the contractors who were doing the public works were forbidden by the explicit terms of their contract to sub-let

they were practically all sub-letting, and, what was worse, the public officials were conniving at it and treating the prohibition as a dead letter.

Minister Seddon put a stop to all this. "It was the sweating system," he said, "in its most flagrant and baleful aspects." These contractors took work at a price out of which they could not make a legitimate profit, and then sub-let to make money at the expense of the workman. The last state of the district which at first had congratulated itself on getting an appropriation for some road or bridge was often worse than the first. The contractor would bring his own men with him; the news of the improvement would attract a large number of outsiders; the contractor would then run away, and the people would be left with the labor problem tripled. They would have on their hands their own laborers, those whom the contractor had brought in, and those who had come, as the Australians say, "on their own." Meanwhile, in other districts, no laborers could be got. The tradesmen who supplied material to the contractors and subsistence and other things to the men had frequently to go unpaid. The work was done in a slovenly way. It was almost always delayed. . . .

"We made up our minds to stop that," Mr. Seddon said, "and introduce the coöperative method which is now in use." An affair soon occurred to make a practical issue of the evils of the contractor system and call for an application of the principles of the new party.

The contractors who had undertaken to build the Ngakawau railroad extension to Mokihinui under a very liberal arrangement, no deposit, for instance, being required, threw up the work, perhaps with the expectation of forcing still better terms. Going to Westport, Minister Seddon found a large number of men who had flocked there from different parts of the colony, expecting to get employment on the construction of this railway. To avoid the delay that calling for fresh tenders would have involved, he decided to let the sections referred to—three in number—to the men themselves, and on a new plan—on the coöperative principle. He asked the men to divide themselves into parties of about fifty each, and to select from each party certain trustees to take the work from the department in the ordinary way, but the work itself to be done by the whole of the men, each one having an equal interest with his fellows, the price to be fixed by the engineer in charge of the work. On this plan the men went to work in a few days. As often occurs when new methods are adopted, there was a little friction at first, and a little difficulty in the classification of the men. The strong and able-

bodied did not altogether like to work for the aged and the feeble. Both the men and the work were thereupon classified—the lighter work was given to the aged and less capable men.

"Under the previous system," Minister Seddon reported, "the Government had been paying only \$1.12 a day to the men. The State received but a poor return for its pittance, as no interest, of course, was taken in the work. Now the men—some seventy in number—are paid so much per chain for the work, and the total cost has not exceeded what it would have been had the work been done by contract, and the men employed are well satisfied. Men who had been working under the old system, and whom the overseers had considered not to be able to do a fair day's work, and who were consequently not worth even the 4s. 6d. per day which were paid, have turned out excellent work, and are moreover anxious and eager to do it. Instead of being disappointed and complaining, as they were in the past, they have been made happy and contented, and have been able to put by a little money. An entirely new phase has, in fact, been put on the whole business."

Expensive public buildings are now put up in large part in that way all over New Zealand. The Government Printing Office in Wellington is an instance, and even complicated bridges are now erected by coöperative bodies of mechanics and artisans.

There were mistakes at first, of course. The coöperative parties were made too large. It was found impossible to get thirty or forty men who were so nearly equal that they could work together harmoniously. The size of the groups was reduced until now the minimum is four. The officers, too, accustomed to deal only with contractors, found this an entirely different thing, and found, too, that the subdivision of the work and increase in the number of contractors—for every party of workmen was a contractor—was a serious addition to their labors.

In the first year the system was extended from the construction of ordinary roads and the earthworks of railroads to larger matters requiring skilled labor. Railroad culverts of brick and stone and concrete and some small bridges were successfully attempted. The laying of the rails and the building of stations and similar work were still let out by contract.

The minister adhered to the principle he laid down at the commencement, that work should be done coöperatively only if it could be done at no greater cost to the public than by contract.

He was able to announce in his report for 1892 that "the works are carried out in a more satis-

factory manner than under contract and at no increase in cost."

This success is especially noteworthy in comparison with the failure of the more ambitious coöperative villages attempted by South Australia and New South Wales—failures perhaps because more ambitious.

The extension of the co-operative method to the more difficult parts of railroad construction, like bridge building and track laying, proved so successful that in 1893 Mr. Seddon had the courage to carry it a step further—that is, to public buildings—and again with the best results.

Social Pests

If you chance to overhear the expression "social pests" in New Zealand you will find nine times out of ten that it is the great estates that are the subject of conversation. "Social pests" is New Zealandese for land monopolists.

Another of the current phrases in New Zealand is an expression which flew from the lips of the Minister of Labor, the Honorable William Pember Reeves, the author of the Compulsory Arbitration law, in a hot debate in Parliament—that it was necessary to "burst up the great estates."

In answer to the threat of the Conservatives that the great land companies would leave the country if the proposed legislation hostile to them were enacted, Premier Ballance said in Parliament:

"We do not care what these high companies do. We shall not sink even if they all pack up and go."

He was not warring against capital, he explained, but he meant to restrict the flow of capital into large estates, and to stimulate the flow of capital into small estates.

Minister McKenzie told Parliament of a demand for more land made upon him by one of the men into whose maw had been going most of the land which the colony has sold in his vicinity in small parcels to meet the need for small farms.

"He told me that he had already purchased a very large area for cash. He said, 'I want another three thousand acres, or I am going to leave the country.' I told him that I would be very glad to see him leave it."

It was these abuses coming to a head after years of suffering that made the New Zealand people move at last.

As a step toward a remedy, and, as Minister McKenzie said, "only a step," two laws were passed and amended in the years 1892 and following. One of these laws undertook to prevent

future monopoly in the public lands; the other to break up by purchase, compulsory, if need be, the monopoly already existing in private lands. Both made ample and particular provision for the resettlement of the people on the land, especially as tenants of the state, instead of private owners. The main idea of both these laws is the same—that land shall be held only for use.

The ultimate ideal of the New Zealand system is that the state shall be the only landowner, the only freeholder; but, with the political sagacity characteristic of their blood, the New Zealanders have not attempted to realize this ideal at one stroke. They took but "one step," but at the same time they understood it to be "but" one step. In the new laws the hated freehold is continued, and yet it is not continued. It is practically discontinued in the disposition of the private estates taken back to be made into farms for the people, but is still given in the sale of public lands.

But new conditions as to use and improvement and area are imposed, which take away from the new freeholds the anarchistic right, beloved of the would-be New Zealand squire as of all squires, "to do what I will with my own," and besides these new restrictions progressing upon him from the rear come the "progressive" taxes.

No one is now allowed to buy or lease more, either of the resumed lands or the public lands, than 640 acres of first-class, or 2,000 of second-class land, nor more pastoral land than enough for 2,000 or 4,000 sheep. If he already holds that amount of land he can get no more. Mineral and oil lands are reserved. The government offers its public lands by lease or sale. But it offers the lands it has had to buy, compulsory or amicably, on lease only. But on those who buy and on those who lease restrictions are imposed to prevent monopoly and insure use—restrictions of area, use, improvements. No one can attain the dignity of state tenant who cannot pass a satisfactory examination showing that he has the money, knowledge and character necessary for success. No one can retain his farm, whether bought or leased, unless he is found to be faithfully complying with all the requirements. Leases can be sold by the tenant, but the new tenant must also satisfy the Land Board of his capability.

A new tenure is created by the new laws—or rather an old New Zealand tenure, the perpetual lease, is perfected—and special inducements are given to make it more attractive to buyers than absolute ownership. It is called the "lease in perpetuity," and under it the occupier is still the owner, but the owner of a leasehold, not a freehold—owner of the right to occupy, to use, to transmit to his children, to sell, to lease, to mort-

gage, but not the owner of the right to keep idle, to speculate, or to sell to other speculators. He is the owner of all the value he puts into the ground, or into improvements above ground, and only under this tenure is he the secure owner of these values, for, even if he forfeits his lease through fault or misfortune, the government guarantees him the value of all his improvements. Only under this tenure also is he free from foreclosure, which is the terror of the freehold landowner. "It is better so—we cannot lose it," said a farmer, explaining why he preferred to lease rather than buy. . . .

Advantages of the Leasehold.

The Minister of Lands gives this concise statement of the advantages of the 999 years' leasehold, which is being as far as possible substituted for the freehold in the land system of New Zealand.

First. It enables the government to select the occupier.

Second. It controls the cultivation and improvement.

Third. No transfer can be made without the consent of the state.

Fourth. Speculation and its result—monopoly—are prevented.

Fifth. The area which can be held by any one is limited.

There is absolutely nothing new in this land legislation of New Zealand, either in principle or practice, except that the New Zealanders have done whole-heartedly what has been done elsewhere but half-heartedly. Not even the compulsory resumption of the great estates is a novelty. There was a precedent in New Zealand or English history for every step.

Progressive taxation really began when, long ago, small men were made exempt. Limitation of area, stipulations as to use and improvement, are parts of the homestead system of the United States. The perpetual lease had been tried before in New Zealand, but with defects which made it inoperative. Compulsory purchase had been suggested in 1870, and proposed in a bill to Parliament in 1887. . . .

Land in New Zealand is being distributed, not concentrated. The number of small holdings shows a steady increase, though not yet a rapid increase. In 1895 the number of holdings had been 46,676. In 1899 there were 62,639 holdings of one acre and upward, an increase of 1880 for the year. Out of 62,639 holdings, 36,932—fifty-nine per cent.—were less than 100 acres. Only 10,959, or seventeen and one-half per cent., hold over 320 acres, and this, it must be remembered, includes a large number of extensive tracts held under pastoral leases.

Some Central Asian Cities

BY ARCHIBALD P. COLQUHOUN

Archibald P. Colquhoun in the preface of his *Russia Against India* The Struggle for Asia* writes: "This little work is intended to bring before the Anglo-Saxon public a question of vital importance. It is not such a complicated and difficult question as is generally supposed, nor is it one that can be shelved for settlement by a future generation. 'The man in the street' is nowadays a powerful factor in the facing and solution of political situations, and it is for him that this book has been written, and not for the few experts on the Central Asian question who have already arrived at fixed conclusions. The writer makes no claim to presenting an exhaustive study of the subject, but hopes that his sketch of things, as they are in reality—a sketch from the life, and not from official descriptions—will arouse sufficient interest to induce others to make a study for themselves, and decide in their own minds whether or no it is desirable that the Anglo-Saxon race should be worsted in the 'struggle for Asia.'" Our reading is from the chapters devoted to a description of the Central Asian country and its people.

The native houses of the better class in Tashkent, as in other Central Asian cities, have three, or at least two, courts. The first, if there are three, is used as a stable for the animals, which are accommodated in sheds round the sides. The second is the man's court, on two sides of which are the balconies of the house; while a third frequently has a sort of platform, used as a terrace, where the master and his friends sit to get the full benefit of the air. The house generally contains one large room, opening on the portico—the guest-chamber, with one or two smaller ones opening into it. The doors are often beautifully carved, and instead of hinges they hang on a sort of pivot let into the lintel and threshold. Windows, as a rule, there are none, but a small open space above the doors, with lattice-work let in, either open or covered with white paper, glass, being still uncommon in the typical native house. The ceilings are very curious and sometimes strikingly pretty, being composed of small round willow boughs set in between the rafters, and picked out in colors, with an occasional touch of gold. The walls are plastered and frequently painted with pictures of fruit, flowers, or small arabesques, and there are numerous niches with arched tops which act as shelves, on which are stored books, clothes, crockery, or food. There is usually very little furniture, unless the merchant has become bitten with the craze to imitate the Russians, in which case there are cheap tables

and chairs of a conventional type imported from Russia, for such things are not made in Tashkent. The truly native house, however, contains little but rugs and mattresses, with perhaps a small round table, or a carved or painted wooden cupboard. The women's quarters are very much the same in arrangement and furniture, except that they may have a broad bed—the charpoy of India—made of a wooden frame with a network of ropes, raised a few feet from the floor. The usual bed is merely a rug or a thin mattress stretched on the ground. In many of the rooms a small basin is let into a corner of the floor, with a jug standing by, for the numerous ablutions required by the Mussulman's religion. An honored visitor to such a house as this is always treated to what is known as a *dostar khan* (literally, a tablecloth), which means that a piece of striped calico or silk is laid down, and dishes of sweetmeats or fruits are brought in and placed on it. A favorite dish consists of carrots chopped fine in honey, and little round cakes are much liked. The bread, which is thin and wafer-like, is baked by being plastered on the sides of a round oven.

The merchant who lives in this house is attired in a pair of loose white trousers made of cotton, and tied round his waist with a cord and tassels. His shirt, also of light-colored cotton, is very long, with a small slit for the neck, and wide sleeves; over this he wears a *tchapan*, or two or three, according to the weather. This garment is a long coat, cut very sloping at the neck, and with enormous sleeves, much too long for convenience, but satisfying the Asiatic sense of propriety, which requires that the hands be covered. The *tchapan* is of cotton or silk in summer, often striped or patterned in the most gorgeous colors; in winter, one gown will be made of cloth and lined with fine sheepskin or fur. A scarf or small shawl is twisted round the waist, and a turban, either of striped cotton, or, if the wearer is a mullah or distinguished for piety, of white material, is wound round the head over a little embroidered skull-cap.

The dress of the women is very similar, but their gowns are more often of silk, and many strings of beads, gold, and gems worn round the neck, with bracelets, anklets, hair-ornaments, and sometimes nose-rings. Outside they wear a thick veil of woven horse-hair, and a dark blue or green

* Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

cloak with long sleeves. The class of women who go abroad unveiled is such that even Jewesses and others, whose religion does not demand it, cannot venture out without these hideous garments. This applies, however, only to the purely Mussulman cities. In the East, where the Buddhist element is strong, an unveiled woman is not unknown, while the custom has never obtained among the Kirghiz and other nomad tribes, whose Mohammedanism is even less than skin deep.

Although there are hotels in Tashkent, and in many other Central Asian towns, they are by no means according to Western ideas of comfort, resembling in arrangement the caravanserai already described. The food of the country is mutton, mutton, mutton! In the town there is some attempt to vary the method of cooking; but, as a rule, the dishes are too greasy and insipid for European palates. Wine can be got in Tashkent, imported from Russia, at fabulous prices; but the native drink is green tea, black tea having been only introduced by the Russians, and this is sometimes thickened with cream or melted tallow, and sometimes flavored with a small dried lemon.

The walls of Tashkent are said to have been sixteen miles round, but were largely demolished by the Russians, to make barracks and parade-grounds. Outside these walls and the gardens surrounding them is the open steppe, over which are dotted numerous villages, mostly inhabited by either Tartars or Kirghiz, the races who mingle in the city keeping apart here. One is a sort of summer residence for the governor and his little court, and at another is a large establishment for the breeding and improvement of horses, nominally a private enterprise, but in reality subsidized by Government, which realizes the importance of a plentiful supply of horses from a strategical point of view.

Altogether, Tashkent is a curious and typical example of East meeting West. The modern Russian soldier and his Paris-dressed wife rub shoulders with the Uzbek or Kirghiz, whose ancestors were Khans and Beks in this country at a time when Russia was a mere congeries of half-savage states; or with the Mongols, whose warrior kings in days of old not only conquered Russia, but a great portion of the then known world; or with the Tadjiks, of almost prehistoric origin, former owners of the soil, who were dispossessed by Kirghiz and Mongol alike, but still retain their individuality. All these varying peoples have accepted the yoke of their Western conquerors. The Oriental is, above all, a fatalist, and he recognizes the inevitable wave of Russian

advance. Once the White Tsar had proved his power, the Sart,* at all events—for the nomads are less tractable—bowed his head and made the best of things. And such will be the case even in Afghanistan, as Russia moves forward toward India.

Another typical town, interesting from many points of view, but more especially the historical and antiquarian, is Samarkand, closely connected with the history of Alexander the Great. It first comes into notice as Maracanda, capital of Sogdiana, at the time of its capture by Alexander a large and flourishing city. Here he made his headquarters while he was subduing the mountain tribes, and during the celebrated expedition against the Scythians across the Syr Daria. This river was mistaken by the Macedonians for the Don, and so occasioned the well-known words of Alexander, "No more worlds to conquer!" He thought he had made the circuit of Asia and returned to Europe—a mistake which was imitated by later geographers out of compliment to the Macedonian conqueror. It was in Samarkand Alexander killed his friend Clytus in a drunken fit. In this district legends of Iskender Dulkarnian (the "two-horned," as he was called) abound, and the city of Alexandria which he founded is usually placed at Hodjent. Many of the petty princes in the mountain countries of the Upper Oxus claim descent from him, but very little trace remains of the Greek culture which he is said to have introduced. The dynasties which he founded in Central Asia, calling the two provinces Bactria and Sogdiana, lasted until about 130 B.C., when a nomad tribe known as the Yuetchi became masters of Samarkand, and were probably in possession of it when, in 710 A.D., the Arabs forcibly introduced Mohammedanism. For many years after, Samarkand remained a Christian See and had a bishop, and notwithstanding the successive conquests of the city by Persians, Turks, and eventually by Genghiz Khan, in the middle of the thirteenth century the Christians were still a flourishing community, while Marco Polo, though he did not personally visit the city, tells us that the Church of St. John the Baptist still existed. When Timur came and overthrew the dynasty of Genghiz, he made Samarkand his capital, and his tomb still remains, in a fairly good state of preservation, one of the most interesting sights of this interesting city. The great Baber, afterward Emperor of India, made it a favorite resort, and his memoirs, written in the year 1497, have a glowing description of its beauties, more especially of the gardens, mosques and palaces.

* The town dweller.

An ambassador from King Henry of Castile, the good knight Don Roy Gonzalez de Clavijo, also gives a description of the magnificence of the city, but from his time onward little was known of it until its capture by the Russians in 1866. When and how the Christian community and religion so completely disappeared we do not know, but there are no remains of a Christian church. A small modern one has been built since the Russian occupation. A quaint story is told in connection with a high bare hill just outside Samarkand. When the original Arab missionaries were journeying to spread the doctrines of Mohammed, they stopped to rest on this hill, and cutting up and boiling a sheep (a method of divination which reminds one of the Kirghiz of the present day), they agreed to decide by lot their future destination. One drew out the head, which gave him the first choice, and he decided to remain at Samarkand; another, drawing the heart, desired to return to Mecca; while the third, getting the hindquarter, preferred to go to Bagdad—hence Mecca is called the heart and Samarkand the head of Islam to this day. He who remained at Samarkand was given the name of Tchupanata, "Father Shepherd," and the hill is called after him to this day.

A curious relic, which reminds one of the famous Scone stone in the throne of Great Britain, is the Kok-tash, an oblong block of gray marble, ten feet four inches wide and two feet high. This is said to have served as the foundation for the throne of Timur, and Baber mentions the custom that every prince of the race of Timur had to be crowned on this throne. This custom grew into a superstition until it became a legend that the stone had fallen from heaven, and would allow none but those of the blood of Timur to sit on it. As late as 1772 the people rebelled against their Amir because he had not fulfilled this condition. The Russians have placed a brass railing round the stone to preserve it from too curious travelers, and the building in which it stands, once an Amir's palace, has been converted into a military hospital. Most of the beautiful mosques and other buildings in Samarkand, now in decay (among which must be mentioned the splendid Medressé, or College, built by the wife of Timur), bear evidence of Persian influence, and the Persian lion adorns many of the interiors.

It is impossible to give any adequate descriptions of all the ancient and historic towns which have so recently fallen into the hands of Russia, but passing mention must be made of Turkistan, the town which has given its name to the province, originally a stronghold of Khokand and celebrated as containing the finest and most re-

vered mosque in all Central Asia. It was a place of pilgrimage for people of the highest rank, and contains the tombs of many of the Kirghiz Khans of the Middle and Lesser Hordes. This mosque was begun by Timur in 1397, and is built over the tomb of one of the most celebrated saints in Asia, Hazret Hodja Akhmed Yasavi, who died about 1120 and is regarded by the Kirghiz as their patron saint. The great hall under the dome is over a hundred feet high, and decorated with alabaster work in the style common to Moorish buildings, such as the Alhambra. The whole mosque at one time must have been most beautifully decorated, but is much despoiled, both by earthquakes and by the hand of man. The Russians, when besieging Turkistan (or Hazret-i-Turkistan, as it is called), directed their fire particularly at the mosque, which would have been entirely ruined, had not the Shiek-ul-Islam, whose headquarters are here, mounted the parapets with a white flag. The town itself is poor and dirty, but very Oriental in character, and therefore picturesque.

The town of Orenburg is the centre for trade between Russia and Central Asia, and as such is the gathering-place of all the nations engaged in it. It was founded in 1735, and since then has been twice transplanted. It is both European and Asiatic, possessing in one part elegant buildings, theatres, museums, palaces, restaurants, and pleasure gardens, where one may see in the evening, ladies, dressed in the latest Paris fashion, listening to the military band. In another part is the Cossack quarter, with low wooden houses, and broad, sandy, unpaved streets. Here Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, and Russians live peaceably together. On the south side of the city stands a huge bazaar, which attracts all the tribes and nations of Central Asia. Kirghiz, Khivans, and Bokharians, in their strange native garb, wander through the streets, and one meets the cunning-looking Mongol and Bashkir, and the pious and subdued Persian.

A common and picturesque sight is a caravan starting from Orenburg. The long snake-like procession of wagons is drawn by the powerful Russian ox, or the gigantic Asiatic buffalo, and winds slowly across the steppes, the ungreased wooden wheels creaking and groaning, the Cossack coachman calling every now and then to his team from his seat in a kennel of straw erected at the top of a bale of goods. Halting before a Cossack stanitz, they form the wagons into a sort of little fortified camp or laager; and as we rattle by in our telega we see the light of the camp fire, round which the weary drivers bivouac until the dawn, just like Boers on the trek.

The Dead Hunt

BY GRACE GALATIN SETON-THOMPSON

The Woman Tenderfoot* is an account of the experience of the "woman-who-goes-hunting-with-her-husband," and who tells her story "in the hope that some going-to-Europe-in-the-summer woman may be tempted to go West instead." The book is interesting, pleasantly written and attractively illustrated. Our reading, the most available for our purpose, is not as indicative of the book as we could wish.

Dead-trees? Very likely you know what I did not until I saw for myself, that the Asarapako, in common with several Indian tribes, place their dead in trees instead of in the ground. As the trees are very scarce in that arid country, and only to be found in gullies and along the banks of the Little Big Buck River, nearly every tree has its burden of one or more swathed-up bodies bound to its branches, half hidden by the leaves, like great cocoons—most ghastly reminders of all human things.

It was to a cluster of these dead-trees, five miles away, that Burfield guided me, and it was on this ride that the wily wheel, stripped of all its glamour of shady roads, tête-à-têtes, down grades, and asphalts, appeared as its true, heavy, small seated, stubborn self.

I can undertake to cure any bicycle enthusiast. The receipt is simple and here given away. First, take two months of Rocky Mountains with a living sentient creature to pull you up and down their rock-ribbed sides, to help out with his sagacity when your own fails, and to carry you at a long easy lope over the grassy uplands some eight or ten thousand feet above the sea in that glorious bracing air. Secondly, descend rapidly to the Montana plains—hot, oppressive, enervating—or to the Raven Agency, if you will, and attempt to ride a wheel up the only hill in all that arid stretch of semi desert, a rise of perhaps three hundred feet.

It is enough. You will find that your head is a sea of dizziness, that your lungs have refused to work, that your heart is pounding aloud in agony, and you will then and there pronounce the wheel an instrument of torture, devised for the undoing of woman.

I tried it. It cured me, and, once cured, the charms of the wheel are as vapid as the defence of a vigilant committee to the man it means to hang. Stubborn—it would not go a step without being pushed. It would not even stand up by

itself, and I literally had to push it—it, as well as myself on it—in toil and dust and heat the whole way. . . .

At last, with the assistance of trail and muscle, the five miles were covered, and we came to a dip in the earth which some bygone torrent had hollowed out, and so given a chance for a little moisture to be retained to feed the half-dozen cottonwoods and rank grass that dared to struggle for existence in that baked-up sage-brush waste which the Government has set aside for the Raven paradise.

We jumped—no, that is horse talk—we sprawled off our wheels and left the stupid things lying supinely on their sides, like the dead lumpish things they are, and descended a steep bank some ten feet into the gully.

It was a gruesome sight, in the hour before sunset, with not a soul but ourselves for miles around. The lowering sun lighted up the under side of the leaves and branches and their strange burdens, giving an effect uncanny and weird, as though caused by unseen footlights. Not a sound disturbed the oppressive quiet, not the quiver of a twig. Five of the six trees bore oblong bundles, wrapped in comforters and blankets, and bound with buckskin to the branches near the trunk, fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, too high for coyotes, too tight for vultures. But what caught our attention as we dropped into the gully was one of the bundles that had slipped from its fastenings and was hanging by a thong.

It needed but a tug to pull it to the ground. Burfield supplied that tug, and we all got a shock when the wrappings, dislodged by the fall, parted at one end and disclosed the face of a mummy. I had retreated to the other end of the little dip, not caring to witness some awful spectacle of disintegration; but a mummy—no museum-cased specimen, labeled "hands off," but a real mummy of one's own finding—was worth a few shudders.

I looked into the shriveled, but otherwise normal, face of the Indian woman. What had been her life, her heart history; now as completely gone as though it had never been—thirty years of life struggle in snow and sun, with, perhaps, a little joy, and then what?

Seven brass rings were on her thumb and a carved wooden armlet encircled the wrist. These I was vandal enough to accept from Burfield. There were more rings and armlets, but enough is enough. As the gew-gaws had a peculiar, gas-

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eous, left-over smell, I wrapped them in my gloves, and surely if trifles determine destiny, that act was one of the trifles that determined the fact that I was to be spared to this life for yet a while longer. For, as I was carelessly wrapping up my spoil, with a nose very much turned up, Burfield suddenly started and then began bundling the wrappings around the mummy at great speed. Something was serious. I stopped to help him, and he whispered:

"Thought I heard a noise. If the Indians catch us, there'll be trouble, I'm afraid."

We hastily stood the mummy on end, head down, against the tree, and tried to make it look as though the coyotes had torn it down, after it had fallen within reach, as indeed they had, originally. Then we crawled to the other end of the gully, scrambled up the bank and emerged unconcernedly.

There was nothing in sight but long stretches of sage-brush, touched here and there by the sun's last gleams. We were much relieved. Said Burfield:

"The Indians are mighty ugly over that Spotted Tail fight, and if they had caught us touching their dead, it might have been unhealthy for us."

"Why, what would they do?" I asked, suddenly realizing what many white men never do—that Indians are emotional creatures like ourselves.

"Well, I don't suppose they would dare to kill us so close to the agency, but I don't know, a mad Injun's a bad Injun."

Nevertheless, this opinion did not deter him from climbing a tree where three bodies lay side by side in a curious fashion; but I had no more interest in "dead-trees," and fdgeted. Nimrod had wandered off some distance and was watching a gopher hole-up for the night. The place in the fading light was spooky, but it was of live Indians, not dead ones, that I was thinking.

There is a time for all things, and clearly this was the time to go back to Severin's dollar-a-day Palace Hotel. I started for the bicycles when two black specks appeared on the horizon and grew rapidly larger. They could be nothing but two men on horseback approaching at a furious gallop. It was but yaller-covered-novel justice that they should be Indians.

"Quick, Burfield, get out of that tree on the other side!" It did not take a second for man and tree to be quit of each other, at the imminent risk of broken bones. I started for the wheels.

"Stay where you are," said Burfield; "if they are after us, we must bluff it out."

There was no doubt about their being after us. The two galloping figures were pointed straight at us and were soon close enough to

show that they were Indians. We stood like posts and awaited them. Thud, thud—ta-thud, thud—on they charged at a furious pace.

Now, I always take proper pride in my self possession, and to show how calm I was, I got out my camera, and as the two warriors came chasing up to the fifty-foot limit I snapped it. I had taken a landscape a minute before, and I do not think that the fact that that landscape and those Indians appeared on the same plate is any proof that I was in the least upset by the red men's onset. Forty feet, thirty—on they came—ten—were they going to run us down?

Five feet full in front of us they pulled in their horses to a dead stop—unpleasantly close, unpleasantly sudden. Then there was an electric silence, such as comes between the lightning's flash and the thunder's crack. The Indians glared at us. We stared at the Indians, each measuring the other. Not a sound broke the stillness of that desolate spot, save the noisy panting of the horses as they stood, still braced from the shock of the sudden stop.

For three interminable minutes we faced each other without a move. Then one of the Indians slowly roved his eyes all over the place, searching suspiciously. From where he stood the tell-tale mummy was hidden by the bank and some bushes, and the tell-tale brass rings and armlet were in my gloves which I held as jauntily as possible. He saw nothing wrong. He turned again to us. We betrayed no signs of agitation. Then he spoke grimly, with a deep scowl on his ugly face:

"No touch 'em; savey?" giving a significant jerk of the head toward the trees.

We responded by a negative shake of the head. Oh, those brass rings! Why did I want to steal brass rings from the left thumb of an Indian woman mummy!

There was another silence as before. None of us had changed positions, so much as a leaf's thickness. Then the second Indian, grim and ugly as the first, spoke sullenly:

"No touch 'em; savey?" He laid his hand suggestively on something in his belt.

Again we shook our heads in a way that deprecated the very idea of such a thing. They gave another dissatisfied look around, and slowly turned their horses.

We waited breathless to see which way they would go. If they went on the other side of the gully, they must surely see that bundle on the ground and—who can tell what might happen? But they did not. With many a look backward, they slowly rode away, and with them the passive elements of a tragedy.

Vanity Fair: Fads, Foibles and Fashions

The Grand Manner.....London Spectator

The grand manner has gone from the world, and the world seems little put out at its departure. Time was when it was the token at once of breeding and education. Scholarship unadorned with it was held up to scorn as naked pedantry; manners with no touch of the grand air could not pass muster in polite circles; literature saw in it the sum and substance of its being. It did duty for a whole lexicon of qualities, but its outward aspect was unmistakable, depending upon a very simple theory of society and human life. There are two classes of men, it held—those who attain and those who fail. It is for the latter to struggle and complain and show marks of the conflict; but for the former it is the first duty to preserve an untroubled mien, an elegant composure, an aristocratic nonchalance. A man is more than his work, especially if that man be a gentleman. Therefore, let him describe himself by no narrow profession, but shine in twenty spheres with a fine neglect of each. It is for the great lawyer to be a wit, the wit to be a statesman, the scholar a man of fashion. To specialize is to confess oneself incompetent. Let the rank and file make a fuss about their work, but for the master spirits the grand manner is the counsel of perfection and with it came the chance for a real art of society. If men are to wear honors and successes lightly the background of ease will come into prominence and they will study to amuse. And so came that social finesse which our great-grandmothers adored, those bowings and smirking which their grandchildren scoffed at and the whole pleasing science of the beau monde. The doctrine was both a theory of human conduct and a social law, preaching at once the arts of success and amusement; and the "grand manner" became the very fine flower of accomplished gentility.

The tear of sensibility may be dropped over its tomb, but there can be no question of its revival. It belonged to an age when wealth, leisure, culture and all the good things of life were confined to a class, and it drooped and withered at the advent of democracy. Our modern seriousness and our modern business-like air killed it, and they chose the cruelest of weapons. It might have survived frank opposition, it could not endure being made to look ridiculous. Then people asked awkward questions. Were not these often elderly, and generally erudite, butterflies an anachronism, wanting in earnestness, in purpose,

in a philosophy of life? Even its practical side was denied it. Specialists came to look askance at the scholar who professed to be a man of the world; constituencies suspected a politician with a taste for letters, and attorneys jibed at the lawyer who had the dangerous trick of style. The populace lost its admiration for the fine gentleman, and the capitalist, in seeking to copy his ways, corrupted the model. Lace and brocade were (metaphorically) exchanged for broadcloth and mackintoshes, and the world looked complacently on the change and complimented itself on its good sense.

Originally an Elizabethan product and nobly typified in Sidney and Raleigh, it came to maturity in the seventeenth century. The Suckling and the Lovelace school, who were at once cavaliers and poets, and a Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was philosopher, poet, physicist, soldier and bravo in one, are shining instances of its best. But the eighteenth century was its heyday. In that modish world of Ranelagh and St. James', Brookes' and the Cocoa Tree, we have a thousand instances of its perfection. Let it be clearly understood what we mean. It was versatility followed as a fashion and joined with an affection of ease and indifference, a manner, and not necessarily a character. Most great men have been many sided, but with the gentlemen of the grand air it was a social duty, and all traces of the process must be hidden from sight. A whole hierarchy of statesmen—Carteret, Bolingbroke, Charles Townshend—were also wits and scholars. A large school, from Wilkes to Fox, were also rakes. When the city apprentice went down St. James street of a morning and saw in the clear sunshine through the open window Fox at cards in his shirtsleeves and reflected that this man the afternoon before had made an epoch-making speech in the Commons, and had during the night, in all likelihood, lost a fortune, he recognized the grand manner and, we trust, shook his head at its folly.

The grand manner is discredited. Disraeli was almost the last of its disciples, and the abuse of him which was current for so long shows how people had come to regard the affectation. For an affectation it was, though a charming and sometimes a noble one. Versatility can never be abolished, but a pretence of ease and insouciance and a parade of divers accomplishments may easily be discredited. The splendid impassiveness of the great gentleman has succumbed to modern worry

and haste, and, for the most part, we confess that dignity is a nuisance and an anachronism.

The Adaptability of Man.....London Saturday Review

Amongst no set of people who live habitually in social intimacy, are the differences of fortune so great as those which exist between the fortunes of the heads of important families, and the younger members. In no other society do we find people associating on terms which for most purposes are terms of perfect equality, some of which people are a hundred times richer than others. Nor do the lives of any other human beings exhibit changes so marked in the character of their material circumstances, as do the lives of many of the richest of these people themselves. A very rich man, with a great house in the country, is envied as enjoying the luxury of spacious and lofty rooms, large gardens, and a widely extended park. And yet the owners of these great dwellings often voluntarily quit them, and prefer a house in London which is, in comparison to their country house, a cottage. The same rich people, again, will in winter go a step further. They will leave their London house for a single sitting-room and a bedroom or two, in a hotel in the South of France; and will look on themselves as exceptionally fortunate if, at considerable extra expense, they are able to dine in the sitting-room in which they are to pass the evening—a proceeding which at home they would look upon as a vulgar and disgusting hardship. The physical vicissitudes in the life of the rich sportsman, which he voluntarily and eagerly undergoes, are even more remarkable in their contrasts. On sporting expeditions he will often regard as a palace, some dwelling-place which on other occasions he would regard as no better than a dog-kennel.

The pleasure derived from material possessions generally, from the use of material appliances, from the experiences of physical sensations, depends on the operations of the mind, on associations, on imagination, on memory, on expectation; and on intellectual conceptions of a highly abstract character. Thus the pleasure to be derived from the possession of a large country house, depend only to a very limited extent, on the superiority, in point of commodiousness, of a large house over a small one. A very large house, indeed, has often extreme inconveniences, owing to the distance of some of the rooms from others, for which we should pity a laborer, should they happen to be incidental to his cottage. The large country house is mainly valued as a possession, not because it ministers to the physical enjoyment of its possessor, but because it ministers to a certain mode of existence, in which numbers of per-

sons are implicated, not himself alone, and to a position which consists of a vast number of relationships. The consciousness of the owner that such a position is his may flatter his sense of self-importance; but the pleasure which, as a symbol of this position, the great house gives him, is not a physical pleasure, but one that is entirely mental and imaginative; and he can enjoy it quite as acutely when he is absent from the house as he can when he is actually living in it. In the same way a man who has perfect dinners at home, can put up with, and even enjoy, dinners of a most humble kind, in circumstances which make it impossible to hope for better, because the more refined appreciations and requirements of the palate depend very largely on whether there exists in the mind a reasonable expectation that these requirements will be satisfied. When they cannot be satisfied the desire for them sinks temporarily into abeyance. And a similar observation is applicable to all those enjoyments or satisfactions which are supposed to spring directly from such luxuries as wealth can buy. What the enjoyment depends upon is not the character or quality of the material things themselves, but the relation which their character or quality bears to our expectation, or to the composite conception which we all have of ourselves—of the place we occupy in the world, of the place we are likely to occupy, and of the various relations subsisting between ourselves and other people. Thus the extreme adaptability to circumstances of the least luxurious kind which is manifested by people who are most accustomed to luxury, is an adaptability of mind and imagination far more than an adaptability of body; and the body is less adaptable than the mind for this reason, if for no other, that, owing to the nature of things, there is less adaptability required of it. For taken by itself, and apart from the mind and imagination, the range of its pleasures and comfort is really extremely small; and though a starving man will be always more miserable than a well-fed man, five hundred a year will secure for the mere body as much comfort, repose, satisfaction, and immunity from pain, as could possibly be secured for it by fifty or a hundred thousand.

A Japanese Interior in London.....Chalmer Roberts.....Harper's

"I call it a gold house," said Mr. Menpes, "with a lace-work of delicate wood-carving on the gold." That is true. Your first impression is of carved black wood everywhere over a ground of rich gold. There was also explained to me the flower idea of the house, and the different blossoms to which the various rooms are devoted—the camellia in the studio, the peony in the drawing-

room, the cherry blossom in the dining-room, and the chrysanthemums in the halls. The studio is on what we would call the second floor, but as it is the drawing-room floor, London calls it the first. It opens into the drawing-room, and on occasions the two rooms may be used as one. The ceiling is covered with open-work panels in wood—the black camellia everywhere on a gold ground, and no two panels alike. The carpet is solid green, with a plain band of black for a border. The light curtains at either end of the room are of apricot-colored silk. In one corner is an enclosure, screened from floor to ceiling with a Japanese structure of carved wood and bronze, within which is concealed a stove for the heating of the great room. The upper part of this screen is a kind of bronze lace, formed of tiny pieces of thin bronze joined together at the edges, yielding to the touch as if it were some real fabric. Below the bronze panels are curtains of orange-colored silk, decorated in hieroglyphic Japanese love-poems. The walls of the room are pure yellow, and Mr. Menpes finds this color very becoming to all of his sitters. From this room one enters the drawing-room. Again the walls are yellow and the general scheme of decoration is the same, except that the carpet is vermilion, and the carving of the wood-work and the wall panels, as well as the bronze-work, represent the peony instead of the camellia. There is a fireplace in this room with a curious oval-shaped mirror over the mantel. There are quaint bronzes and rare porcelains everywhere. On the same floor there is a little gallery lined with books running round an open space above the inner hall. The gallery and hall below, which are lighted by day with the great square ground-glass skylight, receive, at night, light from the same place, as electric lights are arranged to shine through it. All about the house are little Japanese lamps and lanterns in which there are electric lights. The walls of the halls are a cool green. A fine needle-work panel, gorgeous suns in gold thread on silk, once a temple hanging in Kyoto, hangs in a black wooden frame on the upper landing of the stairway; and lower down, in the hall, is a design of immense chrysanthemums worked in gold.

One must indeed live in this wonderful house to know all of its beauties. Of course it cost its owner a world of labor, to say nothing of money. It is not a copy of any house in Japan. It is worked out on an entirely new scheme of decorative art, and Mr. Menpes is the father of it all. Armed with his own plans, he went to the East in order to enjoy the benefits of native labor, and for the greater part of a year employed nearly seventy Chinese and Japanese workmen.

These are, he says, all true artists, and quietly conceived and often improved upon his schemes. Metal-workers, wood-carvers, porcelain-painters, silk-weavers, all—a host of them—worked upon this veritable artistic masterpiece, which had then to be brought home and put together. Mr. Menpes went so far as to have even his knives, forks, and table service made in Japan, while in the kitchens many Japanese cooking utensils may be found. Among these are all manner of little carved wooden molds, such as Japanese housewives use for butter, jellies, or ices. The owner can indeed congratulate himself upon the success of his work. He is an artist to his finger-tips.

The Grecian Costume.....Mary Manning.....Metropolitan

A comparison between the complicated and artificial devices of a woman's toilet of the present and that of her Greek sister of a few thousand years past would be deeply significant. From down the ages, however, comes the rumor that Hebrew wives and maidens laced tightly, tinted their hair with the bark of senna, and added fringes of gay colors to their snow-white robes. It must be allowed, also, that artifice was resorted to by Grecian ladies to increase their beauty. They wore body bands and belts to improve their figures; and who dares to deny that the celebrated girdle of Venus was not the germ of the modern stay?

The Grecian costume consists of four important pieces of drapery, which were the foundation of all other gowns however rich and varied. First came the white tunic, falling to the ground in folds and fastened at the waist with a broad sash. There is no doubt that this sash served as a support, and from it evolved the modern and more serviceable stay. Over the first garment fell a second and shorter tunic, ornamented with bands of colors. It was bound about the hips with ribbons, afterward replaced by costly chains of gold and silver. The sleeves, ornamented like the skirt, reached only to the elbow.

The "pallium," or cloak, was of the richest or simplest material, and was so adjusted as to reveal the curves of the body. Over all was thrown the veil, without which no Grecian woman appeared in the streets.

The "peplos"—which, by the way, Sophocles considered indecent—was a sort of scarf swung across the left arm, exposing the bare arm and shoulder. A Greek lady of fashion had twenty-two styles of shoes and as many ways of dressing her hair. Of her pretty feet she was very vain, and from Athens emanates the graceful story of Rhodoyse, whose tiny sandal was stolen by an eagle while she was bathing and brought

to the court of the Egyptian king, who forthwith fell in love with its delicate proportions, and knew no rest until he had discovered its fair owner and won her for his bride.

It must be emphasized that all fashions are an aspiration toward the beautiful, to reveal and indeed supply that which already exists or to hide or produce that which is lacking. No one will deny that ancient Greece, in her love for the beautiful, reached the ideal of artistic draperies, and it is only when the modern woman grasps the fact that she must drape rather than dress herself that the present mode of gowning will lose its artificial hideousness and distortion.

Organizing Fashion.....Helen B. Ecob.....Chautauquan

To organize any movement against arbitrary fashion we must make a straight path. Knowledge must be diffused, practical methods submitted, dressmakers trained, inventors encouraged, vehicles of communication established. The necessary means of culture must be widely distributed. True culture is not that of a few privileged individuals but that of the many. We shall establish a bureau of intelligent fashions only as we make it absolutely democratic. Not what the "élite" but what the multitude wear is really the fashion.

Dress as a science must advance by the same method that has developed other learned professions. As an example of this method we may study the historical development of medicine. The revolt against superstition and empirical practice began in the periods of intellectual activity. A few scholars here and there protested against the follies of mediæval literature and remedies. First a school, then collections of schools, were established. The study of anatomy led to the discovery of physiological processes. Investigators in various departments gave accurate contributions. By unceasing research and experiment the study of medicine assumed the proportions of an exact science. With the advent of the hospital came the clinic and the skilled operator. To-day medical journals and health journals are scattered broadcast, and physiology is taught in the public school.

To organize a movement for intelligent fashions the same agencies are required as in other departments of science. First, a school of design, which in process of time will become schools of design, should be established. The object of this school would be to provide systematic and comprehensive training in this difficult branch of decorative art, and to be a sort of bureau of intelligence open to the average woman. The curriculum should include:

First.—A general course in anatomy and physiology, with special reference to the relation of clothing to the health, development and activities of the body.

Second.—Artistic anatomy; free-hand drawing of the outlines and proportions of the human figure; study of the masterpieces of antique and modern art.

Third.—Physical training: The object of this course should be not only to secure the physical and mental well-being of the pupil but to educate the eye to recognize and demand the poise, the carriage, the movements and breathing of the normal body.

Fourth.—Colors: Courses of study in the observation of the color-schemes of nature; flesh-tints and the harmonies and contrasts which they demand. The resources of this department as to art properties may be well-nigh inexhaustible; collections of moths, butterflies, birds, skins of animals, minerals, plants and flowers. Out-of-door classes should take the student into field and wood under the guidance of sympathetic teachers.

Fifth.—Historic art; study of dress in different periods, among all peoples; picturesque costume.

Sixth.—Ornamentation and textiles; the principles of decoration and their application to dress; jewels and fabrics.

Seventh.—Sewing and such methods of draughting, cutting and fitting as are essential to correct dress.

Eighth.—Designing: In this department pupils should be encouraged to design underclothing, gowns, bonnets and hats, wraps and ornaments embodying the principles of correct dress. The aim should be to encourage originality and inventiveness.

Ninth.—The economics and ethics of dress.

The school should be equipped with models, casts and photographs from the masterpieces of classic, modern and picturesque art. Collections of tapestries, artistic fabrics, metals and jewels would be valuable adjuncts. Prizes for the best designs for costumes for various occasions should be offered not only to the pupils but to outside artists, thus enlisting the best talent of the country. The school should issue a periodical devoted to rational dress and kindred subjects. Connected with the school should be a salesroom for the exhibition and sale of patterns, designs and costumes. This department should supply every article necessary for rational dress at the lowest prices. It should be the purpose not only to give practical information but to answer the more difficult questions pertaining to the æsthetics of dress.

In these days when men and women of wealth devote their fortunes to the common good, it is not utopian to propose a school of this kind. Already many distinguished women and philanthropists are identified with the cause. We may feel assured that in the fulness of time a school of design for this will be established. Ruskin and Morris were the great forerunners in this renaissance of true art.

A Colonial Wedding

HELEN EVERTSON SMITH

The following reading is from *Colonial Days and Ways*,* as gathered from family papers by Helen Evertson Smith, of Sharon, Connecticut. The sympathy of the writer for her Puritan, Dutch and Huguenot ancestors takes from the historic remoteness and brings the dead men and women and their environment well within our vision. The chapters devoted to the Huguenots add much to the Colonial picture.

The year was 1726. The bridegroom was the Rev. William Worthington, then pastor of the church at Saybrook, Connecticut. The bride was a former parishioner in the town of Stonington, Connecticut, by name Temperance, daughter of William Gallup and his wife Sarah (Chesbrough), and granddaughter of Captain John Gallup. As known to all readers of colonial history, this Captain John Gallup, the second of his name, had been a man of much influence with the Mohegans, or friendly Indians, many of whom had followed his leadership in the Great Swamp Fight of 1675, in which he bravely fell at the head of his company. To his son, William Gallup, the Mohegans had transferred the allegiance they had given his father, and, in his turn, he continued to exercise over and for them the same sort of fatherly guardianship which they had received from Captain Gallup. A knowledge of this fact is essential to the comprehension of an incident of the wedding of Mr. William Gallup's daughter.

This family was among the most prominent and highly connected in what is now known as New London County, Connecticut, and in the theocratical régime of New England the minister always held the first rank by right of his office, as well as by the gentle birth and breeding which were usually his. For both reasons all the neighboring "people of quality" were naturally among the invited guests. The pastor, being in spirit as well as in name the father of his flock, could not allow any member of his late parish to be overlooked, though it probably embraced every soul in the township. To be both just and generous to all, it was decided to make a wedding-feast of two days' duration, and invite the guests in relays, "according to age, list and quality," in the same way that sittings were then assigned in many of the "meeting-houses."

The first day of the feast was that on which the marriage ceremony was performed by the bridegroom's personal friend, the Rev. Ebenezer

Rossiter, and not by a civil magistrate, as was the early custom in all the Puritan colonies. It is almost certain that there was no wedding-ring. Even as late as a century ago these were rarely used by descendants of the Puritans. There were present on this day only the relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties. As the bridegroom was a minister, no doubt all the neighboring clergy, and as many of their families as could come, were numbered among the friends on this day. So, also, were several of the highest colonial dignitaries, as appears by the time-stained chronicle, written nearly fifty years later, from the relations of her grandmother, the bride of that day, by Juliana Smith, a granddaughter of the Rev. and Mrs. William Worthington.

For the first day's feast long tables were spread with much profusion, and with what to modern eyes would seem confusion as well. Soups were then rarely, if ever, served on occasions of ceremony, and all meats, fish, side-dishes, and vegetables were placed on the table at the same time, and served without change of plates. It was considered an "innovation" at this wedding-dinner that "coffee, pies, puddings and sweetmeats formed a second course."

The guests were seated with great regard to precedence. Probably there were not many chairs, for even in England "settles and forms" continued to be more commonly used than chairs in the best country houses at least as late as 1750. Such as they were—and probably every good neighbor contributed such as he possessed for this occasion.

"Immediately after the asking of the blessing by the oldest minister present, tankards filled with spiced hard cider were passed from hand to hand down the table, each person filling his own mug or tumbler." A punch-bowl is not mentioned in this chronicle as having formed a part of the table furniture, and as it is expressly mentioned that the drinks were poured from the tankards into mugs or tumblers, it is probable that the custom, mentioned by Mrs. Earle in her *Customs of Colonial Life*, of passing the punch-bowl from hand to hand for each person to drink from, had already become obsolete; indeed, it is not certain that such a custom was ever habitual among the better sort of colonists. Tankards were undoubtedly so passed, not only here but in the rural districts of England, as late as "in the days of good Queen Anne."

* The Century Co. \$2.50.

A very few of the tankards and mugs at this wedding may have been of silver or of glass, and still fewer of delft or of china, but where there were so many the greater part must have been of pewter, horn, or wood. Of these articles, as well of the chairs, it is likely that all the well-to-do neighbors contributed the best of such as they possessed, this generous sort of neighborliness being a characteristic of the time and of all new settlements. Articles of silver were not as plentiful in New England as in the other colonies, but by this date nearly all families of distinction possessed a few, and in spite of the natural losses by fire and other calamities, there are still existing some relics which ornamented this long-ago wedding-dinner.

A curious dish, which may possibly, even probably, have been used on that day, is still in possession of a member of the family connection, a descendant of the Chesebroughs. This dish is here described in the hope that some one may be able to determine what use it was originally intended to serve. It is circular, about nine or ten inches in diameter, perhaps three inches deep, standing upon a circular base; it would hold from three to four pints of liquid, and has a cover. So far there is nothing to distinguish this piece of very ancient red, yellow and blue delft from many another which we would not hesitate to call a vegetable-dish. But, perched against one side of its interior, like a swallow's nest under the eaves, is a pocket-like thing that would hold three or four tablespoonfuls of liquid were it not perforated like the strainers of tea-pots. It has been stated—on what authority I know not—that when tea was first brought to Holland it was served as a soup. Is it possible that this queer old side-pocketed dish was made for the infusion and serving of the new herb?

If there were not enough dishes of the better sort to accommodate all the guests entitled to them, preference was always, at such entertainments, given to the older persons present. The juniors would be served on this first day, as all would be on the next day, with dishes of brightly polished pewter, or in trenchers of maple, tulip, or poplar wood, scoured to an almost snowy whiteness. There would be few spoons of silver, but many made of pewter or horn; no silver forks, and perhaps not an over-supply of steel ones. Among the relics in the old house at Sharon are still preserved half a dozen specimens of an implement which preceded forks—sharply pointed bits of steel, about four inches long by an eighth of an inch in diameter, set into handles of bone. When I first found them and took them to my grandmother with a "What are these?" she

laughingly told me to "guess." I thought they looked more like ice-picks than anything else, but she assured me that they were the precursors of forks. They must have performed their office but "indifferent well," though, as an improvement upon fingers, some of them may likely enough have been used on this occasion.

On the first day of the feast, besides the preliminary draught of spiced cider, there was brandy for those who craved it, and much good Burgundy and Madeira for the more temperately inclined. Three casks of Medeira (size not mentioned) are recorded as having been broached on that day.

On the second day the "commonalty" began to assemble at about nine o'clock in the morning. (The "quality" on the previous day had waited until eleven.) The tables were served to successive guests during the day. Foreseeing the demand, all the good housewives in the vicinity, with their servants, had been assisting Mrs. Gallup and her servants in the preparations, and afterward, with neighborly coöperation, they assisted in the serving of the stores of good things.

On the first day, "after the removal of the substantial part of the meal, the ladies left the table, the tablecloths were removed, and various strong waters, together with pipes and tobacco, were brought on, in company with trays filled high with broken blocks of nut-sweet." This last was a highly-prized candy made from maple sugar made soft with water, placed in a shallow iron pan over the coals, with a liberal allowance of unsalted butter, and slightly scorched. While scorching, the blanched meats of hickory-nuts and butternuts, or sometimes almonds when this foreign dainty could be procured, were added with a liberal hand. When cooled this became firm, and was esteemed "equal to anything in England."

On the second day this regular order of things, with the customary toast-drinking, was manifestly impossible. "As each relay of guests left the tables they passed out of the front door near which stood an immense bowl, long ago hollowed out by painstaking Indians from a boulder, for the grinding of their corn. This was filled with Punch which was ladled out freely to all who presented anything from which to drink it, while great piles of powdered Tobacco and a good bed of coals to furnish light, were free to all who had pipes."

This unique punch-bowl held many gallons, and it speaks well both for the temperance of the guests and the good quality of the liquor provided, that "no one became boisterous, though the big Bowl was kept well and strongly replenished during the entire three days of this

wedding feast." For three days there were, though only two have yet been mentioned here.

Early—very early—on the morning of the second day, almost before the active men and women servants had opened their eyes upon the heavy day's work before them, a motley but grave and decorous procession of apparently interminable length was seen coming over the hill on the side of which, "overlooking the little Mystic River, stood the large, and, for its time, the imposing mansion of Mr. Gallup."

For a moment the master stood in blank dismay. The descendants of the friendly Mohegans and a remnant of their Pequod enemies, so nearly annihilated half a century before, were small in number when compared with their former strength, but they were still formidable as wedding-guests. They had heard that all the countryside had been invited to partake of Mr. Gallup's hospitality, and perhaps had imagined that such an invitation must include themselves. Such a conclusion would have been natural enough, "considering that he had always taken them, in a manner, under his protection, and they had always turned to him for advice and often for efficient help in time of need." Or it may have been that some practical joker had been at the pains to convey this impression, or, as Mrs. Gallup's great-granddaughter opined, that "some slighted suitor had thought thus to cause annoyance to the bride."

With the prompt decision which characterizes most successful men, Mr. Gallup sprang upon the stone horse-block and proceeded to make an impromptu speech, "in the picturesque style in which he was an adept, and with which an Indian auditory was always pleased. He assured 'his children' that they were welcome, very welcome; but that they had mistaken the day for which they had been invited; that their day was the morrow, and that then he should set before them the best that could be had, a feast that should be worthy of them and of his friendship for them." In the slang of our own day, this contract was a large one, for the resources of the neighborhood had been already heavily drawn upon, and the line of the morrow's guests "as they wound their way back to their wigwams in open Indian file, as their native manner was, extended from the Gallup house well on to the head of the river, a mile or so away from it."

On the following day the dignified but hungry host came back again, "beplumed and blanketed in their best, and none went hungry or thirsty away."

For various good reasons, including the natural objections of a dainty housewife, this multitude was served out of doors, where immense

iron kettles of clam and of fish chowders had been started to cook, over carefully tended fires, long before daylight. In other kettles numbers of the wild ducks, which at that season had begun to be plentiful along the coast, were slowly stewing with onions. "Three young hogs, of about one hundred weight each, were roasted whole, also out of doors. Hanging from the cranes in the great fire-places in the house were boiling the big bags of Indian meal puddings, thickly studded with dried plums." To be served with the puddings were pailfuls of a sauce made from West India molasses, butter, and vinegar. Great baskets were filled with potatoes that had been roasted in the ashes, and other baskets were piled with well-baked loaves of rye and Indian bread. All of these were dainties which the copper-hued guests could duly appreciate, especially with the addition of barrelfuls of hard cider and as much West Indian rum as it was deemed wise to set before them.

These particulars were all mentioned in the little diary from which I have culled so much, but, with the exception of a few things previously quoted, it says nothing about the viands that were served on the preceding days. By this period the colonists had acquired the art of cooking to the best advantage most of the dishes which were peculiar to the country, and the wealthy among them had also a good many imported dainties.

No amusements in which women took part, save possibly as spectators, are mentioned, but we are told that the young men engaged in "rastling, quoits, running, leaping, archery and firing at a mark, but on the last day no muskets were allowed by reason of the Indians." Probably the women were all too much engaged in hospitable cares to indulge in any of the diversions considered suitable for them.

No wedding-journey followed the simple ceremony. On the afternoon of the first day many of the invited guests—probably all of them on horseback, save a few who may have followed on foot for a mile or so, for apparently there were no carriages then in that region—escorted the newly wedded pair, the bride riding on a pillion behind her husband, to his house, the parsonage of the West Parish of Saybrook, Connecticut. Any further feasting might, even after a ride of twenty-five miles or more, have seemed superfluous, but a "valiant supper had been spread" by the care of Mr. Worthington's parishioners, wishing to extend a hearty welcome to his bride and the friends who had accompanied her, and all "were plentifully regaled with cold meats, roast and stewed oysters, cakes, comfits, chocolate and coffee."

Table Talk: Concerning Eating and Drinking

Where to Breakfast, Lunch and Dine....Garrett Fisher....Cornhill

It has always been recognized that the land of breakfast "in excelsis" is "puir auld Scotland." A fine example is to be found in the rather neglected pages of Miss Ferrier. One does not, of course, refer to the old cheese and herrings which nearly made Lady Juliana faint when she first encountered their gales at the simple board of Glenfern Castle, but to the amorous catalogue of Dr. Redgill. That worthy physician admitted that Scotland in general was but "a perfect mass of rubbish," and the cookery not fit for dogs:

"But the breakfasts! That's what redeems the land—and every country has its own peculiar excellence. In Argyshire you have the Loch-fine herring—fat, luscious, and delicious, just out of the water, falling to pieces with its own richness—melting away like butter in your mouth. In Aberdeenshire you have the Finnan haddo', with a flavor all its own, vastly relishing—just salt enough to be 'piquant,' without parching you up with thirst. In Perthshire there is the Tay salmon, kippered, crisp, and juicy—a very magnificent morsel—a 'leettle' heavy, but that's easily counteracted by a teaspoonful of the Athole whisky. In other places you have the exquisite mutton of the country, made into hams of a most delicious flavor; flour scones, soft and white; oat-cake, thin and crisp; marmalade and jams of every description; and——"

Here the learned disquisition was unfortunately interrupted. But enough has been said to convince the untraveled of the truth of Henry Kingsley's proposition, "My brother, let us breakfast in Scotland, lunch in Australia, and dine in France, till our lives end." That, alas! is at present an achievement somewhat difficult of accomplishment; we were taught in our youth that the frigate bird had the speed to do it, but it lacks the palate, and, for that matter, the purse. If we are to believe Mr. Wells, the time will come when man can do it, if he still cares to. When the Sleeper wakes, it will be possible to send for cigars from Tasmania during dinner in order to smoke them after dessert; and if cigars, why cannot lunch, or the luncher himself, travel by the same road? The only drawback to the coming of that glorious time is that Mr. Wells, like so many prophets, takes away with one hand what he gives with the other; he assures us that in the twenty-first century man will subsist entirely upon jellies, of beautiful hues and meaty flavors. Possibly this magazine will survive to

show the praiser of the past what his palate has lost. To that end, one may here add Geoffrey Hamlyn's account of the ideal Australian lunch:

"Here, in the dark cool parlor, stands a banquet for the gods, white damask, pretty bright china, and clean silver. In the corner of the table is a frosted claret-jug, standing, with freezing politeness, upright, his hand on his hip, waiting to be poured out. In the centre, the grandfather of water-melons, half hidden by peaches and pomegranates, the whole heaped over by a confusion of ruby cherries. . . . Are you hungry, though? If so, here is a mould of potted head and a cold wild duck, while on the side-board I see a bottle of pale ale."

One may as well make out the day, as suggested by Kingsley, with a French dinner. Here there is an embarrassment of choice. Perhaps the one which clings most closely to the reader's memory is that described by Thackeray in one of his charming essays: though how far this may be defined as a "feast in fiction" is a question for the casuist. The piece is, one fears, less known in these degenerate days than it deserves, and a quotation may be pardoned even by those persons of a right turn of mind who know their Thackeray. The dinner in question was eaten at the Café Foy—for whose locality the modern tourist will consult his Baedeker in vain. The account of this dinner is too long to quote in full, but one cannot refrain from extracting the bill of fare and the description of the beefsteak: "We had

Potage julienne, with a little purée in it.
Two entrecôtes aux épinards.
One perdreau truffé.
One fromage roquefort.
A bottle of Nuits with the beef.
A bottle of Sauterne with the partridge.

And perhaps a glass of punch, with a cigar, afterward; but that is neither here nor there. . . . After the soup, we had what I do not hesitate to call the very best beefsteak I ever eat in my life. By the shade of Heliogabalus! as I write about it now, a week after I have eaten it, the old, rich, sweet, piquant, juicy taste comes smacking on my lips again; and I feel something of that exquisite sensation I then had. I am ashamed of the delight which the eating of that piece of meat caused me. G—— and I had quarreled about the soup . . . ; but when we began on the steak, we looked at each other, and loved each other. We did not speak, our hearts

were too full for that; but we took a bit, and laid down our forks, and looked at one another, and understood each other. There were no two individuals on this wide earth—no two lovers billing in the shade—no mother clasping her baby to her heart, more supremely happy than we. Every now and then we had a glass of honest, firm, generous Burgundy, that nobly supported the meat. As you may fancy, we did not leave a single morsel of the steak; but when it was done, we put bits of bread into the silver dish, and wistfully sopped up the gravy. I suppose I shall never in this world taste anything so good again."

Art of the Paris Cook.....R. BurnsNew York Sun

Since the day of Napoleon I. the Académie de Cuisine has regulated the art of the French kitchen just as the forty Immortals look after the language of the French nation. The cookery academy conducts classes, has its big corps of apprentices, sits in solemn conclave, for instance, on whether wax flowers can be legitimately used in the decoration of banquet pieces, decorates its members and bestows medals and diplomas that mean everything to the ambitious and artistic French cook. One of the most important retired chefs of the day is President of the Academy, and it is only after years of proved superiority in the kitchen that a man can hope to be elected as an associate or a member of this grave and powerful organization.

That is one of the reasons why French cookery is kept up to its present lofty standard, and why it is taken so seriously by its pupils and master workmen. It is on the whole a very big thing to be a first-class cook in Paris. . . .

What is sure to produce a deep impression on the American mind is the appearance and the importance of many of the officers of the Académie de Cuisine. Some of them are heads of kitchens, the savory odors of whose perfectly done game and exquisitely mixed gravies have been wafted around the world, and some of them, the most important, are independent artists, the exponents of a specialty and not officially connected with any restaurant or kitchen. Such a chef is only produced in Paris, and in his own profession he is an object of extreme envy and admiration. Having proved his genius he retires and lives and works in his own kitchen, an atelier is what he calls it, a really beautiful workshop, glass-roofed, walled with tiles decorated with framed diplomas, valuable autograph letters and photographs, and furnished with the necessary utensils in ancient pewter and the sort of copper that artists prize. About the room are strange little gas ovens. . . .

To such a man as this come rising and gifted young cooks, who have already got diplomas from the academy classes and well-known restaurant chefs, but wish to perfect themselves in some particular branch under a recognized genius of the day. To enter one of the great man's classes, it is essential to be already accomplished and furthermore endowed with talent and ambition, for Benjamin Constant, Gérôme or Rodin, would no more think of accepting a beginner in his studio than would one of these independent chefs. Years of devoted labor and the consciousness of great gifts have placed him beyond the drudgery of teaching and his income flows from his reputation.

To him the heads of restaurants appeal with liberal payments for designs for new dishes. He composes and sells exclusive receipts, he goes to cafés at certain hours during the day or night and in the kitchen over his own table or stove prepares just so many portions of his special dish and the patron of the restaurant pays him well for such services. Added to these sources of income he edits cookery books, occasionally contributes an essay to a culinary magazine, and if one is a clever cook and composes a salad he will, for a consideration, taste, criticise and give improving suggestions.

There is one famous specialist in Paris, Gustav by name, who earns \$15,000 a year by merely going the rounds of a few restaurants every evening and preparing a certain number of game dishes at each. Days in advance a lover of good food must leave his order with the head of the restaurant for one of Gustav's famously good ducks. A date is then fixed when the gourmand can hope to enjoy the services of the gifted cook and when the opportunity to profit by the great chef's art comes round an elaborate supper is the fitting environment for the faultless duck.

Down in the restaurant kitchen Gustav himself touches nothing. He merely directs, standing, like Napoleon at Austerlitz, impassively regarding the progress of the great triumph of mind over matter, and controlling the forces that transform crude fowl flesh into a dish of most exquisite savor. Often enough the evening rounds of a man of Gustav's importance include a call at a private house for the purpose of preparing one of his great dishes at a side table in the dining room, right before the eyes of the interested guests. Of late years, having a notable cook in to do what Americans would call stunts at a grand dinner party has been one of the most popular Parisian fashions. The chef, whether Gustav or another, is apt to charge about 100 francs, or as high as 200 francs, the equivalent

of \$40, for his services in preparing a single course for a table full of people. He brings his own utensils and possibly his own oven, one of those strange round drum-shaped French inventions, to set on a range or a gas frame, inside which everything can be cooked, from the most delicate little cakes to the heaviest roasts.

Bread-Making at the Paris Exposition.....H. W. Wiley.....Forum

Among all the exhibits of bread and bread-making at the Paris Exposition the one which interested me most was a system of milling and baking combined. This system has a double purpose: (1) to make the flour more palatable and more nutritious than that made by the ordinary roller mill; and (2) to make it immediately before baking, so as to secure for the loaf a flour which is absolutely fresh. It is well known that all food substances when ground to a fine powder have a tendency to become oxidized. As is the case with coffee, which is best when freshly roasted and freshly ground, so it is with cereal flour, which is never so aromatic, so palatable, or so nutritious as at the moment when it is made.

The Schweitzer system of milling and bread-making secures the two points mentioned above. In Paris a mill and an attached bakery, on a somewhat large scale, illustrated the method which is employed in supplying bread to a populous community. Another installation was a form of apparatus adapted for use on a farm or in a small community. So perfect is the milling system employed that the smallest mill, intended for use on a farm, and driven by the hand, as a coffee mill would be run, makes flour identical in composition with that made by the largest machine. The Schweitzer system, in regard to the milling operations, is a return to the old system of millstones, with the exception that corrugated steel grinders take the place of the millstones of the olden days. These grinders are so accurately adjusted as to admit of the making of the finest flour, while avoiding actual contact of the two grinding surfaces. The simplicity of the apparatus, its cheapness, and the ease with which it can be installed commend this system particularly for domestic use and for the supply of villages and small communities. Nevertheless, it is capable of being operated on an extensive scale, as is demonstrated by the large establishment at La Villette, Paris, where more than 100,000 pounds of bread are made per day from flour not more than twenty-four hours old.

This system of milling also retains in the flour many of the nutritive elements which the roller system eliminates. The germ and many of the gluten cells, especially those situated near the

outside of the grain, in the aleurone layer, become flattened on passing between the rollers, and their particles are not able to pass through the bolting cloths; hence they do not appear in the flour. For this reason the flour made by the roller process is extremely white and very smooth to the touch; its whiteness being due to the preponderance of starch, and its smoothness to the crushing of the starchy particles by the mill rollers. On the other hand, the flour produced by the Schweitzer system has a marked yellow tint and is granular, because the particles composing it have never been crushed, but have been simply separated and torn by the grinding surfaces.

The flour produced by this grinding process contains especially the phosphatic elements of nourishment, which are so abundant in wheat, particularly in the nucleus of the embryo, and which are largely eliminated by the ordinary roller process of milling. This difference in the two flours is beautifully shown by means of skiagraphy, in other words, in actinographs made by the use of the Röntgen rays. If the two kinds of flour be placed side by side on a sensitized plate and subjected to the action of the Röntgen rays, it will be seen that the flour made by the ordinary milling process produces a very faint image, while that made by the Schweitzer system produces a much darker shade. This is due to the fact that the phosphatic elements tend to retard the passage of the Röntgen rays, while the starchy elements permit them to pass with but little obstruction. Chemical analyses show that the flour made according to the Schweitzer system has more than twice as much phosphatic material as that made by the ordinary roller process. The importance of this fact in respect of nutrition should not be lost sight of, and we must admit that nutrition, not whiteness of color, is the principal object of bread-making.

The use of the bread made according to the Schweitzer system has spread very rapidly in Paris and in other localities where it has been introduced. At first the prejudice of the consumer for the white loaf must be overcome, inasmuch as the bread made from the flour of the Schweitzer system, while not dark in color, has quite a yellowish tint, which at once distinguishes it from ordinary bread. When one eats this bread, however, it is found to be so palatable, so nutritious, and so aromatic that no other kind is desired.

Some Russian Receipts.....Isabel F. Hapgood.....Independent

A proper breakfast dish—"déjeuner à la fourchette"—which includes three truly national ingredients, is sour cabbage with mushrooms and

sour cream. Stew six large dried mushrooms in three pints of cold water, and pour this mushroom broth over two pounds of sour cabbage which has been parboiled for fifteen minutes. Mince the mushrooms fine, pour them in, salt to taste, and stew until it is thick and rich. Then pour in half a pint of thick sour cream, and, lastly, put in one tablespoonful of flour browned in butter. Mix well together and let it stew slowly, under cover, until it is of the consistency of boiled cabbage.

Mushrooms, of which all Russians are extremely fond, and of which a very great variety are eaten, are preserved in many different ways. The Russian housewife knows precisely which mushrooms are best eaten fresh and which are suitable for putting up, in some way, for her winter stores, to be used in savory soups, either alone or with other things, for stuffing, and innumerable other things. They are pickled, salted or put up in butter, for use at the dinner "appetizer," dried. When these dried mushrooms are to be used they are often soaked for twelve hours previously, and then cooked in the milk or water which has been thus employed to soften them. In large cities like New York, dried mushrooms can be found in the shops of the quarter where Russians dwell; for they form a most valuable and delicious food during the numerous long and severe fasts. The "pine mushroom" is best adapted for drying, the pink fringed mushroom is better salted or pickled than it is fresh, the white and the blue mushrooms also have their special uses, though many sorts admit of several. A delicious way of cooking all sorts of fresh mushrooms is to fry them in sour cream. Take a heaping plateful of mushrooms which have been cleaned, washed and separated from their stems, and dip them separately in flour. Put a quarter of a pound of butter in the frying-pan (one sliced onion can be added by those who like it), and when it is melted, put in the mushrooms. Sprinkle them with salt and fry over a moderate fire, turning them and browning them on both sides. When the mushrooms are done, pour in a gill of thick sour cream, let it boil up once, sprinkle with parsley and serve. Mushrooms can also be preserved in sour cream for winter use at breakfast. Clean and wash fresh young mushrooms, lay them in a stewpan and cover them with the most freshly prepared sour cream; sprinkle with salt, and stew them until the cream turns to oil. When cold put in a glass jar and seal up. To prepare them for the table, fry the mushrooms slightly, adding a tablespoonful of new sour cream and sprinkle them with plain black pepper and minced parsley.

Mutton is not a fashionable meat in Russia, particularly in the form of roasts or chops, though admissible as Turkish pilau. One great hotel in Moscow, however, finds this "peasants' meat" a great favorite among its patrons, in one special form, called shashlik. I always had a fancy that it was the Cossack equivalent for the collops which Sir Kaye was perpetually bringing in to the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, particularly after Sir Lancelot or Sir Gawain had been surprising the noble company. Where individual silver skewers, with elaborate handles, are used in private life, the Cossacks of the Caucasus use their swords to broil over their bivouac fire the lumps of meat carved from their captured sheep. Cut thick pieces of mutton the size of a quarter of a dollar from the leg or cutlet piece of a young sheep, rub them with salt and pepper and chopped onion, run the skewer through them, twelve collops to a skewer, and just as they are to be served, broil them over a very hot, open fire. When they are done serve them on a platter, upon a layer of plain boiled rice, one skewer of collops to each person.

I remember one hotel in St. Petersburg, one of the best, which prided itself upon its French cuisine, though it condescended, perforce, to Russian viands. But the most noteworthy instance of such condescension was the roast suckling pig, stuffed with black buckwheat groats, which formed the chief dish on the "table d'hôte" bill of fare three times a week. Piggy was so popular that one had to breakfast very early on his reception days if one wished a bite of him. The buckwheat, hulled, but not ground, is boiled like oatmeal, then placed in the oven and thoroughly browned, after which the pig is stuffed with it. Sucking pigs are especially popular toward Christmas, and are especially famous in Moscow, where the street venders walk about with them frozen stiff and standing quite naturally on their legs upon the wooden trays borne on the men's heads. Moscow is supposed to possess the exclusive art of roasting and boiling little pigs in perfection.

In winter, a good and characteristic dessert for breakfast is curd dumplings. The curds must first be made. Wash lightly a piece of rennet eight inches square, place it in a shallow dish, pour over it sufficient warm water to cover it, and let it stand for five hours, turning it over occasionally. Warm slightly four quarts of rich, new milk, stir in the rennet water and let it stand in a warm place until the curd forms. Then put the curd into a double cheesecloth bag, and let it drain until the whey ceases to run. Place the curd on a colander and put a heavy weight upon

it to press the curd dry and solid. Then take the fresh curds, add two tablespoonfuls of thick sour cream, one saltspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and three eggs and stir them all together; or, simply take one pound and a half of curds and three eggs and stir together. Mix a stiff dough from one pound of wheat flour, half a pound of cold butter, well washed and pressed, half a saltspoonful of salt, one egg and half a pint of water. Roll it out very thin in a cold place; cut it into small round cakes three inches in diameter, fill with the prepared curds, pinch the edges together; smear with the white of one egg beaten up in one tablespoonful of water to glaze the crust, and bring the dumplings directly from the cold place to the oven, where they must bake until they are done. Serve with fresh butter melted, or with rich sour cream, in a sauceboat; or, lay them on a platter, pour over them a pint of rich sour cream, and set them in the oven until they turn a reddish hue.

Chafing-Dish Candy Recipes.....E. P. Telford.....Table Talk

Concord Cream Peppermints.—Put into the blazer two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one-half cupful of water. After it begins to boil, remove the spoon and boil eight minutes, placing the hot water pan under it if it boils too rapidly. Remove, add eight drops of peppermint, beat hard, and drop from the end of the spoon on waxed paper. When hard they may be dropped in melted chocolate, then lifted out with a fork and again placed on oiled paper to dry.

Chocolate Fudge.—Melt one butter ball in the cutlet pan, add one cupful of cream or milk, two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one-half cake of unsweetened chocolate. Stir constantly until the chocolate is melted. Heat to boiling point and boil eight or ten minutes until it looks crumbly and if a little is thrown into cold water it draws into a globule though not crisp like candy. Extinguish flame, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and beat until the mixture is creamy. Pour into a slightly-buttered pan, cool and mark in squares.

Maple Cream.—Put into the blazer one-half pound maple sugar broken into small pieces, with one-half pint of cream. Heat to boiling point and cook ten or fifteen minutes until it begins to harden slightly. Have ready in a buttered pan a layer of pecan or hickory-nut meats and pour the hot mixture over it. Cool and mark in squares.

"Church Fair" Peanut Candy.—Shell one quart of peanuts, skin and roll fine. This quantity of nuts when measured should make just a coffee cupful. Put a heaping coffee cupful of sugar in

the blazer. Set over the flame and stir constantly until it melts, remembering that it must melt quickly to be a success. Meantime have the peanuts where they will be hot, and the buttered pans hot and ready. As soon as the last of the sugar is melted, pour the hot peanuts into it, take the blazer from the blaze and pour its contents into the hot buttered pans. The candy when cold can be broken into pieces and should be thin, crisp and shiny.

French Nougat.—Put one cupful of sugar in the blazer and stir constantly until melted. Add one-fourth pound Jordan almonds, blanched and finely chopped. Extinguish the flame, add three tablespoonfuls prepared cocoa and stir until well mixed. Drop in spoonfuls on buttered paper.

Pecan Candy.—Anyone who has ever lived in New Orleans is familiar with the delicious creamed pecan candy for which the old darky mammy's are famous the world over. These candies are easily made, although it is difficult in the North to procure the rich, brown sugar, the genuine product of the cane. The light brown or coffee sugar of our markets is, however, a fairly good substitute. To a pound of sugar add two-thirds of a cupful of boiling water, and two even tablespoonfuls sweet butter. Stir until it melts. Add just a pinch of cream of tartar and let the syrup boil without stirring until a drop of it will make a soft ball when rolled between the fingers. Wet the fingers in ice water before tasting. When the drop is still soft, but does not stick, the candy is ready. If it is too hard and cracks when bitten, it has boiled too long, and in that case add a teaspoonful of water and let the syrup boil an instant. Do not stir, but merely test again. When it reaches the creamy or soft ball condition extinguish the flame and pour in a cupful of pecan kernels. Have ready buttered tins and pour the candy into them. When partly cool, crease with a knife into candies two inches square. Break into squares when cold.

Grilled Almonds.—Select the best Jordan almonds and blanch by pouring boiling water over them. When they have stood covered for five minutes, rub off the skins one by one with the fingers and thumb. Dry the blanched nuts with coarse towels so as to absorb any moisture about them and allow them to stand in the oven until thoroughly dry. Boil a cupful of sugar and a quarter cupful of water until it "hairs," and then throw in the almonds. Let them cook slowly, stirring occasionally. They will turn a faint yellow brown before the sugar changes color. Turn off the blaze immediately or they will lose flavor, and stir until the syrup has changed back to sugar and clings irregularly to the nuts.

Fénelon, Concerning the Education of Girls

We have made the following selections from an attractive booklet, *Fragments from Fénelon Concerning Education*,* suggested by E. S. J., and compiled by B. C. R., with an introduction by Charles Dudley Warner, who writes: "The present volume of selections is taken from Fénelon's first work, *Traité de L'éducation des Filles*, and one of his most famous. The time is opportune for such clear and wholesome counsel on the education of young girls. The problems that we have now in education are more intensified than they were in Fénelon's time, but the reader will be struck with the modern tone of this volume and its applicability to our own situation. The translation has been made with fidelity, and the selections joined into an essay in excellent taste."

Nothing is to be more feared than vanity in girls. They are born with a strong desire to please. The roads which lead men to authority and glory being closed to them, they seek to compensate themselves by charms of mind and body; hence their sweet and suggestive speech, their desire for great beauty and external grace and their passionate love of adornment.

A bonnet, a bow of ribbon, a lock of hair hanging higher or lower, the choice of a color, are to them matters of the greatest importance.

These excesses are carried much farther in our country than in any other; our variable turn of mind demands a continual change of fashions, thus adding to the love of dress, the novelty which has a wonderful charm for such people. The combination of these two follies upsets all conditions and corrupts all manners.

Endeavor to make girls learn that the honor and praise given to good conduct and real ability are much more desirable than that drawn out by one's hair or one's clothes. Beauty, you may say, is much more dangerous to those who possess it than to those whom it fascinates; it disturbs, it fascinates the soul; one is often more foolishly fond of one's self than the most passionate lover is of the woman he adores. There are but a few years difference between the woman who is handsome and one who is so no longer. Beauty may become a disadvantage if not joined to wisdom, modesty and virtue in a girl that will attract men of superior mind, otherwise she may marry some young fool who will surely make her unhappy.

Those who pride themselves upon their beauty end by becoming ridiculous, for they come unconsciously to the age when beauty vanishes—yet they are still charmed with themselves while others are quite tired of them.

It is quite as unreasonable to overestimate physical beauty as it is for uncivilized people to exalt physical strength.

After beauty, let us consider adornments. True grace does not depend upon ornament or affectations. Without doubt one should seek to show neatness and harmony in the clothes necessary to protect the body, yet after all the materials that cover us, however comfortable and pleasant to wear, can never give true beauty.

I would have young girls note the simplicity and grace of the statues of Roman and Grecian women; how the hair tied simply behind and their long, floating draperies are both pleasing and majestic.

If girls' minds were above being preoccupied with the fashions, they would despise elaborate hair dressing so directly in opposition to nature, as well as over-trimmed costumes. I would not advise them to adopt the antique style of dressing, that could not be expected, but they could, without making themselves conspicuous, acquire a noble and graceful simplicity more in accord with Christian ideas.

What is the unbounded desire to please but an attempt to excite the passions of men? Can we hold them with a grasp of the hand if they go too far? Ought we not to be responsible for the consequences? Do they not always go too far, however little they may be kindled? You prepare a subtle and deadly poison and pour it over a number of human beings, and you believe yourself innocent!

A girl should talk only when there is real occasion for it, and then, with deference to her elders. Even if she happens to know things above the average ability of girls, she should not talk about them. However much vivacity, memory and facility of expression she may have, these qualities are often to be found in women of little common sense.

* Bonnell, Silver & Co. 50 cents.

Her information, like that of a man, should consist of a thorough and practical knowledge of her duties. She should be well informed concerning all that belong to the management of a household and also of an estate. An inquisitive woman may consider her curiosity confined within too narrow limits; she is mistaken, she does not realize the importance and extent of the matters she ought to know.

Educated women, occupied with serious affairs, have ordinarily moderate curiosity; that which they already know gives them a contempt for matters not worth knowing; they see the uselessness and absurdity of most things which narrow-minded people are eager to investigate.

Economy is one of the most important matters in family government. Many women neglect it, thinking it belongs only to working people, a steward or a housekeeper. If they have been brought up in luxury and idleness they see no great difference between a country life and that of savages. If you talk to them of the sale of wheat, the tilling of the soil, the different kinds of income, the raising of rents or other rights of land-owners, the best way to rent a farm or collect taxes, they think you would degrade them to unworthy or low occupations. It is only through ignorance that people despise the science of economy.

It certainly needs more genius to practice economy and govern a family wisely—small republic that it is—than to practice the little niceties of social intercourse, or talk about the fashions.

Be careful that economy does not degenerate into avarice, point out the evil engendered by such a passion; how meanness, as a rule, is of little profit and is most shameful and contemptible in its influence. A sensible woman will seek, by a frugal and careful manner of life, to avoid the injustice that follows prodigality. Curtail all superfluous and extravagant expenses, to be able to act more generously when inspired by charity or friendship.

Act in regard to cleanliness as to economy. Never allow anything to be dirty; train girls to notice the slightest disorder in the house, and never allow anything to be out of place. This rule does not seem very important, yet if kept would show great results, for when in need of anything,

you can put your hand on it at once; the place belonging to each thing suits it best, not only as regards symmetry, but for cleanliness and preservation.

A girl might be allowed to attempt some thing which she, through inexperience, would surely fail to accomplish, so that she could avoid similar errors in the future; at the same time encourage her by confessing like blunders on your own part, in that way inspiring confidence, without which education is but a tireless formality.

Before children, treat as unimportant and trifling the trinkets and gewgaws of which some women are passionately fond and which make them indifferent to extravagance.

Without doubt it shows a better spirit to be willing to seem unpolished rather than be too particular about unimportant things. Such fussiness, if not repressed in women, is more dangerous to conversation than to anything else. All their servants are stupid and tiresome. The slightest breach of politeness is monstrous to them; they are always sneering and disgusted!

Try therefore to make your servants like you without being too familiar, but do not hesitate to speak often to them about their wants without affectation or haughtiness. They should feel free to rely on you for advice or sympathy always. Do not speak severely of their faults; appear neither surprised nor repelled by them, for you hope that they will not be incorrigible. Reason frankly with them and overlook some irregularity or mistake in service, to show that you are neither annoyed nor impatient; you speak to them less for your service than for their good.

Nothing is better for girls than to accustom them to household responsibilities early in life. Give them something to regulate on condition that they render an account of it. This confidence will delight them, for young people experience incredible pleasure—when they begin to put faith in themselves—to be trusted with serious affairs. A good example of this is found in the *Memoirs of Queen Marguerite*, who says that the greatest pleasure she had had in her life was when her mother talked to her, when she was still very young, as if she was a person of maturity. She was carried away with delight to become the confidant of her mother and her brother, the Duke of Anjou, in a State secret, when until then she had only known childish things.

Of Sorrow and Pain

BY CHARLES F. DOLE

The following reading is from *The Religion of a Gentleman*,* by Charles F. Dole. The book is dedicated "to all young men, to the students in the colleges of America, and especially in Harvard College, my own Alma Mater, in the earnest hope that the thoughts which have brought intellectual freedom, joy, and moral inspiration to its author may carry similar help and service to others."

The element of sorrow or pain seems to be in the warp and woof of things. It must be more or less in the lot of all of us. It is in the material out of which the fabric of life is wrought. They used to teach that it came from sin, death being the supreme punishment of disobedience. But pain is in that out of which sin itself arises. For disobedience is only the child's unintelligent attempt to snatch forbidden pleasure, or to run away from pain. And death was here before man came. We may even reverently say that God himself could not prevent sorrow, as we say that God cannot make a triangle without three sides. I go further than this. I pity the angels in heaven if they have no sorrow. This would be to have no sympathy. To be conscious that others grieve and not to grieve with them would be not to love. I believe that the life of God is not less, but more, for having as one of its constituent elements what our lives have, this universal element of sorrow.

I go further than this. If I had my life to live over again, and if I were given the choice to accept it from infancy to old age, without a disappointment, the shadow of a loss, a hurt, or a pain, I should not dare to take life on such terms; I should say rather, "Give me such life as this universe offers, with its strange vicissitudes, with its summer and winter, its shadows and sunshine, its bitter sweet of sorrow mingled in its cup!" If the raising of my hand would save those whom I love most from all pain throughout eternity I should not dare to raise my hand. What is universal, what comes to all, is not evil, but good.

This is very different from saying that pain or disease or death does not exist. If pain did not exist there would be no call for sympathy, human or divine. It does exist, and therefore sorrow is in the world, and therefore love goes on its tireless quests.

I do not deny the instinct in us which prays, deliver us from evil. We can imagine the wood in the hands of the carver, or the ore in the smelter's furnace. If the ore could be conscious,

and yet not quite prescient of the finished work, it would shrink from the smelter's furnace. So we, being conscious, but not quite prescient, shrink from the blows and the fires of life. It is as if we were climbing from below: pain and sorrow urge us from behind that we may escape them; joy, peace, and love are the prizes above us toward which we are urged.

* * * * *

I pity the life that has not had the element of penitence in it. Have you never had sorrow for sin? Then you do not know what it is to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Has your heart never ached at the cruelty, greed, oppression, and selfishness of the world, at the tragedy of "man's inhumanity to man?" Then you do not know yet what it is to keep company with the heroes. Pray God to smite you, before the sun goes down, with divine sorrow, pity and shame.

You think it hard to suffer injustice, not to be paid for your work, not to have a fair measure of praise, not to win success, while others less deserving take the prizes. I will tell you what the real hardship is. It is to be rewarded overmuch, to get success that rightly belongs to others, to receive praise and thanks which one does not deserve. I say deliberately that I am glad that I have been often disappointed, and have even suffered misunderstanding and apparent injustice. Such suffering has never done me the slightest harm. I am glad to cherish visions and dreams of possible attainment, for which this life will hardly be long enough. I see noble tasks which I am unlikely ever to be allowed even to undertake. Disappointments will mark my way till the day of my death. God forbid that I brood over them for one wasteful moment! They are the price that I pay for ideals which are better than life.

But, the true note of life is not sorrow or sacrifice. Pain, losses, disappointments are only the incidents of life. They may be more or less. Life is blended of many notes and voices; joys and sorrows, toil and rest, alternate. The keynote of life rises out of the whole. It is no wail of grief; it is no bitter cry; it is nothing to fear. Believe me, it is musical, sweet, beautiful, a clarion call. It is a pæan of victory; it tells a love story, and is joy. It is the witness and the present proof of immortality. For we are admitted here in this world into the enjoyment of a quality of life which is surely divine; it is above the range of material change, accident or death.

* Thomas W. Crowell & Co. \$1.00.

Random Reading: Miniature Essays on Life

Mr. Balfour on the Future of Thought.....London Spectator

The last half of Mr. Balfour's speech at Cambridge to the summer meeting of the University Extension students, will be read and remembered by thousands. The speech was far too short, and much of it wasted on a question of little moment, namely, the comparative claims of the last and the present centuries to interest those who reflect—a question which must, after all, be decided by taste rather than reason, but toward the end Mr. Balfour began to think aloud, and the audience strained their ears to listen to every word. After stating that in his opinion the characteristic note of the century has been its fertility "in the products of scientific research, to which no other period offers a precedent or a parallel," he proceeded to discuss in a terribly condensed form the effects which this research, successful as it has been, will have upon the direction of human thought. Those effects, he maintained, have been manifold and immense. "No century has seen so great a change in our intellectual appreciation of the world in which we live." The "universe presents itself in a wholly changed perspective." "We not only see more, but we see differently." Things once believed to be things are now known to be movements, and the minds of physicists are stretching toward a theory which will "reduce the physical universe, with its infinite variety, its glory of color and of form, its significance and its sublimity, to one homogeneous medium in which there are no distinctions to be discovered but distinction of movement or of stress." A change so vast in the standpoint of the mind must affect all its products, literature, art, and even religion. It is characteristic of Mr. Balfour that as to the effect on literature he gave no opinion, and as to art, only hinted that exposing the wheelwork of the world scarcely tended to the more vivid presentation of sensuous external facts, but that on religion he offered what he modestly called "a conjecture," but what we suppose to be his inmost belief. He did not believe that the probable approaching completeness, or, as it were, roundness, of scientific thought, under which "there would be only one natural science, namely, physics, and only one kind of explanation, namely, the dynamic," would lead to "a new and more refined materialism." On the contrary, he considered that the absence of apparent room for spirit would lead to a conviction of the inadequacy of science to explain all things, with the result that,

in some way as yet unguessed, a path of reconciliation would be discovered between science and religion. "That, in some way or other, future generations will, each in its own way, find a practical 'modus vivendi' between the natural and the spiritual I do not doubt at all; and if a hundred years hence some lecturer whose parents are not yet born shall discourse in this place on the twentieth century, it may be that he will note the fact that, unlike their forefathers, men of his generation were no longer disquieted by the controversies once suggested by the well-known phrase 'conflict between science and religion.'" That is, at all events, a great thought, and its impact will be deepened by the fact that it was expressed, not by a professed philosopher musing in his library, but by a statesman immersed in great affairs, and tormented by an almost daily necessity of meeting new problems of the most concrete kind.

Modern Self-Consciousness.....Atlantic

Civilization brings differentiation. Among barbarians social opinion is omnipotent; the individual must conform or "go." If a Hindoo villager succumbs to the missionary and is converted, he may remain in the village on but one condition: all the other villagers must have been converted too. If no longer an "interchangeable" part of the machine, the lonely proselyte finds himself, in Roman phrase, forbidden fire and water. It is only within pretty well defined limits of time and space—in the present century and among the dominant Teutonic races—that the liberty to be one's self and to live one's own life (assuming this desire to lead one from the beaten track) has been practicable without the risk of social embarrassment and even of social reproach. Elsewhere the Chinaman, the sparrow—all a good deal alike.

As civilization advances, this differentiation will continue; specialization and particularization have only begun. How far will they go? In what will they end? To what utmost bound of "spontaneous variation" and of disintegrative psychology will the acute consciousness of individuality carry us? Will our sympathies be widened or narrowed? With every man straining to understand himself and to make himself understood, all as a working basis for the assertion of individual claims, how soon will moral anarchy supervene? This is the real nub of the problem play and the problem novel,—a crux not disassociated from the Protestant doctrine

of the right of private judgment. The day opens when every man shall judge himself and justify himself, and the hand on the door knob is the hand of Ibsen. But custom opposes, and law—those two laggards; and so does a conventional, inelastic morality; and so does Nature herself, with her immense indifference to the individual. Here lies the essence of twentieth-century tragedy. The individual man is becoming more acutely conscious of his personality, with its attendant rights and claims, while all the great conservative forces of the world, natural and institutional, continue to treat him as but an undistinguished atom in a general mass that is ruled in careless "by and large" fashion by some dim power impatient of pygmy self-assertion. A greater than Ibsen will be demanded by the coming century.

Freshening of Life by New Friendship.....Pall Mall Gazette

New friendships are among the most necessary as well as the most delightful things we get a chance of. They do not merely exhilarate, but actually renew and add to us, more even than change of climate and season. We are (luckily for every one) such imitative creatures that every person we like so much adds a new possible form, a new pattern, to our understanding and our feeling, making us, through the pleasantness of novelty, see and feel a little as that person does. And when, instead of liking (which is the verb belonging rather to good acquaintance, accidental relationship as distinguished from real friendship), it is a case of loving (in the sense in which we really love a place, a piece of music, or even, very often, an animal), there is something more important and excellent even than this. For every creature we do really love seems to reveal the whole side of life, by the absorbing of our attention into that creature's ways; nay, more, by the fact that what we call loving is in most cases a complete creation, at least a thorough interpretation of them by our fancy and our shaken-up, refreshed feelings. A new friendship, by this unconscious imitation of the new friend's nature and habits, and by the excitement of the thing's pleasant novelty, causes us to discover new qualities in literature, art, our surroundings, ourselves. How different does the scenery look—still familiar but delightfully strange—as we drive along the valleys or scramble in the hills with the new friend; there is a distant peak one never noticed, or a scented herb, which has always grown upon those rocks, but might as well never have done so but for the other pair of eyes which drew ours to it, or the other hand which crushing made us know its fragrance. Pages of books,

seemingly stale, revive into fresh meaning; new music is almost certain to be learned; and a harmony, a rational sequence, something very akin to music, perceived in what had been hitherto but a portion of life's noise and confusion.

The Quest After Happiness.....London Saturday Review

When Nietzsche died a little while ago there was no renewal of the ancient squabble amongst musicians sufficiently literate to have read him and understood the real question at issue betwixt him and Wagner. Yet it is only a few years since every sentence he wrote against Wagner, his early attachment to Wagner and subsequent falling away, his personal habits and his ultimate madness, used to provoke fiery discussion in every capital in Europe—every capital save London, where the musicians never read anything but the journals of their trade societies, and never discuss anything but their salaries and their commercial grievances.

The fact is that Nietzsche and Wagner were never genuine friends. Nietzsche was attracted to Wagner for a time, but, even if he had not been so very wise as to get rid of all the troubles of the unfathomable world by going mad, he would have taken his own road again as soon as he found that his road was not Wagner's, or that Wagner's road was not his. They were as two planets of different orbits which touched for a moment. Fortunately the collision did not result in any serious casualties. It is true the lesser orb immediately began to call the greater bad names because the greater declined to change his course and follow after the lesser; but names hurt no one. The goal that each sought was nothing less than a solution of the problem, How to be Happy though Alive. This quest after happiness is one of the oddest vagaries of mankind. When the mud blossomed; and that delightful animal, man, came forth, he speedily—that is, in a few million years—displayed many surprising gifts, and, later, developed many talents even more surprising. He could love and he could hate; he could continue his species; he learnt to fall in love and out again; he mastered the art of running into debt and running away instead of paying; he learnt how to slay his fellow, and the first to do so laid the foundation of all the war offices in the world; he learnt how to make money, and, perceiving that its valuable quality is that it can be spent, became an adept at spending his own, and, when he could get it, that of other people. He became sensitive to colors and sounds and ideas; so that he would—very often must—live or die for an idea, and sunrise and sunset and moon-

light, and the sound of a beautiful voice or instrument would move him to tears and thrill him from the crown of his head to the heel of his foot. All these native gifts and acquired talents he utilized; he fought, he loved, he hated, he built, he created mighty works of art; everything gave him pleasure, and one might expect him to have been happy. But he would not. Everlastingly he sought a phantom something which he called happiness. What it was, he knew not—carefully analyzed it would seem to be a state of perfect rest and at the time of rapid motion; he wanted the sweets of repose combined with the satisfaction of having all his powers and faculties in full action; but as for the way of attaining it, he has always held that it would come through some one thing in life—through the love of some unheard-of, unequalled, woman, or through the cultivation of his intellect or some one other of the many sides of his nature. Nietzsche believed in the cultivation of the intellect. His Above-man, were he possible, would be merely an analytical monstrosity, a sort of walking microscope or telescope of tremendous power. Wagner believed in many things at different times. Being a German of the Germans, he of course started with the undreamed-of woman as the "redeemer." In the Flying Dutchman, suffering humanity is redeemed by the love of Senta, who is faithful to death. The notion is farcical; for what is it to the Dutchman that a woman loves him if he does not love her? In Tristan we see the man and the woman finding their happiness in their love for a while, but as their absorption in each other quite unfits them for this world, they are sent off to the grave to find their final happiness there if they can. Wotan and Brünnhilde also take refuge in extinction; Parsifal renounces every desire in life and takes refuge in a living grave. To the problem How to be Happy though Alive Wagner found no solution.

There is no solution. There is no such thing as the happiness men have continuously sought; you cannot sit still and walk at the same moment. There is something much nobler to be found quite easily, a satisfaction of all the deepest needs of our nature as fast as they make themselves felt. There is no help to be expected from outside: we must each create our own satisfaction. The tragedy of life is that so many people pass through it, from hour to hour, from day to day, from year to year, expecting their satisfaction to be presented them, gratis, without effort on their part, by some outside force. That never happened: the most that comes from outside is the opportunity of satisfying ourselves through our own energy, our power of love or hate, our power of

taking delight in great deeds, great thoughts, great works of art. Nor is there any final satisfaction: if we satisfy our bodily hunger and thirst in the morning, before evening we are hungry and thirsty again; and the spiritual hunger and thirst differ in no wise from the bodily. Nothing can be won by the over-development of one side of our nature alone; for the other sides, starved, cry vehemently for their satisfaction. We are surrounded in this life by antagonistic forces: to hold our own, to find our satisfaction, to feel "happy," we must have within us counter-forces of love and hate, love for our friends, hate for those who would demoralize or limit us; and the gratification of this love and this hate is one of the most important businesses of life, if not the most important.

Two Forms of Pessimism W. L. Courtney*

There are some forms of the philosophic theory of pessimism which appear to cut at the very root of the artistic impulse. If they ever produce fruit in the imaginative sphere, the fruitage is singularly bitter, stunted, abortive. Take, for instance, a scheme like that of Schopenhauer. Beginning with an assurance that there is a large preponderance of misery over happiness in this world, he explains that we are all the victims of a great, mysterious, blind, but all-powerful force which he calls "the will to live." If you and I and all other men and women are alike miserable, the reason is that we are at once the creatures and playthings of a great impersonal, natural volition, driving us to live our dreary lives, to fear death, and cling to existence, whether we will or no. Intelligence which is given to the human race is the dreariest of mockeries, for it is powerless against this insatiable craving. All that intelligence can do is to throw light upon the turmoil, to make us comprehend the fatal conditions in which we are ensnared, and thus to make us more unhappy than we were before. Now observe the moral which Schopenhauer draws from his philosophical scheme. He tells us that we should deny the will to live, not so much by suicide—for that would be a wilful act, and our object is to get rid of will—but by asceticism, self-restraint, resignation to passivity, such as was practiced and is now practiced in the East.

Now, if we suppose that any dramatic artist accepted Schopenhauer as his guide, philosopher and friend, he would have to believe that passiv-

* From *The Idea of Tragedy in Ancient and Modern Drama*, being three lectures delivered at the Royal Institution, with a prefatory note by A. W. Pinero. Brentano. \$1.00.

ity was better than activity, and would be essaying the almost impossible task of painting by means of action a goal of inaction. The essence of drama is human activity; the very word signifies action; and the idea is absolutely eviscerated of all meaning by the assumption that a denial of the will to live is our real object. Schopenhauer's own notion of tragedy illustrates this. It is only at best a sort of alleviation or temporary consolation—part and parcel, therefore, of that lamentable gift of intelligence which shows how hideous is the chaos in which we live. "What gives to all tragedy, in whatever form it may appear, the peculiar tendency toward the sublime is the awakening of the knowledge that the world, life, can afford us no true pleasure, and consequently is not worthy of our attachment. In this consists the tragic spirit; it therefore leads to resignation." But the artist must believe in his work as a free and joyous form of activity, not assuredly as a mere anæsthetic, an anodyne, a mode of sending to sleep a ceaseless grumble of indignation and despair.

Such pessimism as this is, I say, for the most part fruitless, or if it bear fruit, such fruit is atrophied, abortive, bitter, like dead sea apples in the mouth. It is difficult, perhaps, to suggest a work of art which is conceived in this spirit, and is the direct fruit of Schopenhauer's pessimism. But perhaps Mr. Hardy's *Jude the Obscure* comes the nearest to it, a work which depresses vitality, and therefore, as I take it, sins against humanity. Better example can perhaps be found in some of Zola's novels—*L'Assommoir*, *La Terre*, and others.

Nevertheless, the conditions of life may be regarded as miserable, and yet human actions stand on a higher plane than before. On a dark background of gloom the higher qualities of the human being—his love, devotion, passion, self-denial, recklessness—may stand out in almost radiant colors. Let us grant with the pessimist that man, as he exists in the midst of a nature that is alien to him, and under social conditions which stunt or retard his growth, is not likely to secure much happiness. Nature, as we know, is harsh and cruel, and her laws are those which are terrible for the individual, though helpful, it may be, to the world's progress—the laws of struggle for existence, the survival of the fittest, and development by means of unlimited competition. Or if we take it from another side of science—the science of biology—there is reason to suppose that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and that many men and women begin their careers crippled and maimed by a hereditary taint. Or once more, the social order is found to be

oppressive, framed as it is for the convenience of the majority—the incarnation of triumphant commonplace, the victory of the conventionally useful rather than the ideally good, the despotism of a majority which, if not always wrong, as Dr. Stockmann declares in Ibsen's *Enemy of the People*, is at least quite as often wrong as right. Such things may well breed a sort of pessimism, may produce for the thinker and philosophic student a mood of nervelessness and gloom. But the artist who approaches these subjects, not as a thinker or as a student, but as an observer of the flash and play of human life, sees that on this background of darkness he can paint his human beings with all their rich vitality and spontaneousness of effort, transfigured and ennobled by contrast, and has this justification to begin with—that all the nobler and higher activities of man, whether in founding States, creating rules of morality, or even building hospitals, are done in the teeth of nature, and constitute a direct challenge to the dull, mechanical cruelty of her laws. But the sovereign vindication for the artist is the exceeding beauty of all human vitalities, whether they are effective or ineffective, whether they succeed or fail. It is life as such that the artist loves, strong, exuberant, magnificent life, defying laws of time and space, conquering the impossible—circumscribed, indeed, if we look at its scientific conditions, but absolutely free and untrammelled in its spiritual essence. If an artist who feels the intoxication of life writes tragedies, they do not in reality depress us, because, instead of making the pulse flag and beat slower, they stir us, as it were, with a trumpet-call, they cause the blood to flow more eagerly through our veins. Did any one ever feel his sense of vitality lowered by either reading or seeing on the stage the ruin of Othello or the tragedy of Lear? It is more difficult to find contemporary examples, but one can feel much the same thing with regard to many even of the modern novelists whose books are often classed as pessimistic. Take, for instance, the two books of that strong, original writer, who calls herself "Zack"—*On Trial*, and *Life is Life*. They are pessimistic enough in all conscience, if we mean by the word that the authoress is keenly conscious of the sorrow of things. But the artist has known how to enhance the dignity of human effort, even when she proclaims it to be hopeless. We do grievous wrong to works of art if we dismiss them because they seem to preach a gloomy moral. There is a gloom which is paralyzing; there is another gloom which a man of stronger creative personality can turn into a very mainspring of pulsing action and life.

For the Growth of the Spirit

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK*

When we consider the relation of man to matter, it is surprising to find how little light has yet been thrown upon it, how little has been definitely fixed. Elementary, imperious, as this relation undoubtedly is, humanity has ever been wavering, uncertain, passing from the most dangerous confidence to the most systematic distrust, from adoration to horror, from asceticism and complete renouncement to their corresponding extremes. The days are over when an irrational, useless abstinence was preached, and put into practice—an abstinence that often was fully as harmful as habitual excess. We are entitled to all that helps to maintain, or advance, the development of the body; this is our right, but it has its limits; and these limits it would be well to define with the utmost exactness, for whatever may trespass beyond must infallibly weaken the growth of that other side of ourselves, the flower that the leaves round about it will either stifle or nourish. And humanity, that so long has been watching this flower, studying it so intently, noting its subtlest, most fleeting perfumes and shades, is most often content to abandon to the caprice of the temperament, be this evil or good, to the passing moment, or to chance, the government of the unconscious forces that will, like the leaves, be discreetly active, sustaining, life-giving, or profoundly selfish, destructive and fatal. Hitherto, perhaps, this may have been done with impunity; for the ideal of mankind (which, at the start, was concerned with the body alone) wavered long between matter and spirit. To-day, however, it clings, with ever profounder conviction, to the human intelligence. We no longer strive to compete with the lion, the panther, the great anthropoid ape, in force or agility; in beauty with the flower, or the shine of the stars on the sea. The utilization by our intellect of every unconscious force, the gradual subjugation of matter and the search for its secret—it is this that at present appears the most evident aim of our race, its most probable mission. In the days of doubt there was no satisfaction, or even excess, but was excusable and moral so long as it wrought no irreparable loss of strength, or actual organic harm. But now that the mission of the race is becoming more clearly defined the duty is on us to leave on one side whatever is not directly helpful to

the spiritual part of our being. Sterile pleasures of the body must be gradually sacrificed; indeed, in a word, all that is not in absolute harmony with a larger, more durable energy of thought; all the little "harmless" delights which, however inoffensive comparatively, keep alive, for example and habit, the prejudice in favor of inferior enjoyment, and usurp the place that belongs to the satisfactions of the intellect.

Had we taken part in the creation of the world it is probable that we should have conferred more distinctive, more special force on all that is best in man, most immaterial, most essentially manlike. If a thought of love, or a gleam of the intellect; a word of justice, an act of pity, a desire for pardon, or sacrifice; if a gesture of sympathy, a craving of one's whole being for beauty, goodness, or truth—if emotions like these could affect the universe as they affect the man who has felt them, they would call forth miraculous flowers, supernatural radiance, inconceivable melody; they would scatter the night, recall spring and the sunshine, stay the hand of sickness, grief, disaster and misery; gladness would arise from them, and youth be restored; while the mind would gain freedom, thought immortality, and life be eternal. No resistance could check them; their reward would follow as visibly as it follows the laborer's toil, the nightingale's song, or the work of the bee. But we have learned at last that the moral world is a world wherein man is alone; a world, contained in ourselves, that bears no relation to matter and exercises no influence on it, unless it be of the most hazardous and exceptional kind. But none the less real, therefore, is this world, or less infinite; and if words break down when they try to tell of it, the reason is only that words, after all, are mere fragments of matter, seeking to enter a sphere where matter holds no dominion. Words are forever betraying the thought that they stand for, by the images which they evoke. When we try to express perfect joy, a noble, spiritual ecstasy, a profound, everlasting love, our words can only compare with animal passion, drunkenness, brutal and coarse desire. And not only do they thus degrade the noblest triumphs of the soul of man by likening them to primitive instincts, but they incite us to believe, in spite of ourselves, that the object, the feeling, compared, is less real, less true or substantial, than the type to which it is referred.

*Translated by Alfred Sutro. Fortnightly.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

The First Day.....Theodosia Garrison.....Harper's

I sleep, who yesterday was tired,
I, who was very weary, rest;
I have forgot all things desired,
Or what were bad or what were best;
Wan roses lie upon my breast
And make a pillow for my head;
I know not am I banned or blest,
Who am most quiet—being dead.

Perchance to-morrow God may come
With awfulness of mouth and brow,
And bid me speak, who would be dumb,
My sins of yesterday; but now
I have forgotten deed and vow,
I have been soothed and comforted,
And clothed with peace, I know not how,
Who am most happy—being dead.

A moment since one touched my hair,
There were hot tears upon my face;
To-morrow I may wake and care
And hunger for a lost embrace;
But now one dim, delicious space,
My joys are done, my tears are shed;
I may lie still, who have the grace
Of all forgetting—being dead.

*The Master's Friend.....B. Shadwell.....America and Other Poems**

The Master must to a distant land,
With a foreign foe to fight,
And the Master's wife was glad of it,
But she hid her false delight,
And came to him with a tearful face,
And begged of him to stay,
But the Master's hound was sorry,
And it went and hid away.

The Master's ship from the harbor's mouth
Beat out to the stormy sea,
And his wife stayed late at my lady's ball—
Rejoicing to be free—
They said she shone like a jewel there,
And she heard it with delight;
But she could not sleep for the Master's hound,
For it howled through the live-long night.

The Master died—He was shot to death
In that land beyond the sea—
And they brought his body home, to lie
In a grave by the cypress tree;
And the Master's widow hid her face,
And made believe she cried;
But the Master's hound stayed by his grave,
* * * * *

Till it starved to death—
And died.

Bereft.....Lloyd Mifflin.....The Fields of Dawn†

My life was in its Autumn, as I lay
Dreaming upon an upland o'er the sea.
Lonely I was as Lydian Niobe.
When all her pearls Apolla took away.

*R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co., Chicago.
† Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Then came a beauteous woman fair as day,
Who gave herself and all her love to me;
Anon sweet children clambered round my knee
Eager for kisses—and the time seemed May.
These children's children came, and I was grown
Aged and worn, but still on them I smiled
For love of them and of the mother mild.
Sudden I woke—childless, forlorn, alone.
O Poesy! canst thou for this atone?—
Thou who hast reft me thus of wife and child?

The New Century.....Jennie Betts Hartswick.....The Independent

When in the dim, gray East shall rise
The morning of thy birth—
When thy first dawn steps from the skies
Upon the hills of earth—
Shall waiting nations breathless stand
Oppressed with haunting fears,
Of what thou holdest in thy hand,
Thou coming Hundred Years?

Or shall a glad world welcome thee
With laughter and a song—
Thou unborn child of Destiny
Whose reign shall be so long?
Who knows!—we only know that thou
Shalt enter like a king
Into thy courts,—that we must bow,
Whatever thou dost bring.

What matter whether war or peace
Thy heralds shall proclaim—
The story of the centuries
Is evermore the same!
Thy children-years shall tell abroad,
Through all thy mighty span,
Naught but the Fatherhood of God—
The Brotherhood of Man.

Song of the Sword.....Felger McKinsey.....Baltimore News

I remember the day that she hung me here
On the wall by the musket's side,
And kissed my blade with a reverent touch
For the honor of him who died;
I heard her say that I served him well,
And he trusted his life to me
As he grasped my hilt with his daring hand
And we swung to the victory.

She came to me in the dark alone,
As the long years fluttered by,
And I heard her song and I felt her kiss
And I thrilled to her tender sigh;
I knew that she saw us in visions sweet
When the bugles blew to the charge,
And he swung me forth to the gleaming sun
And I swept through the human targe.

She came one day when her locks were gray
And took me from the wall;
She wiped the rust of her tears away,
For again rang the bugle call;
She laid my hilt in a stalwart hand—
My master's son, I knew,
And the drums awoke, and the troops marched by,
And the trumps of the battle blew!

I leaped to the life of the battle-roar,
 The spirit of strife awoke;
 I danced in the light of my blade that shone
 Through the flame of the battle-smoke.
 My steel rang clear on the foeman's steel,
 Then, stiffened and cold and still,
 I felt the clasp of the hand that had drawn
 My blade with a hero-will.

I am hanging again on the chimney wall;
 The summers have bloomed and fled;
 There are two 'neath the hill that are slumbering
 sweet—
 The dead that are greatly dead!
 Sweetheart, mother, she softly glides
 Through the shadows wherein I hang,
 And lays her ear to my blade to hear
 The echo of battle's clang.

Her lips are warm with the breath of love;
 Oh! woman, who gave her brave
 To her country's call and the battle thrall
 And the peace of the soldier's grave!
 She breathes her prayer in her tender way,
 And listens to hear me tell
 How fierce they rode to the lines of death,
 How nobly they fought and fell.

Her gray head bends to the song, the dusk
 Steals silently through the room;
 The birds are asleep in their little nests
 Where the cannon were wont to boom.
 Her cheek is soft on my polished face,
 Her pale hand claspeth me.
 Ah! worn, wan lady, you're dreaming to-night,
 And the dead have come back to thee!

The Overture.....Charles Edward Thomas.....Cosmopolitan

Old memories and the whispering ghosts
 Of dear, dead days when Love was young—
 And then the lisping of an April rain,
 That steals across the meadows, and the song
 Of one glad robin in the evening light,
 Singing as though his heart must break for joy—
 And after these, a merrier strain,
 Light laughter, borne across the years,
 Of children that I knew, at play

Coming Home.....Clifton Bingham.....Chambers's Journal

There's a valley in the west world, and a river rippling free,
 Ever singing in the sunlight as it hurries to the sea;
 And I think of it with longing, I remember it with tears.
 For the echo of its music brings me back the vanished years.
 Sing thy song, O running river! I am coming home to thee!
 To the valley in the west world, where you watch and wait for me;
 Fast as rushing winds can bring me and a ship can cross the sea,
 O my river in the west world! I am coming home to thee.

There's a cottage in the west world, with its jasmine-hidden door
 Ever open, as if waiting for my step to come once more.
 I can see it in my dreaming, though I'm far across the foam,
 For the heart finds many dwellings, but there's only one is Home!
 Open wide, dear cottage doorway! I am coming home to thee,
 To a threshold in the west world that is waiting yet for me.
 Fast as rushing winds can bring me and a ship can cross the sea,
 O my cottage in the west world! I am coming home to thee.

There's a true heart in the west world that is beating still for me,
 Ever praying in the twilight once again my face to see.
 O, the world is good and glad some, with its love both east and west;
 But there's ever one love only that is still the first and best!
 Pray for me, true heart and loving; I am coming home to thee,
 To my old home in the west world, and the place that waits for me;
 Fast as rushing winds can bring me and a ship can cross the sea,
 O my true heart in the west world! I am coming home to thee.

Within a garden long ago.
 But more than all, and far above and through it all,
 I heard the voice of one I love,
 Faint, falling down to earth and me
 Through some far, golden rift in paradise.

Grief and Gladness.....St. Louis Republic

The sorrows of men and women,
 They ask no voice to tell;
 Deep in the heart that has felt the pain
 The dumb-toned sorrows dwell;
 Like the wounded thing that hideth,
 The stricken soul shrinks far
 From the careless crowds of the market place,
 Mute, till its wound is a scar.

The joys of men and of women,
 They burst into glad some song,
 The chant of the brave soul lifted high
 To make some other soul strong;
 For this is the creed unselfish,
 To all staunch natures known—
 Happiness share with the wide world's heart,
 Sorrow hold in your own.

Three Kisses.....Post Wheeler.....New York Press

When first I kissed you, 'twas full on your mouth,
 Red as a blackbird's cherry. You recall
 'Twas spring, the soft air smelling of the south,
 The whole world gay and you gay, most of all.
 You laughed—that low, sweet, tender, birdlike trill
 Which made the very bobolink be still.

When next I kissed you, 'twas upon the cheek,
 Molded just round enough. 'Twas autumn then
 And you were graver grown, and did not speak,
 But seemed in wonder at the ways of men.
 And yet you smiled. So dear a smile it was
 That it seemed sudden summer over us.

When last I kissed you, dearest Heart of Gold,
 My lips just brushed your forehead. You were
 sad,
 And it was winter. All the world was old.
 But at the touch, my love swelled fierce and glad;
 For then I felt you tremble, and saw fall
 Two great, slow tears. Ah, that was best of all!

Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman*

BY ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD

Mrs. Gilchrist was so profoundly moved by Whitman's poems that they became the expression of her faith. Lovers of the poet will be glad to read what an able and intellectual woman thought of that "glorious man Whitman, one day to be known as one of the greatest sons of earth."

When in England, in June, 1869, Madox Brown put into the hands of Anne Gilchrist Mr. William Michael Rossetti's *Selections from Walt Whitman*, he little dreamed of the result.

"I can read no other book," she wrote Rossetti a fortnight later. "It holds me entirely spellbound, and I go through it again and again with deepening delight and wonder.

"I had not dreamed that words could cease to be words and become electric streams like these. I do assure you that, strong as I am, I feel sometimes as if I had not bodily strength to read many of these poems. In some of them there is such a weight of emotion, such a tension of the heart, that mine refuses to beat under it—stands quite still—and I am obliged to lay the book down for a while; . . . then there is such calm wisdom and strength of thought, such a cheerful breadth of sunshine, that the soul bathes in them, renewed and strengthened. Living impulses flow out of these that make me exult in life, and yet look longingly toward the 'superb vistas of Death.'"

If the poems did not seem to her equal in power and beauty, she felt they were "vital"; that "they grew, they were not made." She compared it all to the growth of a forest rather than the making of a palace or cathedral. "Are not the hitherto accepted masterpieces of literature akin rather to noble architecture?" she asked. She so felt the intense humanity of this "great-souled American," that she cried out with the poet himself, at the close of his book,

"Camerado, this is no book.
Who touches this, touches a man!"

"What more can you ask of the words of a man's mouth," she wrote Rossetti, "than that they should absorb into you as food and air, to appear again in your strength, gait, face—that they should be fibre and filter to your blood, joy and gladness to your whole nature?" She was persuaded that one great source of this "kindling, vitalizing power—the great source—was the grasp laid upon the present, the fearless and com-

prehensive dealing with reality." The "athlete full of rich words, full of joy, takes you by the hand and turns your face straight-forwards." She used to think it was great "to disregard happiness, to press on to a high goal careless, disdainful of it." Now she fully saw there was nothing so great as "to be capable of happiness"; to pluck it out "each moment and whatever happens"; to find that one can ride "as gay and buoyant on the angry, menacing, tumultuous waves of life, as on those that glide and glitter under a clear sky"; that it is not "defeat and wretchedness which come out of the storm of Adversity, but strength and calmness." As to the words he uses, she felt it was not mere delight they gave; that the sweet singers could give too in their degree; but they gave such life and health as enabled us "to pluck delights for ourselves out of every hour of the day, and taste the sunshine that ripened the corn in the crust we eat." She often seemed to herself to do that. She found a wonderful, inspiring comfort in the magnificent faith in, and love for, "sane and sacred death," who, in the language of this poet, came not as a terror, but as the "holiest minister of heaven."

She exulted in a poet who, while welcoming death, could produce "evangel-poems of comrades and of love," by which a "new and superb friendship" was made possible here. She felt with him the "Amplitude of Time," while "all, all was for immortality." She rejoiced in the modern man of which he sang—

"Of life immense in passion, pulse and power,
Cheerful, for freest action formed under the laws
divine.

The Modern Man I sing"

For the first time she truly realized the meaning of Democracy—of individuality. As never before, she realized the glory of being a woman, of being a mother.

"I am the poet of the woman, the same as of the man;

And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man;

And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men."

Even for the prostitute she found him divinely tender and sympathetic, as in *The City Dead House*. I doubt if that poem will ever be more appreciated by any human being than by this woman who could write that inspired letter, to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, on "Jenny," when his first

*David McKay. \$1.00.

volume of poems appeared in 1870—a poem which moved her to anguish, coming upon her “after she had been gazing into the very sanctuary of love where woman sat divinely enthroned.”

“You touch Jenny gently—tenderly even,” she wrote, “and I feel grateful to you for that; yet I think even you are hard on her; ‘fond of guineas,’ yes, for want is bitter, and it always dogs her steps, or, at any rate, lurks just round the corner. But ‘fond of kisses,’ no. I do not believe there is ever more any sweetness in a kiss for her, only, with whatever semblance it may be given or taken—an inward loathing.”

Then with impassioned eloquence she goes on to picture the heart, and circumstances leading to evil, of such a woman; from the first blind folly to the afterward, with no human hand to help her up, perhaps pushed down from above by sisters, grasped from below by ever more and more brutalized men, her poor body dragged and dragged through the mire, even then, she says, “I do not believe its vileness stains through to her very inmost self. If I did, the pain would be more than I could bear; these tears would burn my cheeks like flame; I should hate my womanhood—crave annihilation for the race. No! God has not cursed men with the hideous power to wreck her soul as they can wreck her body. Poor soul! it was but half awake and alert to begin with—all its finest instincts yet undeveloped, else it would not have let her stand for a moment within the atmosphere of danger, but would have shed round her a subtle atmosphere banishing, dispelling danger! Now, crouched away back, with face averted from the mad riot of a body that carries but is scarce owned by it, numb with misery, and the utter privation of all healthful activity and sympathy, conscious of itself only through sullen despair, it waits and waits till there comes at last the mighty rescuing friend Death—mysterious New Birth. Then it finds itself once more animating a stainless body, standing not indeed among the happy sisters, but free to climb toward them, carrying no defilements with it.” No “Echo from the Past,” she was grateful to say, told her this was so, but something more “deeply convincing, more illuminating than reason or the evidence of the senses.”

Her only doubt with regard to Whitman's sex poems was expressed in the thought that perhaps Whitman had forgotten, or through some theory in his head had overridden, the truth that “our instincts are beautiful facts of nature as well as our bodies,” and that we have a “strong instinct of silence about some things.” When, however, she had read the “beautiful, despised” poems of Children of Adam by the “light that glows out of

the rest of the volume, by the light of a clear, strong faith in God, of an unfathomably deep and tender love for humanity, light shed out of a soul that is possessed of itself,” she wrote Rossetti he argued rightly that her confidence would not be betrayed by any of the poems in the book. None of them, she said, troubled her even for a moment; because she saw at a glance that it was not, as men had supposed, the “heights brought down to the depths, but the depths lifted up level with the sunlit heights that they might become clear and sunlit too.”

In this poet, she saw always for woman, “a veil woven out of her own soul—never touched upon even with a rough hand”; and for man a “daring, fearless pride in himself, not a mock-modesty woven out of delusions.” “Do they not see,” she continues, “that this fearless pride, this complete acceptance of themselves, is needful for her pride, her justification? What! is it all so ignoble, so base, that it will not bear the honest light of speech from lips so gifted with the divine power to use words? Then what hateful, bitter humiliation for her to have to give herself up to the reality. It must surely be man's fault, not God's, that she has to say to herself, motherhood is beautiful, fatherhood is beautiful; but the dawn of fatherhood and motherhood is not beautiful. . . . It is true that instinct of silence I spoke of is a beautiful, imperishable part of nature too. But it is not beautiful when it means an ignominious shame brooding darkly. It was needed that this silence, this evil spell, should for once be broken, and the daylight let in, that the dark cloud lying under might be scattered to the winds. It was needed that one who could here indicate for us ‘the path between reality and the soul’ should speak. . . . Now silence may brood again; but lovingly, happily as protecting what is beautiful, not as hiding what is unbeautiful; consciously enfolding a sweet and sacred mystery—august even as the mystery of Death, the dawn as the setting; kindred grandeurs which to eyes that are opened shed a hallowing beauty on all that surrounds and preludes them. He who can look with fearlessness at the beauty of Death—

“O vast and well-veiled Death!

O the beautiful touch of Death, soothing and benumbing!”

—May well dare to teach us to look with fearless, untroubled eyes at the perfect beauty of Love in all its appointed realities. Now none need turn away their thoughts with pain or shame; though only lovers and poets may say what they will—the lover to his own, the poet to all, because all are in a sense his own.”

The Work of Auguste Rodin

BY ROYAL CORTISSE

The modern French sculptor who is acclaimed illustrious by his peers commands their admiration by virtue of his preëminence in fields cultivated by the whole school. Rodin has no peer—unless it be Paul Dubois, who is so different that the two can scarcely be thought of in the same moment—though some of his countrymen applaud his genius, others cannot endure him.

On the Place de l'Alma, just outside the Exposition, Rodin has had a pavilion built for his own use. He exhibits here something over a hundred and fifty works, in addition to the half dozen placed in the French section in the Grand Palais. The general drift of this mass of work may be divined from certain words uttered by Rodin himself to M. Adolphe Brisson, and recently published in the Temps by that writer. "I have become convinced," says the sculptor, "that there are two kinds of creative artists, those who hold to appearances and those who go to the bottom of things; those who spend themselves in rapid and facile production, and those who devote themselves to laborious and restless pursuit of the truth. The first conform to academic traditions, which reduces their personal efforts to a minimum; the others question nature with desperate anxiety. They impress upon the marble the tremulous emotion that pervades them. Even if they make mistakes their error is not commonplace, and I prefer their blundering to the cold and dreary perfection of the 'well grounded.' That is why I hate governmental teaching of the fine arts." No governmental curriculum could have produced Rodin's art, nor could any master, for that matter, have been of more than elementary service to him. He began his studies under Barye and continued them under Carrier-Belleuse, but his first appearance in public was made at the Salon of 1864 with *The Man With the Broken Nose*, a work owing nothing to either of the artist's instructors. It is a realistic study of a powerful masculine model. Those who failed to look beneath the surface might easily have surmised that Rodin would be simply one more accession to the ranks of capable but unremarkable sculptors. Discerning observers must even then have recognized a new style, a strenuous feeling rare enough at the Salon. But the winning of any repute at all was uphill work. Rodin has spoken of the hardships of his youth. He toiled

and lived like the son of a common laborer. His advance was retarded not only by public indifference but by his own methods of work. As M. Arsène Alexandre remarks in the catalogue of this exhibition, Rodin was never a man of one statue a year. The first appearance of a statue by him in the clay may be dated, so also may be the public inauguration of it, but it may have taken years to travel from the earliest stage to the last. The famous "*Porte de l'Enfer*" has been in hand for twelve or fourteen years, and it is not finished yet. The plaster model in the pavilion on the Place de l'Alma is a weird object, with some parts apparently finished and others indicated only by numbers scrawled in pencil on the white surface.

The interesting thing, however, is not the effect of Rodin's slow methods upon his fame, but the effect they have had upon his work. In the first place they have communicated to nearly everything he has done the high quality of thoughtfulness. He has done nothing trivial or shallow. Many of his inventions are obscure enough, and, indeed, like many artists of profound, but vague, intellectual habits, Rodin has sometimes sacrificed intelligibility on the altar of a symbolism understood by himself alone. It is said that he has various interesting reasons for having presented the central figure of his monument to Victor Hugo in a nude condition. A work of art has lost half its reason for existing when it requires an explanation of so important a fact as the one just cited. The only way in which Rodin could have justified the nudity in his "*Hugo*" would have been by making the statue beautiful. It hardly deserves the epithet. But Rodin has his own ideas of beauty, and, whether convincing or not, they are at least plausible and interesting, just because they bear so unmistakably the stamp of his original mind. It is necessary in studying his work to meet him half way, to eliminate all the received notions of plastic beauty that have accumulated in ancient and modern times, and to consider the particular production before one absolutely for itself alone. The process is sometimes baffling. There is a little figurine by Rodin in the possession of the present writer, a study of an upright woman, nude, and with arms akimbo, which has been set before more than one student with doubtful results. Elaborate analyses of its qualities have proved of no avail. To dilate upon its style, its charm as a

*New York Tribune.

symbol, its originality, has been in vain. On some occasions it has been voted frankly a monstrosity. But Rodin would tell you that even a monstrosity has something in it fitting for the artist to reproduce—assuming that to his reproduction the artist will contribute something of his own. He has described the old Italian peasant who drifted into his studio one day. She was in her seventy-fifth year. She was penniless, in rags, and dying with hunger. He straightway employed her as a model—there was something at once heartrending and "splendide" in the wreck before him, so he said—and you have the outcome of his meditations on the poor creature's misery in "*La Vieille Heulmière*," an image of decrepitude and woe that is appalling, tragic, hideous if you like, but impossible lightly to dismiss. This piece is in one way particularly suggestive. It recalls in what it presents, and in its title, one of Villon's most famous poems. But there is nothing about it to hint that Rodin borrowed his idea from a printed page. On the contrary, life alone could have yielded him the inspiration, and life is always his central motive, enriched by thought and imagination. Whenever he is dealing with primitive emotions Rodin is superb. He thinks long over his idea, and by the time it is embodied in marble all irrelevant trappings have been stripped from it; he expresses only the essence. Each design emerges as from a dim world in which the sculptor has been tormented by a thousand thoughts. He conquers them all and brings from behind the veil the very soul of war, of love, or misery, or joy, as the case may be. Exhaling from it are the impalpable qualities which belonged to it in the shadowy reaches of nature to which Rodin has penetrated. He has felt these, and so can make the spectator feel them, too. It would be hard to exaggerate, as it is impossible to describe, this air, as of the realism of a supernatural world, with which he clothes his statues. It gives one a sensation of intense emotional and intellectual delight. If Rodin worked always along certain lines the delight would never cease. But the subtlety of his thought is often matched by ambiguities lying on the surface; in some of his works he reminds us that his imagination is not only powerful but unbridled. In his portraits, in a relief like the exquisite *Young Mother*, in the *Head of John the Baptist on a Charger* and in the amazing *Apollo*—this last a representation of the sun god that fairly quivers with life and motion—there is nothing in the execution that repels; it follows the idea searchingly and suavely; the marble pleases through sheer subtlety and beauty of surface; one lingers over a contour and is ready to declare that not the most skilful crafts-

man of the Academy could produce work more exquisitely sensuous.

When he chooses he can be merely grotesque. His "*Trois Faunes*," a group in which three nude figures stand in a circle, with arms interlaced, may represent something perceived by the sculptor in a vision; but as the figures are not only ugly, but puerile in their departure from the facts of nature, the whole work is reluctantly classified with the objects that deserve to be broken into fragments the moment after they are executed. There is a good deal of this sort of thing in the exhibition, so much of it, indeed that at first the visitor seems to have fallen upon nothing but a tumult of form, a chaos in which humanity, robbed of all its familiar characteristics, has been transformed into a mere tangle of contorted limbs. It is only after a patient examination of the works and a careful separation of the good from the bad that one realizes how great a gulf divides the violence of a master like Rodin from the violence of the minor men who care simply to make a sensation. Rodin is stormy and eccentric, because his genius demands it of him, and the obnoxious works with which his exhibition is dotted stand for nothing but the unlucky moments in which he has been unable to give his conception adequate form. The danger that lies in wait for him, of course, is the natural disposition of a self-confident, imperious artist to believe that since he has put a piece of himself into every one of his works they must all necessarily possess a certain interest.

It is the fashion nowadays to let discrimination go by the board. When an artist has succeeded he finds it possible to do anything he likes, for no one, not even his best friend, will tell him when he has made a blunder. Indeed, the custom is for the admirers of a man like Rodin, or Whistler, or Sargent to strike an attitude of adoration before each new work bearing the signature of the master. Rodin may not care for the incense burning that is kept up for his glorification, but he ought to care for criticism, as he is a shade too sure of himself to begin with.

M. Rodin is a decidedly uneven artist, one who can be childishly weak, as needlessly offensive in one work as he can be strong and elevating in another. Confidence in him is tempered by anxiety. The great "*Porte de l'Enfer*" may ultimately prove one of the world's wonders; it may be a gigantic failure. But the last impression left by Rodin's sculpture is that it comes from a deep fund of creative energy and is transfigured by an imaginative gift that grave thoughts and sharp insight into human nature have fortified and nourished.

The Cover of the Book

BY AINSWORTH RAND SPOFFORD

Rarely does a writer attain his avowed end as successfully as has Ainsworth Rand Spofford in *A Book for All Readers*,* designed, according to the title page, "as an aid to the collection, use and preservation of books and the formation of public and private libraries." The book, interesting and valuable to all book lovers, will be invaluable to the men and women living in small towns, who from time to time are taking the first step toward the establishment of public libraries. They will find it a clear and thoroughly informing text book. In fact, it is so full of interesting information that we find it difficult to choose a reading.

The different styles of dressing books may all be summed up in the following materials: Boards, cloth, vellum, sheep, buck, pigskin, calf, Russia and morocco—to which may be added of recent years, buckram, duck, linoleum, and the imitations of leather, such as leatherette and morocco paper, and of parchment. I take no account here of obsolete styles—as ivory, wood, brass, silver and other metals, nor of velvet, satin, and other occasional luxuries of the binder's art. These belong to the domain of the amateur, the antiquary, or the book-fancier—not to that of the librarian or the ordinary book-collector.

Roan leather is nothing but sheepskin, stained or colored; basil or basan is sheepskin tanned in bark, while roan is tanned in sumac, and most of the so-called moroccos are also sheep, ingeniously grained by a mechanical process. As all the manufactures in the world are full of "shoddy," or sham materials, the bookbinder's art affords no exception. But if the librarian or collector patronizes shams, he should at least do it with his eyes open, and with due counting of the cost.

Now as to the relative merits and demerits of materials for binding. No one will choose boards covered with paper for any book which is to be subjected to perusal, and cloth is too flimsy and shaky in its attachment to the book, however cheap, for any library volumes which are to be constantly in use. It is true that since the bulk of the new books coming into any library are bound in cloth, they may be safely left in it until well worn; and by this rule all the books which nobody ever reads may be expected to last many years, if not for generations. Cloth is a very durable material, and will outlast some of the leathers, but any wetting destroys its beauty, and all colors but the darkest soon become soiled and

repulsive, if in constant use. In most libraries, I hold that every cloth-bound book which is read, must sooner or later come to have a stout leather jacket. It may go for years, especially if the book is well sewed, but to rebinding it must come at last; and the larger the volume the sooner it becomes shaky or broken at some weak spot.

The many beautiful new forms of cloth binding should have a word of praise, but the many more which we see of gaudy, fantastic, and meretricious bindings, and frightful combinations of colors must be viewed with a shudder.

Vellum, formerly much used for book-bindings, is the modern name for parchment. Parchment was the only known writing material up to the twelfth century, when paper was first invented. There are two kinds—animal and vegetable. The vegetable is made from cotton fibre or paper, by dipping it in a solution of sulphuric acid and (sometimes) gelatine, then removing the acid by a weak solution of ammonia, and smooth finishing by rolling the sheets over a heated cylinder. Vegetable parchment is used to bind any booklet which it is desired to dress in an elegant or dainty style, but is highly unsuitable for library books. Vellum proper is a much thicker material, made from the skins of calves, sheep or lambs, soaked in lime-water, and smoothed and hardened by burnishing with a hard instrument, or pumice-stone. The common vellum is made from sheepskin splits, or skivers, but the best from whole calfskins. The hard, strong texture of vellum is in its favor, but its white color and tendency to warp are fatal objections to it as a binding material.

Vellum is wholly unfit for the shelves of a library; the elegant white binding soils with dust, or the use of the hands, more quickly than any other; and the vellum warps in a dry climate, or curls up in a heated room, so as to be unmanageable upon the shelves, and a nuisance in the eyes of librarian and reader alike. The thin vegetable parchment lately in vogue for some books and booklets is too unsubstantial for anything but a lady's boudoir, where it may have its little day—"a thing of beauty," but by no means "a joy forever."

Sheepskin—once the full binding for most school-books, and for a large share of law and miscellaneous works for libraries, is now but little used, except in its disguised forms. It is too soft a leather for hard wear and tear, and

* G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

what with abrasion and breaking at the hinges (termed by binders the joints), it will give little satisfaction in the long run. Under the effect of gas and heated atmospheres sheep crumbles and turns to powder. Its cheapness is about its only merit, and even this is doubtful economy, since no binding can be called cheap that has to be rebound or repaired every few years. In the form of half-roan or buck, colored sheep presents a handsome appearance on the shelf, and in volumes or sets which are reasonably secure from frequent handling, one is sometimes justified in adopting it, as it is far less expensive than morocco. Pigskin has been recently revived as a binding material, but though extremely hard and durable, it is found to warp badly on the shelves.

Calf bindings have always been great favorites with book-lovers, and there are few things more beautiful—*prima facie*, than a volume daintily bound in light French calf, as smooth as glass, as fine as silk, with elegant gold tooling without and within, gilt edges, and fly-leaves of finest satin. I said beautiful, *prima facie*—and this calls to mind the definition of that law term by a learned Vermont jurist, who said: "Gentlemen of the jury, I must explain to you that a *prima facie* case is a case that is very good in front, but may be very bad in the rear." So of our so much lauded and really lovely calf bindings: they develop qualities in use which give us pause. Calf is the most brittle of the leathers—hence it is always breaking at the hinges; it is a very smooth leather—hence it shows every scratch instantly; it is a light and delicate leather—hence it shows soils and stains more quickly than any other. Out of every hundred calf-bound volumes in any well-used library, there will not remain ten which have not had to be rebound or repaired at the end of twenty or thirty years. Heavy volumes bound in calf or half-calf leather will break by their own weight on the shelves, without any use at all; and smaller volumes are sure to have their brittle joints snapped asunder by handling sooner or later—it is only a question of time.

Next comes Russia leather, which is very thick and strong, being made of the hides of cattle, colored and perfumed by the oil of birch, and made chiefly in Russia. The objections to this leather are its great cost, its stiffness and want of elasticity, and its tendency to dessicate and lose all its tenacity in the dry or heated atmosphere of our libraries.

Lastly, we have morocco leather, so called because it was brought from Morocco, in Africa, and still we get the best from thence, and from the Mediterranean ports of the Levant—whence comes another name for the best of this favorite

leather, "Levant morocco," which is the skin of the mountain goat, and reckoned superior to all other leathers. The characteristics of the genuine morocco, sometimes called Turkey morocco, having a pebbled grain, distinguishing it from the smooth morocco, are its toughness and durability, combined with softness and flexibility. It has a very tenacious fibre, and I have never found a real morocco binding broken at the hinges. The old proverb—"there is nothing like leather"—is pregnant with meaning, and especially applies to the best of morocco. As no material yet discovered in so many ages can take the place of leather for footwear and for harness, such is its tenacity and elasticity—so for book coverings, to withstand wear and tear, good leather is indispensable. There are thoroughly-bound books existing which are five centuries old—representing about the time when leather began to replace wood and metals for binding. The three great enemies of books are too great heat, too much moisture, and coal gas, which produces a sulphurous acid very destructive to bindings, and should never be used in libraries. From the dangers which destroy calf and Russia leather, morocco is measurably free. . . .

Of the various imitations of leather, or substitutes for it, we have leatherette, leather-cloth, duck, fibrette, feltine, and buckram. Buckram and duck are strong cotton or linen fabrics, made of different colors, and sometimes figured or embossed to give them somewhat the look of leather. Hitherto, they are made mostly in England, and I have learned of no American experience in their favor except the use of stout duck for covering blank books and binding newspapers. The use of buckram has been mostly abandoned by the libraries. Morocco cloth is American, but has no advantage over plain muslin or book cloth, that I am aware of. Leatherette, made principally of paper, colored and embossed to simulate morocco leather, appears to have dropped out of use almost as fast as it came in, having no quality of permanence, elegance, or even of great cheapness to commend it.

Both feltine and fibrette are made of paper—tear quickly, and are unfit for use on any book that is ever likely to be read. All these imitations of leather are made of paper as their basis.

Corners made of vellum or parchment are more durable than any other leather. When dry, the parchment becomes as hard almost as iron and resists falls or abrasion. To use it on books where the backs are of leather is a departure from the uniformity or harmony of style insisted upon by many, but in binding books that are to be greatly worn, use should come before beauty.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

Since the retirement of Joel Chandler Harris from the staff of the *Atlanta Constitution* on September 1, after having served the paper for nearly twenty-five years as its leading editorial writer, many interesting anecdotes concerning him have been told. Perhaps not the least interesting is one which tells how he began to write negro dialect stories. Mr. Harris, says the *Detroit Free Press*, began to write the *Constitution's* leading editorials in 1876, and when he undertook this work he had no idea of doing anything else. But Samuel W. Small, now widely known throughout the country by the prefix of "Rev.," had been very successful as the predecessor of Mr. Harris in writing negro dialect stories over the nom de plume of "Uncle Si," and Capt. Evan P. Howell, who was then the editor-in-chief of the paper, approached him on the subject of writing similar contributions. "Harris," said Capt. Howell one day when the former had been writing editorials some two weeks or more, "suppose you try your hand at writing dialect stories like those of Sam Small. They are good things for the paper and everybody is talking about them. Can't you get up one for to-morrow's paper in addition to your editorial work?" Mr. Harris looked up at Capt. Howell in astonishment and then replied with some hesitation: "Why, Captain, I never undertook to write dialect stories in my life. I don't believe I can do it. You will have to let me off." "You don't mean to tell me you can't write dialect stories, Harris," replied Capt. Howell. "You know you can. Granting that you have never tried your hand at it, I am nevertheless satisfied that you can write as good dialect stories as Sam Small. You have an acute sense of humor and you can sit down and tell plantation stories by the hour. So give us something in negro dialect for to-morrow's paper. When Mr. Harris was left alone after this brief interview he began to knit his eyebrows in profound study over Capt. Howell's suggestion. On trying to revive his recollections of plantation days in old Putnam County, where he was born, he found that he was in possession of an abundance of material for dialect stories. But could he write them in such a style as to catch the popular ear? This was what troubled him. Finally he decided to make an attempt, and after selecting the story which pleased him best he began to tell it just as he had heard it first from the lips of one of the old negroes on the plantation. He found that his idea of negro

dialect differed in some material respects from Sam Small's, but he preferred to be original, and without imitating "Uncle Si's" mannerisms he set about the task of producing his first dialect story according to his own notion. When he had finished it he began to cast about for an appropriate name to give the old negro into whose mouth he had put the story, and finally decided upon the name of "Uncle Remus." Mr. Harris was better satisfied with his work that he thought he would be, but still he was not easy in mind because he could not foresee how the story would be received. But his anxieties were soon dispelled. When the paper came out the next morning with his story occupying a corner on the editorial page everybody was captivated with it and wanted to know who Uncle Remus was. They found the humor of the story delicious and the dialect correct, even those who raved over Uncle Si were quick enough to admit that Uncle Remus was even better. Capt. Howell was besieged with inquiries from people in every part of the city wanting to know something about this new writer of dialect stories who called himself "Uncle Remus," and soon letters of inquiry began to pour in from every part of the State. Uncle Remus was a success from the start. He was genuine. He was an embodiment of the humor, the pathos, the philosophy and the superstition of the antebellum negro, and every one that knew the subject recognized the fidelity of the portraiture. On the morning of this eventful day in the life of Mr. Harris, when his first negro story appeared, Capt. Howell went into his room and greeted him with smiles which even more warmly than words bespoke his congratulations. "Well, Harris," said he, "you're a trump. If you just keep up that luck your fortune is made. Everybody is talking about Uncle Remus, so give us another story." Without abandoning his editorial duties Mr. Harris continued to furnish negro dialect stories to the paper almost daily, and as an evidence of the popularity which they speedily acquired, they were no sooner published than they were copied extensively by newspapers all over the United States. Soon Mr. Harris found himself in receipt of numerous letters from magazines and other periodicals asking for dialect contributions. He filled most of the orders that he received, but he continued steadily to toil away at his editorial work on the paper, and as an evidence of his industrious habits and his systematic methods of work he was enabled during his twenty-five

years of laborious service on the paper to produce not less than eighteen or twenty books in addition to his regular work. Though Mr. Harris is best known to the world of literature as the creator of "Uncle Remus," he has lately acquired additional laurels as the creator of "Aunt Minervy Ann," whom many regard as superior to Uncle Remus. Mr. Harris has given up editorial work on the Constitution in response to the demands of his outside literary work, which during the past few years has been steadily increasing. He retires from the paper not only with the good will but with the warm affection of every member of the staff, and he will no doubt continue to enrich its columns from time to time with frequent contributions. But being no longer fettered by the exactions of irksome routine work, it is more than likely that American literature will richly profit by his retirement from journalism. He is now in the meridian of physical and intellectual powers, and many years of usefulness lie in prospect before him. May he long continue to charm the public with his delightful stories of Southern life and to bind his brow with fresh laurels.

After an absence of five years Mark Twain returned last month to his home from "a tour around the world to pay his debts." In a tribute in the New York Times, Major Pond discusses the humorist and his remarkable five years' trip as follows: On the fifteenth of July, 1895, he began his tour in Cleveland. The great Music Hall there gave him a send-off with an audience of over 3,000 people who packed the building, on a mid-July night, with the mercury in the nineties. He had been very ill, subject to many annoyances from being dragged from a sick bed to appear in supplementary proceedings in New York the day before starting, and suffering from a huge carbuncle that had kept him confined to his home for seven weeks. In my announcement of the tour across the continent "Mark" suggested to me that traveling around the world was nothing as everybody did that, but what he was traveling for was unusual; everybody didn't do that. From Cleveland he went by the steamers Northland and Northwest to Duluth, Minn., and St. Paul and Winnipeg, and over the Great Northern route to Puget Sound, Vancouver, and Victoria, B. C., where he sailed on the 21st day of August by steamship Warrimoo for Australia, having delivered twenty-four lectures in twenty-two cities. It was not until he reached Great Falls, Mon., half way across the continent, that Mark was able to leave his hotel, except as he was driven to and from the lecture hall or took a short walk,

but a greater exhibition of courage and determination I never witnessed than in these struggles from day to day to carry through the work he had planned for ridding himself of the bondage of debt. At Seattle he was interviewed by his nephew, Mr. Samuel Moffett of The San Francisco Examiner, when he gave himself four years to make money enough to pay his debts. Two years from that time he wrote me from Lucerne, Switzerland, that he was now satisfied that those debts would be paid off a year earlier than the prophecy and without any further help from the platform, and that he was now a cheerful man; that he had managed to pull through the lecture campaign, although from the first night in Cleveland to the last one in Cape Town it has been pretty hard work; that he believed that in Cape Town he stood on a platform for the last time. Later I wrote, offering him \$10,000 if he would deliver ten lectures on his return home this autumn. He replied that no terms I could offer would remove his prejudice against the platform. He had lectured once in Vienna and once in Budapest for fun, not for money; that he liked to talk for nothing about twice a year; but talking for money was work, and "that takes the pleasure out of it." I consider Mark Twain one of the greatest geniuses of our time. I think I know him better than he is known to most men—wide as his circle of acquaintance is, big as his reputation is. He is as great a man as he is a genius, too. Tenderness and sensitiveness are his two strongest traits. He has one of the best hearts that ever beat. One must know him well fully to discern all of his best traits. I sometimes think that he fights shy of having it generally suspected that he is kind and tender-hearted, but many of his friends do know it. He possesses some of the frontier traits—a fierce spirit of retaliation and the absolute confidence that lifelong "partners" in the Western sense develop. Injure him and he is merciless, especially if you betray his confidence. Gen. Grant and "Mark Twain" were the greatest of friends. C. L. Webster & Co. (Mark Twain) published Gen. Grant's Memoirs. Yet how like and unlike are the careers of the soldier and the citizen! Grant, poor, a tanner, a small farmer, selling cordwood for a living, with fewer prospects for rising than any ex-West Pointer in the army; then the greatest military reputation of any age; twice President of the United States, the most honored guest of peoples and rulers who ever made the circuit of the earth. "Mark Twain," a printer's apprentice in a small Missouri River town, then a "tramping jour" printer, a Missouri River roustabout, guarding freight piles all night on the levee for

pocket money; a river pilot, a rebel guerrilla, a reporter in a Nevada mining town, then suddenly the most famous author of the age, a man of society, the most aristocratic clubs of America and all around the civilized globe flung open to him; adopted with all the honors into one of the most exclusive societies on this continent; the favored companion of the most cultivated spirits of the age, welcomed abroad in all Courts almost as a crowned head. "Peace hath its victories," etc. There is indeed another parallel between Grant and "Twain." Grant found himself impoverished two years before his death, when was left to him the most heroic part of his life work, to write his memoirs (while he knew he was dying), for which, through his publishers, C. L. Webster & Co., (Twain,) his family received nearly \$500,000. That firm failed in 1894, leaving liabilities to the amount of \$80,000 over and above all it owned, for "Mark" to pay, and which he has earned with his voice and pen in a tour around the world, paying every creditor in full, in one year less time than he calculated when he started in Cleveland on July 15, 1895. Yes, there is a parallel between the two great heroes, more like than unlike. It is an enviable homecoming this most popular writer in the English language is having.

The death of Charles Dudley Warner, on the nineteenth of October, removed a conspicuous figure from the rapidly thinning ranks of our older authors, causing heartfelt grief to the thousands of his personal acquaintances and the tens of thousands of his friendly readers. Among our men of letters, the oldest group now represented among the living is the one which was born in the third decade of the century, and to that group, says *The Dial*, Mr. Warner belonged. It was a notable set of men, for it included among the dead such names as Parkman, Curtis, Baker, Taylor, Frothingham, Whitchild, Winthrop, Read, Hayne, and Johnston, and still happily included among the living the honored names of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Donald G. Mitchell, Col. T. W. Higginson, Charles G. Leland, Richard H. Stoddard, Henry C. Lea, Charles Eliot Norton, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. With the last-named of these men Mr. Warner was exactly contemporary, having 1829 for the year of his birth. Mr. Warner's long and busy career included many things besides literature in its activities, and for some time, at least, the pursuit of letters was rather an incidental occupation than a chosen vocation. Born in Massachusetts, he was educated in New York, and was graduated from Hamilton in 1851. Meanwhile, he had been a

druggist's assistant and a post office clerk, and was ambitious to become a Congressman. He went to Missouri with a surveyors' party, returned to civilization to study law at the University of Pennsylvania, and then practiced his profession in Chicago. Just before the Civil War he was invited to an editorial position by his friend, Joseph R. Hawley, of the Hartford Press. When Mr. Hawley took the field, his young assistant was left in charge of the paper, which afterward became merged in the Hartford Courant, with Mr. Warner as one of its owners. This journalistic connection was continued through the rest of his life, although he freed himself from the routine work in later years. Mr. Warner's graduation from journalism into literature may be said to date from the publication, in 1870, of *My Summer in a Garden*. This book consisted of sketches that had been written for the Courant, and which achieved instant success when they appeared in book form. Even the English public was won, and the *Quarterly Review* said of the book that "Charles Lamb might have written it if he had had a garden." This volume was soon followed by *Saunterings*, *Backlog Studies*, *Baddeck and That Sort of Thing*, *Being a Boy*, *In the Wilderness*, *My Winter on the Nile*, and *In the Levant*, all published during the seventies, besides a share in the writing of *The Gilded Age*. The essay, descriptive or sentimental, had become his favorite form of composition, and he infused into these books no small amount of genial humor and delicate criticism of things and scenes, of men and books. At a later period, his essay-writing was done chiefly for Harper's Magazine, in whose pages he held monthly discourse for many years—the sort of writing which we find in his two small volumes, *As We Were Saying* and *As We Go*. As editor of the *American Men of Letters* series, he displayed good judgment in his selection of writers, and himself undertook the biography of Irving, which is one of the most satisfactory volumes of the collection. He was the nominal editor of the *Library of the World's Best Literature*, although his brother, Mr. George H. Warner, shouldered most of the detail of this editorial undertaking. His foreign travels, illustrated by two titles already given, are still further recorded in the pages of *A Roundabout Journey*, but, on the whole, he preferred the investigation of his own country to his European saunterings, and his numerous trips through different regions of the United States bore fruit in such books as *Their Pilgrimage*, *On Horseback*, *Our Italy*, and *Studies in the South and West*. Charming as are these many volumes of essays and "impressions de voyage," we are inclined to believe that Mr.

Warner made his most enduring contribution to literature when he wrote, during the last ten years of his life, the series of three novels which provide so suggestive a portrayal of what American life has become in its older centres of civilization, and in these latter days of frenzied commercialism and pitiful social ideals. *A Little Journey in the World*, *The Golden House*, and *That Fortune*, make up a sort of noveltrilogy which will always have deep interest as a set of social documents, and which comes near to the high-water mark of American fiction. There is in these books a ripper thought and a deeper humanity than were wont to characterize the author's earlier writings; if they are lacking in the quality that goes to the making of the best class of novels, it is because they are essentially the product of the critical rather than of the creative intellect. But their mellow optimism, and their persistent exaltation of ideals of conduct that have gone too much out of fashion of late years, give these three novels a place all but the highest in our fiction, and set a worthy crown upon the activities of a long and helpful life. Mr. Warner was what is known as a public-spirited man. His energies were enlisted in behalf of many good causes, from abolition to prison reform, from the Egypt Exploration Fund to the Park Commission of his adopted city. Many topics of education and social science engaged both his pen and his tongue, for he was a ready public speaker, at once genial and forcible in the presentation of whatever cause might have enlisted his convictions. The city of Chicago remembered him as a young lawyer in the fifties, and welcomed him upon his many subsequent visits. And the Twentieth Century Club of this city is proud of the fact that he was the first speaker to address its members, when it was organized eleven years ago. The place which his death has left vacant in our literary life will not easily be filled, and the circles that may know his living presence no more will long hold his personality in affectionate remembrance.

Una L. Silberrad, whose *The Lady of Dreams* has just been published by Doubleday, Page & Co., is the heroine of a career not unlike that of Charlotte Brontë, whom she brings to mind in many other ways. She is of mingled German and Spanish ancestry, and was born less than thirty years ago in a small village of Essex, England, which has ever since remained her home. The oldest daughter of a large family, she has long been the head of her father's household, and it was in the scant leisure of successive Sunday afternoons that she began and finished *The*

Enchanter. This book, the fruit of five years of labor, was published in November, 1899, and at once welcomed by the discerning as displaying rare creative gifts. These are again in evidence in *The Lady of Dreams*, which deals in a quiet but compelling way with life in the poorer quarter of London. Should further work by its author redeem the pledges of vitality and power she has already given she is sure to take rank at an early day among the most finished women writers of England.

Edward Bok, editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, will make his first appearance in the East as a lecturer this winter. Two years ago he made a tour of the South and Southwest, where he was greeted with crowded houses. For his Eastern appearance he will have a new lecture entitled *Explaining the Editor*, which has never been delivered. It is an informal talk, in which the aim is to tell the public something about the way editors of popular magazines do their work, how many manuscripts a year are received, how many are accepted, and why most of them are declined; to answer the questions, "Are all manuscripts really read?" "Is everything sacrificed to famous names?" "Do cliques exist in magazine offices?"; to explain how young writers are nursed and developed, and to state what prices are paid to authors, why magazines do not print better material, and so on. Mr. Bok will deliver his lecture for the first time at Vassar College.

Edwin Asa Dix, the author of *Deacon Bradbury*, the novel of New England life which has already gone through seven editions, is about forty years of age and was born and formerly lived in Newark, N. J. He was graduated in 1881 at Princeton, where he took the highest honor in his class, winning the first place in scholarship, and being made Latin salutatorian and a Fellow in History. He is a lawyer by profession, though he has not practiced for a number of years. He was at one time literary editor of *The Churchman*. Mr. Dix has lived in different parts of this country, has visited Europe many times, and has made a tour around the world. Ten years ago (1890) he published *A Midsummer Drive Through the Pyrenees*, describing a beautiful and interesting region singularly little known and almost unvisited by American travelers. He knows the Green Mountains well, but his story of a Vermont farmer was written in the Alps.

It may not be generally known that the real name of the famous juvenile writer, James Otis,

is James Otis Kaler, and that his home is in Portland, Maine. He made a decided hit with Toby Tyler in 1880, and he has followed his first success with more than seventy books. Three recent volumes from his pen are among the holiday announcements of Dana Estes & Co. Boston Boys of 1775 is an exciting boys' story relating the adventures of two young American spies during the occupation of Boston by the British. Fighting for the Empire is a spirited history of the South African war. The Armed Ship America; or, When We Sailed from Salem, is the latest volume in the well-known Privateers of 1812 Series.

The Rev. W. A. P. Martin, author of A Cycle of Cathay, who recently arrived in New York from China, is hard at work putting the finishing touches to a volume which will perhaps be the first to tell the story of the siege of the legations in Peking. Dr. Martin was within the walls of the British Legation during those fateful days, and he kept a careful record of events. The book, a title for which has not yet been selected, will be published before the end of the year, with appropriate illustrations, by the Fleming H. Revell Company. Dr. Martin was for several years, until the Boxer trouble, in the employ of the Chinese Government as President of the Imperial University.

Mrs. Helen R. Albee, the author of Mountain Playmates, just published, was born in Dayton, Ohio, and is a graduate of the Dayton High School. Her family later moved to Indianapolis, and she finally undertook the study of designing under John Ward Stinson, in New York City. In 1894 she married Mr. John Albee, of Newcastle, N. H., and from this time on her life has been spent wholly in the country, either at the coast or in the White Mountains. The "playmates" of her story had their home and playground on a hill-top near Mount Chocorua, in New Hampshire.

The Daily Chronicle, in connection with their review of Miss Braddon's novel, *The Infidel*, commend her attempt to edify a serious audience, but are inclined to believe that the veteran novelist need not exert herself unnecessarily to win lasting recognition. The day is fast coming, says *The Chronicle*, when the writer who consents or desires merely to interest, who achieves a splendid popularity, who makes a shelf full of novels with a circulation of 50,000 copies apiece, can no longer be denied a chair in the academy of letters or dismissed as inartistic. Miss Braddon

has always been interesting, has never been dull, has represented varied life very much as it is—and this for thirty years or so. Some day a very serious article will be written about her "art" in the Nineteenth Century, and the atonement of the literary world which has described her as a yellow-back railway novelist will be complete. Miss Braddon has written over sixty novels since 1862. Previous to entering upon her literary career she appeared on the stage, having made her debut at the Brighton Theatre Royal in 1857. During the five months following her initial performance she impersonated fifty-eight different characters. Her stage name was Mary Leyton. Though she is now known to the public as Miss Braddon, she is really Mrs. Maxwell and a widow.

The Venetian Republic, by W. Carew Hazlitt, which the Macmillan Company has just published, may be considered its author's life work. Even the Italian bibliography of the subject fails to show a work of broader scope, higher scholarship, and more fascinating character, for Mr. Hazlitt has combined the qualities of historian with those of the artistic and political critic. His early enthusiasm for this subject found expression in an effort made in 1850, and in another ten years later in four octavo volumes, but which he now passes aside as a mere sketch done in his youth. How he first gained his inspiration he thus informs us: "When the present writer was about three-and-twenty, as a consequence of having accidentally met with Mr. Smedley's Sketches from Venetian History, the adventurous design formed itself in his mind of contributing to English literature a work on the same subject more detailed and more comprehensive. His experience was simply a negative quantity, or the oft-cited x; he knew very little about Venice; he was not conversant with the literature of the republic and with the available material; he did not understand Italian, and he had never seen the place of which he proposed himself as the historian."

The Rev. John White Chadwick, who has been interested with his wife in the compilation of several volumes of selected poetry, was born at Marblehead, Mass., in October, 1840, and is a graduate of Cambridge Divinity School. Mr. Chadwick is also the author of two volumes of poetry, which have been deservedly popular, and of several theological works of more than ordinary interest. His latest literary work, a volume entitled *Theodore Parker, Preacher and Reformer*, has just been published by the Riverside Press.

Napoleon at St. Helena

BY LORD ROSEBERRY

Lord Roseberry, in his *Napoleon, The Last Phase*,* has critically sifted the literature relating to the St. Helena days. He studies briefly the character and temperament of the men who surrounded Napoleon, and by the result of that study weighs their testimony. A chapter is devoted to Napoleon's tactless and discourteous jailer, Sir Hudson Lowe. The picture of the great Napoleon awaiting the release of death is vividly drawn. Our reading is from the chapters, *The Emperor at Home* and *The Conversations of Napoleon*.

The one pleasure of the captive's life was an arrival of books. Then he would shut himself up with them for days together—bathing in them, reveling in them, feasting on them. But, indeed, he was always inclined to remain in the house. He hated the signs of prison, the sentries, the orderly officers. By remaining at home, he tells Gourgaud, he preserves his dignity; there he is always Emperor, and that is the only way in which he can live. So he tries to obtain exercise indoors. Lowe reports on one occasion that the Emperor had constructed a sort of hobby-horse made of crossbeams. He sat at one end of the beam, with the heavy weight at the other, and played a sort of see-saw. But these specifics would fail, and in his deprivation of exercise he would become ill, he would be touched with scurvy, his legs would swell, and he would derive a morbid satisfaction from the reflection that he was suffering from the governor's restrictions. Then, in the last year of his life, he determined to live again. He rode a little, but his main interest was in his garden. Surrounded by a gang of Chinese laborers, he would plan and swelter and dig; for to dig he was not ashamed. . . .

His unlucky suite had to delve, whether they liked or not. But this was, perhaps, a not unwelcome change of labor. For indoors their work was hard. Napoleon hated writing, and had almost lost the art, for what he did write was illegible. It is recorded that on his marriage he, with incredible difficulty, managed to write a short note to his father-in-law. With infinite pains his secretaries contrived to make it presentable. He could only dictate; and he dictated with a vengeance. On one occasion at Longwood he is stated to have dictated for fourteen hours at a stretch, with only short intervals from time to time to read over what had been written. Shorthand was unknown to his household, so the

operation was severe; though Las Cases did invent for himself some sort of hieroglyphic system. Moreover, he sometimes dictated all night. Gourgaud would be sent for at four in the morning to take the place of the exhausted Montholon. He would cheer his secretaries by telling them that they should have the copyright of what they wrote, which would bring them in vast sums. But this illusion did not quench their groans, and, indeed, in bitterer moments he told them that if they were under the impression that their work belonged to them, they made a great mistake. What was the result of all this dictation we do not know—some of it probably is yet unpublished. But there is a great bulk in print, and some material may have been utilized in other ways, as in the *Letters from the Cape*. Gourgaud, indeed, suspected the Emperor of several compositions—of the *Manuscript de Ste. Hélène*, for example, which he certainly did not write, and of an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, which was composed by Allen at Holland House, from information supplied by Cardinal Fesch and Louis Bonaparte. It is probable that there was a good deal of dictated inspiration constantly proceeding from St. Helena to Europe; and Gourgaud blames the Emperor for producing so many pamphlets. Some of these manuscripts were buried in a corner of the garden, and did not, apparently, see the light. . . .

He played at some games—billiards, in a careless fashion; reversi, which he had been used to play as a child; and chess. At chess he was eminently unskilful, and it taxed all the courtliness of his suite to avoid defeating him, a simple trickery which he sometimes perceived. On the Northumberland he had played *vingt-et-un*, but prohibited it when he found that it produced gambling. At all games he liked to cheat, flagrantly and undisguisedly, as a joke; but refused, of course, to take the money thus won, saying, with a laugh, "What simpletons you are! It is thus that young fellows of good family are ruined."

It was apparently a solace to him to read aloud, though he did not read remarkably well, and had no ear for the cadences of poetry. But one of the difficulties of those who like reading aloud is to find an appreciative audience, and so it was in the present case. Montholon tells us of one, at least, who slumbered (we suspect Gourgaud at once), a circumstance which the Emperor did

* Harper & Bros. \$3.00.

not forget. On another occasion Gourgaud remarks of a French play: "The Awakened Sleeper Sends Us to Sleep." When the Emperor reads aloud his own memoirs the same genial companion criticises them with such severity that Napoleon declines to read them aloud any more. At one reading, however, (of Paul and Virginia), Gourgaud weeps outright, while Mme. de Montholon complains that recitals so harrowing disturb the digestion. . . .

He had always been a great reader, though he declared that in his public life he only read what was of direct use for his purposes. When he was a scholar at Brienne the frequency of his demands for books was the torment of the college librarian. When he was a lieutenant in garrison at Valence he read ravenously and indiscriminately everything he could lay his hands on. "When I was a lieutenant of artillery," he said, before the collected princes at Erfurt, "I was for three years in garrison at Valence. I spent that time in reading and re-reading the library there." Later, we read of his tearing along to join his armies, his coach full of books and pamphlets, which would be flung out of the window when he had run through them. When he traveled with Josephine, all the newest books were put into the carriage for her to read to him. And though he declared that his reading was purely practical, he always had a traveling library of general literature, with which he took great pains. He had planned a portable collection of three thousand choice volumes which should be printed for him. But when he found it would take six years, and a quarter of a million sterling, to complete, he wisely abandoned the project. Even to Waterloo he was accompanied by a traveling library of eight hundred volumes in six cases—the Bible, Homer, Ossian, Bossuet, and all the seventy volumes of Voltaire. Three days after his final abdication we find him writing for a library from Malmaison, books on America, his chosen destination, books on himself and his campaigns, a collection of the *Moniteur*, the best dictionaries and encyclopædias. Now, in his solitude, he devoured them—history, philosophy, strategy and memoirs. Of these last alone he read seventy-two volumes in twelve months.

What strikes one most in his habits is the weariness and futility of it all. One is irresistibly reminded of a caged animal walking restlessly and aimlessly up and down his confined den, and watching the outside world with the fierce despair of his wild eye. If Gourgaud was bored to death, what must the Emperor have been!

He is, as a rule, calm and stoical. Sometimes,

indeed, he consoles himself with a sort of abstract grandeur; sometimes he gives a sublime groan. "Adversity was wanting to my career," he says. He takes up one of the official year-books of his reign. "It was a fine empire. I ruled eighty-three millions of human beings—more than half the population of Europe." He attempts to control his emotion, as he turns over the book, even to hum a tune, but is too visibly affected. Another time he sits in silence, his head resting on his hands. At last he rises. "After all, what a romance my life has been!" he exclaims, and walks out of the room. Nor does fame console him, for he doubts it. "All the institutions that I founded are being destroyed, such as the University and the Legion of Honor, and I shall soon be forgotten." And again: "History will scarcely mention me, for I was overthrown. Had I been able to maintain my dynasty, it had been different." Misgiving of the future, self-reproach for the past, the monotony of a suppressed life, these were the daily torments that corroded his soul. For six years he supped the bitterness of slow, remorseful, desolate death. . . .

He talks freely of his family. And it is perhaps his frankness in this respect that chiefly distinguishes him from a sovereign born in the purple. No one can conceive the contemporary emperors, Alexander or Francis, conversing with their suites on the most intimate family matters. One might almost say that this is the note of distinction between the legitimate and the parvenu sovereign. At any rate, the Empress Catherine, who was born remote from the prospect of a throne, had this surprising candor.

His family was, he says, among the first in Corsica, and he had still a great number of cousins in the island. He reckons them, indeed, at eighty. He was sure that a number of these were among the band of Corsicans who followed Murat in his mad and fatal attempt at Pizzo; though as a matter of fact the clan Bonaparte in Corsica would have nothing to do with Murat or his expedition. But he did not care to be considered a Corsican at all. In the first place, he was French: "I was born in 1769, when Corsica had been united to France"; though his enemies accused him of having exchanged birthdays with Joseph, who was born in 1768, and so before the union. A tactless mayor of Lyons, under this belief, had innocently complimented him on having done so much for France, though not a Frenchman. But, secondly, putting his French nationality aside, he protested that he was rather Italian or Tuscan than Corsican. Two centuries ago his family lived in Tuscany. "I have one foot in Italy, and one in France." It

is obvious to the candid reader that both feet were politically of use to him, for he reigned in France and Italy. His Corsican origin, was of no use to him, and was, therefore, minimized.

He makes some curious remarks about his descent. There was a tendency at one time to prove it from the Man in the Iron Mask. It came about in this way. The Governor of Pignerol, where the mysterious prisoner was confined, was named Bompars: he was said to have married his daughter to the captive (who was, in the belief of Napoleon, the brother of Louis XIV.), and smuggled them off to Corsica under the name of Bonaparte. "I had only to say the word," said the Emperor, "and this fable would have been believed."

He receives a letter from his mother, and, though he tore it up, is sufficiently moved by it to quote it to his companions. Its tenderness, indeed, might well affect a son; for she wishes, old and blind as she is, to come to St. Helena. "I am very old," she writes, "to make a journey of three thousand leagues. I should die perhaps on the way, but, never mind, I should die nearer you." His nurse, who long survived him, and whom he remembered affectionately in his will, came to Paris for the coronation, where the Pope took so much notice of her that his mother was almost jealous.

Even of his wives he is not chary of talking, nor is he sparing of the most intimate details about both. He wonders if he ever really loved anybody. If so, it was Josephine—a little. She indeed always lied, but always cleverly, except with regard to her age. As to that she got into such a tangle that her statements could only be reconciled on the hypothesis that Eugene was twelve years when he was born. She never asked anything for herself or her children, but made mountains of debt. Her greatest defect was a vigilant and constant jealousy. However, she was not jealous of Marie Louise, though the latter was extremely susceptible as to her predecessor. When the Emperor tried to take his second wife to see his first, the former burst into tears, and she endeavored by every possible ruse and device to prevent his going there.

Marie Louise, he declares, was innocence itself, and really loved him. Had she not been influenced by that wretch (canaille) Mme. de Montebello, and by Corvisart, who was a scoundrel (misérable), she, too, would have followed him to Elba. "And then her father has placed that polisson Niepperg by her side." This is perhaps the only avowal which we have from Napoleon, who kept up appearances gallantly to the last, that he was aware of his wife's infidelity;

though Lavallette informed him of it during the Hundred Days, and his suite were all gossiping about the scandal. Still he always praises Marie Louise and gives, in sum, the following account of her. She was never at ease with the French, remembering they had killed her aunt Marie Antoinette. She was always truthful and discreet, and courteous to all, even those whom she most detested. She was cleverer than her father, whom alone of her family she loved; she could not bear her stepmother. Different in this from Josephine, she was delighted when she received ten thousand francs to spend. One could have trusted her with any secret, and she had been enjoined at Vienna to obey Napoleon in everything. She was a charming child, a good woman, and had saved his life. And yet, all said and done, he loved Josephine better. Josephine was a true woman, she was his choice, they had risen together. He loved her person, her grace. "She would have followed me to Elba," he says, with oblique reproach. Had she had a child of his, he would never have left her. It would have been better so for her, and for France. For it was Austria that lost him. But for the Austrian marriage, he would never have made war on Russia. He declares that he has made up his mind, should Marie Louise die, not to marry again. Considering the circumstances in which he was placed, at St. Helena, there is something half comic, half tragic, in the declaration.

To his little son he makes one bitter allusion. Gourgaud, on the 15th of August, the imperial festival, presents the Emperor with a bouquet as if from the King of Rome. "Bah!" says Napoleon rudely, "the King of Rome thinks no more of me than he does of you." But that his thoughts were always with the boy his will, and, indeed, his conversation sufficiently prove. It was his intention, he says, to have given the Kingdom of all Italy, with Rome as the capital, to his second son, had he had one.

Caroline, who married Murat, was considered, he tells us, in childhood to be the dunce and Cinderella of the family. But she developed favorably, and became a capable and handsome woman. He cannot, however, disguise his fury with her second marriage. He can scarcely believe it—after twenty years of marriage, within fifteen months of the violent death of her husband, with children grown up, that she should marry again, publicly, and where, of all places?—at Vienna. If the news be true, it will have astonished him more than anything that ever happened. Human nature is indeed strange. And then explodes his inmost thought: "Ah! la coquine, la coquine, l'amour la toujours conduite."

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

Christmas-Time.....Kate Neely Festetics

The happy Christmas-time draws near;
Full are the hours of glad expectancy;
Dull cares and common for a while have flown,
And through the household music creeps a tone
Of hushed and hidden glee;
For still the blessed joy-time of the year
Is sacred unto thoughts of all the heart holds dear.

The children run about,
Trying vainly to keep out
The mischievous shining from their eyes
That might reveal the tale—
Full of some wonderful surprise,
Which none must venture even to surmise
Till Christmas lifts the veil.
The spirit of loving industry,
Of happy secrets, and of merry mystery,
Fills all the house, till every guarded room
With hidden flowers of love begins to bloom.

Even the little ones are busy too,
There is so much to do!
They fetch and carry, flutter here and there,
With most important air,
And choose their longest stockings out,
With never a thought of doubt,
The good Kriss Kringle's bounty will receive.
All things they hope, all things they believe;
May God keep whole.

The sweet child-trust in each young, innocent soul!

The dear house-mother smiles,
And does not seem to see
Herself entangled also in the wiles
Of Christmas mystery.
With well-feigned sober mien,
And lip and brow serene,
Her cunningest devices she applies
To slip the scrutiny of eager eyes,
And hides away upon the closet-shelf
Parcels of shape and size
That could have only come from Santa Claus him-
self.

The busy hum pervades
Kitchen as well as hall,
And dainties hidden from the schoolboy's raids
Come forth in answer to the Christmas call.
Odors of spice and plum
From the far precincts come;
And sounds suggestively (now the eggs they beat,
Now chop the apples) tempt the little feet,
Brighten the laughing eyes,
And set small mouths a-watering
For Christmas cake and pies.

The blessed day draws nigh;
The ruddy lads come in, their arms piled high
With Christmas boughs of cedar, fir, and pine,
Red-berried holly and green ivy-vine.
The incense like perfume
Hallows each happy room;
The house is beautiful with Christmas cheer;
It is the gay time of the year!

O Christ, who on this Christmas morn,
Long years ago,
While angels sang the chime
For the first Christmas-time,

Of a poor maid was born,
And laidst thy kingly head
Beneath the humble shed
Where sad-eyed oxen munch the bruised corn,
And milch-kine for their weanlings low—
O Christ, be pitiful this day!
Let none un-Christmased go;
Let no poor wretch in vain for help implore,
Let none from any door,
Unwarmed, unfed,
No kind word said,
Helpless, be turned away.
For thine own sake, we pray!

*The Conscience and Future Judgment.....Chas. W. Stubbs**

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased.

And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the question and answer
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with terrible might.

And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting,
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment day to be,
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough to me.

And I thought of a far-away warning
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now was the present time.

And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave,
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.

Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew that the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday.

And I prayed that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave;
That I may not cry in the future
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson,
Which I ought to have learned before;
And which though I learned by dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.

*Printed by request.

So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time shall cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

Barbara Allen's Cruelty.....Anonymous

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay
For love o' Barbara Allen.
He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwelling;
"Oh haste and come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."
Slowly, slowly rose she up,
And she cam' where he was lying;
And when she drew the curtain by,
Says, "Young man, I think you're dying."
"Oh, it's I am sick, and very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allen."
"Oh the better for me ye'se never be,
Tho' your heart's blud were a-spilling!
"Oh, dinna ye min', young man," she says,
"When the red wine ye were filling,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And ye slighted Barbara Allen?"
He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was wi' him dealing:
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a';
Be kind to Barbara Allen."
As she was walking o'er the fields,
She heard the dead-bell knelling;
And every jow the dead-bell gave,
It cried, "Woe to Barbara Allen!"
"Oh, mother, mother, mak' my bed,
To lay me down in sorrow.
My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow."

The Romance of a Rose.....Nora Perry

It is nearly a hundred years ago
Since the day the Count De Rochambeau—
Our ally against the British crown—
Met Washington in Newport town.
'Twas the month of March, and the air was chill,
But, bareheaded, over Aquidneck hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side in grand display
A gallant army, French and fine,
Was ranged three deep in a glittering line;
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Conanicut shore;
And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.
And women out of the windows leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau;
And the gallant Marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
And kissed it back with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden where she stood,
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose
In his gold-laced coat, but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night, and day after day,
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
At feast or at church, or along the street,
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, and day after day,
Was speeding farther and farther away
From the fatal window, the fatal street,
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much, for the cool control
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;
A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below: and taking the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment of rage,
He swore, this old colonial squire,
That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
Her dangerous heart, and her beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a cursed Frenchman, high or low;
And so while the Count De Rochambeau,
In his gold-laced coat, wore a faded flower,
And waited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
On the little deck of the sloop "Delight";
Guarded even in the darkness there
By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after, a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Newport town,
Towing a wreck—'twas the sloop "Delight";
Off Hampton rocks, in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew,
And all on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,
Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale,
Then, "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, "so my fine ro-
mance,

From beginning to end, is a rose and a glance!"

A rose and a glance, with a kiss thrown in;
That was all—but enough for a promise of sin,
Thought the stern old squire, when he took the
gauge

Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage.

So the sad old story comes to a close:
'Tis a century since, but the world still goes
On the same base round, still takes the gauge
Of its highest hearts in a moment's rage.

The Bloodthirsty Weasel

By JOHN BURROUGHS

Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers,* by John Burroughs, with fifteen illustrations in color after Audubon, is a pleasant book to read, and will be enjoyed by all who are interested in the smaller animals of field and wood.

My most interesting note of the season of 1893 relates to a weasel. One day in early November, my boy and I were sitting on a rock at the edge of a tamarack swamp in the woods, hoping to get a glimpse of some grouse which we knew were in the habit of feeding in the swamp. We had not sat there very long before we heard a slight rustling in the leaves below us, which we at once fancied was made by the cautious tread of a grouse. (We had no gun.) Presently, through the thick brushy growth, we caught sight of a small animal running along, that we at first took for a red squirrel. A moment more, and it came into full view but a few yards from us, and we saw that it was a weasel. A second glance showed that it carried something in its mouth, which, as it drew near, we saw was a mouse or a mole of some sort. The weasel ran nimbly along, now the length of a decayed log, then over stones and branches, pausing a moment every three or four yards, and passed within twenty feet of us, and disappeared behind some rocks on the bank at the edge of the swamp. "He is carrying food into his den," I said; "let us watch him." In four or five minutes he reappeared, coming back over the course along which he had just passed, running over and under the same decayed log, and was soon out of sight in the swamp. We had not moved, and evidently he had not noticed us. After about six minutes we heard the same rustle as at first, and in a moment saw the weasel coming back with another mouse in his mouth. He kept to his former route as if chained to it, making the same pauses and gestures, and repeating exactly his former movements. He disappeared on our left as before, and, after a few moments' delay, reëmerged and took his course down into the swamp again. We waited about the same length of time as before, when back he came with another mouse. He evidently had a big crop of mice down there amid the bogs and bushes, and he was gathering his harvest in very industriously. We became curious to see exactly where his den was, and so walked around where he had seemed to disappear each time, and

waited. He was as punctual as usual, and was back with his game exactly on time. It happened that we had stopped within two paces of his hole, so that, as he approached it, he evidently discovered us. He paused, looked steadily at us, and then, without any sign of fear, entered his den. The entrance was not under the rocks as we had expected to find it, but was in the bank a few feet beyond them. We remained motionless for some time, but he did not reappear. Our presence had made him suspicious, and he was going to wait awhile. Then I removed some dry leaves and exposed his doorway, a small, round hole, hardly as large as the chipmunk makes, going straight down into the ground. We had a lively curiosity to get a peep into his larder. If he had been carrying in mice at this rate very long, his cellars must be packed with them. With a sharp stick I began digging into the red clayey soil, but soon encountered so many roots from near trees that I gave it up, deciding to return next day with a mattock. So I repaired the damage I had done as well as I could, replacing the leaves, and we moved off.

The next day, which was mild and still, I came back prepared, as I thought, to unearth the weasel and his treasures. I sat down where we had sat the day before and awaited developments. I was curious to know if the weasel was still carrying in his harvest. I had sat but a few minutes when I heard again the rustle in the dry leaves, and saw the weasel coming home with another mouse. I observed him till he had made three trips; about every six or seven minutes I calculated, he brought in a mouse. Then I went and stood near his hole. This time he had a fat meadow mouse. He laid it down near the entrance, went in and turned round, and reached out and drew the mouse in after him. That store of mice I am bound to see, I thought, and then fell to with the heavy mattock I followed the hole down about two feet, when it turned to the north. I kept the clue by thrusting into the passage slender twigs; these it was easy to follow. Two or three feet more and the hole branched, one part going west, the other northeast. I followed the west one a few feet till it branched. Then I turned to the easterly tunnel, and pursued it till it branched. I followed one of these ways till it divided. I began to be embarrassed and hindered by the accumulation of loose soil. Evidently this weasel had foreseen just such an assault upon

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

his castle as I was making, and had planned it accordingly. He was not to be caught napping. I found several enlargements in the various tunnels, breathing spaces, or spaces to turn around in, or to meet and chat with a companion, but nothing that looked like a terminus, a permanent living-room. I tried removing the soil a couple of paces away with the mattock, but found it slow work. I was getting warm and tired, and my task was apparently only just begun. The farther I dug, the more numerous and intricate became the passages. I concluded to stop, and come again the next day, armed with a shovel in addition to the mattock.

Accordingly, I came back on the morrow, and fell to work vigorously. I soon had quite a large excavation; I found the bank a labyrinth of passages, with here and there a large chamber. One of the latter I struck only six inches under the surface, by making a fresh breach a few feet away.

While I was leaning upon my shovel-handle and recovering my breath, I heard some light-footed creature tripping over the leaves above me just out of view, which I fancied might be a squirrel. Presently I heard the bay of a hound and the yelp of a cur, and then knew that a rabbit had passed me. The dog came hurrying after, with a great rumpus, and then presently the hunters followed. The dogs remained barking not many rods south of me on the edge of the swamp, and I knew the rabbit had run to hole. For half an hour or more I heard the hunters at work there, digging their game out; then they came along and discovered me at my work. They proved to be an old trapper and woodsman and his son. I told them what I was in quest of. "A mountain weasel," said the old man. "Seven or eight years ago I used to set deadfalls for rabbits just over there, and the game was always partly eaten up. It must have been this weasel that visited my traps." So my game was evidently an old resident of the place. This swamp, maybe, had been his hunting-ground for many years, and he had added another hall to his dwelling each year. After further digging, I struck at least one of his banqueting halls; a cavity about the size of one's hat, arched over by a network of fine tree-roots. The occupant evidently lodged or rested here also. There was a warm, dry nest, made of leaves and the fur of mice and moles. I took out two or three handfuls. In finding this chamber I had followed one of the tunnels around till it brought me within a foot of the original entrance. A few inches to one side of this cavity there was what I took to be a back alley where the weasel threw his waste; there were large masses of wet, decaying fur here, and fur pellets such as

are regurgitated by hawks and owls. In the next there was a tail of a flying squirrel, showing that the weasel sometimes had this game for supper.

I continued my digging with renewed energy; I should yet find the grand depot where all these passages centred; but the farther I excavated, the more complex and baffling the problem became; the ground was honey-combed with passages. What enemy has this weasel, I said to myself, that he should provide so many ways of escape, that he should have a back door at every turn? To corner him would be impossible; to be lost in his fortress was like being lost in Mammoth Cave. How he could bewilder his pursuer by appearing now at this door, now at that; now mocking him from the attic, now defying him from the cellar! So far, I had discovered but one entrance; but some of the chambers were so near the surface that it looked as if the planner had calculated upon an emergency when he might want to reach daylight quickly in a new place.

Finally I paused, rested upon my shovel a while, eased my aching back upon the ground, and then gave it up, feeling as I never had before the force of the old saying, that you cannot catch a weasel asleep. I had made an ugly hole in the bank, had handled over two or three times a ton or more of earth, and was apparently no nearer the weasel and his store of mice than when I began.

A few years later I had another adventure with a weasel that had its den in a bank on the margin of a muck swamp in the same neighborhood. We had cleared and drained and redeemed the swamp and made it into a garden, and I had built me a lodge there. The weasel's hunting-grounds, where doubtless he had been wont to gather his supply of mice, had been destroyed, and he had "got even" with me by preying upon my chickens. Night after night the number of chickens grew less, till one day we chanced to see the creature boldly chasing one of the larger fowls along the road near the henhouse. His career was cut short then and there by one of the men. We were then ignorant of the den in the bank a few yards away. The next season my chickens were preyed upon again; they were killed upon the roost, and their half-eaten bodies were found under the floor. One night I was awakened about midnight by that loud, desperate cry which a barn fowl gives when suddenly seized upon its roost. Was I dreaming, or was that the cry of murder from my chickens? I seized my lantern, and with my dog rushed out to where a pair of nearly grown roosters passed the nights upon a low stump. They were both gone, and the action of the dog betrayed the fresh scent of some animal. But we could get

no clue to the chickens or their enemy. I felt sure that only one of the fowls had been seized, and that the other had dashed away wildly in the darkness, which proved to be the case. The dead chicken was there under the edge of the stump, where I found it in the morning, and its companion came forth unhurt during the day. Thenceforth the chickens, big and little, were all shut up in the henhouse at night. On the third day the appetite of the weasel was keen again, and it boldly gave chase to a chicken before our eyes. I was standing in my porch with my dog, talking with my neighbor and his wife, who, with their dog, were standing in the road a few yards in front of me. A chicken suddenly screamed in the bushes up behind the rocks just beyond my friends. Then it came rushing down over the rocks past them, flying and screaming, closely pursued by a long, slim red animal, that seemed to slide over the rocks like a serpent. Its legs were so short that one saw only the swift, gliding motion of its body. Across the road into the garden, within a yard of my friends, went the pursued and the pursuer, and into the garden rushed I and my dog. The weasel seized the chicken by the wing, and was being dragged along by the latter in its effort to escape, when I arrived upon the scene. With a savage glee I had not felt for many a day, I planted my foot upon the weasel. The soft muck underneath yielded, and I held him without hurting him. He let go his hold upon the chicken and seized the sole of my shoe in his teeth. Then I reached down and gripped him with my thumb and forefinger just back of the ears, and lifted him up, and looked his impotent rage in the face. What gleaming eyes, what an array of threatening teeth, what reaching of vicious claws, what a wriggling and convulsed body! But I held him firmly. He could only scratch my hand and dart fire from his electric, bead-like eyes. In the meantime my dog was bounding up, begging to be allowed to have his way with the weasel. But I knew what he did not; I knew that in anything like a fair encounter the weasel would get first hold, would draw the first blood, and hence probably effect his escape. So I carried the animal, writhing and scratching, to a place in the road removed from any near cover, and threw him violently upon the ground, hoping thereby so to stun and bewilder him that the terrier could rush in and crush him before he recovered his wits. But I had miscalculated; the blow did indeed stun and confuse him, but he was still too quick for the dog, and had him by the lip like an electric trap. Nip lifted up his head and swung the weasel violently about in the air, trying to shake him off, uttering

a cry of rage and pain, but did not succeed in loosening the animal's hold for some moments. When he had done so, and attempted to seize him a second time, the weasel was first again, but quickly released his hold and darted about this way and that, seeking cover. Three or four times the dog was upon him, but found him each time too hot to be held. Seeing that the creature was likely to escape, I set my foot upon him again, and made a finish of him.

The weasel is the boldest and most bloodthirsty of our small mammals; indeed, none of our larger beasts are more so. There is something devilish and uncanny about it. It persists like fate; it eludes, but cannot be eluded. The terror it inspires in the smaller creatures—rats, rabbits, chipmunks—is pitiful to behold. A rat pursued by a weasel has been known to rush into a room, uttering dismal cries, and seek the protection of a man in bed.

A woman in northern Vermont discovered that something was killing her hens, often on the nest. She watched for the culprit, and at last caught a weasel in the act. It had seized the hen, and refused to let go when she tried to scare it away. Then the woman laid hold of it and tried choking it, when the weasel released its hold upon the hen and fastened its teeth into her hand between the thumb and forefinger. She could not choke it off, and ran to a neighbor for help, but no one could remove it without tearing the flesh from the woman's hand. Then some one suggested a pail of water; into this the hand and weasel were plunged, but the creature would not let go even then, and did not until it was drowned.

A farmer one day heard a queer growling sound in the grass: on approaching the spot he saw two weasels contending over a mouse; both held the mouse, pulling in opposite directions, and they were so absorbed in the struggle that the farmer cautiously put his hands down and grabbed them both by the back of the neck. He put them in a cage, and offered them bread and other food. This they refused to eat, but in a few days one of them had eaten the other up, picking his bones clean, and leaving nothing but the skeleton.

The same farmer was one day in his cellar when two rats came out of a hole near him in great haste, and ran up the cellar wall and along its top until they came to a floor timber that stopped their progress, when they turned at bay, and looked excitedly back along the course they had come. In a moment a weasel, evidently in hot pursuit of them, came out of the hole, but, seeing the farmer, checked his course and darted back. The rats had doubtless turned to give him fight, and would probably have been a match for him.

Applied Science: Invention and Industry

American Silk Industry.....Boston Transcript

The awards made to American silk manufacturers for meritoriousness in various articles call attention again to the rapid progress that they have been making of late toward both perfection and the supplying of all the domestic needs for fabrics of this material. These awards range in value from the Grand Prix d'Honneur, given for sewing and knitting silk and twist, to the recognition by "Honorable Mention" of the superiority of some New England made silk dress goods and fancies. The relative position of America as a producer of silk goods is seen by the following statistics of silk manufacture in the principal silk goods producing countries: France, \$122,000,000; United States, \$85,000,000; Germany, \$50,000,000; Switzerland, \$38,000,000; Russia (in Europe), \$21,000,000; Austria, \$17,000,000; Great Britain, \$15,000,000; Italy, \$13,000,000, and Spain and Portugal, \$4,000,000, a total of \$365,000,000, of which the United States contributes more than 23 per cent.

Commenting on this fact and upon the silk exhibit as a whole, Mr. Franklin Allen, secretary of the Silk Association of America, who was upon the International Jury of Awards, says, in his report, that it may be frankly stated that the silk exhibits of manufacturers from the United States was incomplete and unsatisfactory in many respects. "The chief defect," he says, "was a very limited space available for the United States exhibits; and when the question with its limitations was first submitted in the autumn of 1899 to our representative manufacturers, they unanimously decided that it was impossible to do themselves credit in the small space allotted, and that there was no business incentive to cross the sea with their products in an endeavor to compete with the silk manufacturers of Europe.

"Later, however, better counsels prevailed on the urgent request of the United States Commission that the silk industry of America should be at least partially represented at this congress of the world's industries, and the results achieved have been very satisfactory, considering the circumstances. Their action is to the lasting credit of the few firms who did come forward at the eleventh hour and consent to coöperate in this worthy enterprise; and it is gratifying to be able to state that there was no award of merit given by the silk jury to any country—from Grand Prix to Honorable Mention—that the silk manufacturers of the United States did not receive."

When it is considered, as Mr. Allen remarks, that, while France and the United States are on even terms as regards the ability of the manufacturers to obtain the raw materials free of duty, France has, on the other hand, a great advantage over other nations because Paris, its capital, is the principal centre of the civilized world, whence are issued the decrees of fashion which control all the artistic developments in women's dress for the entire world.

It is a noticeable fact at the Paris Exposition that the countries which do not follow the lead of Paris fashions in designs and styles of silk fabrics confine their productions to their own countries' demands, which necessarily are very limited. For instance, the silk fabrics of Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania, Servia, Algeria, Portugal and Russia (outside of Moscow), while admittedly unique and interesting, and showing considerable skill in weaving, design and coloring, have no abiding interest except to purchasers in their own countries. Because they do not adopt world fashions, they are not world competitors in these products. The one notable exception to this rule is Japan. They have made at the Exposition a wonderful display of habutayé, brochée, damasée, surah, taffeta and printed tissues. Naturally, their productions are "sui generis" and are examples of silk fabrics made and sold in their own country. Nevertheless, the commercial fact is that the Japanese are exporting annually to Europe and the United States over one million dozens of silk handkerchiefs and thirty million yards of piece goods. Among hundreds of picture-like draperies, emblematic of Japanese art at the Exposition, one very beautiful specimen of a silk embroidered landscape (about 10 by 18 feet in size) was reported sold to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt for \$1,900.

Humorous Side of Patents.....A. L. Bogart.....Popular Science

The records of the Patent Office show that the thoughts of so-called inventors run in epidemic form. Some years ago the daily press reported a number of cases within a short period of time, in which gentlemen from the truly rural districts, visiting New York City and registering at cheap lodging houses, preferred to use the strength of their breaths, rather than that of their right arms, in extinguishing the gas in their rooms at retiring. Immediately the Patent Office was besieged with a succession of applications for devices to automatically remedy the so-called

aberration of intellect evidenced by the eccentric sojourners in Gotham. These were usually of a complex character. One in particular consisted of a spring attached to the stop-cock of the fixture which tended to turn off the gas. When it was turned on in lighting, the armature of an electro-magnet acted as a latch to hold the stop-cock open against the spring. Circuit wires connected the magnet to a galvanic battery and a circuit closer, the latter placed under the mattress of the bed.

The operation was most simple. After the guest had received the proper instructions how to light the gas, or had had this service performed for him, and carefully blown out the light preparatory to retiring, the instant his fatigued or befuddled body was extended on the bed his weight would close the electric circuit and the spring would act shutting off the supply. The few inconveniences attached to this arrangement were, that should it get out of order the light could not be turned off at all, and should a sober and civilized guest desire to sit or rest on the bed with the gas burning, it necessitated the services of the landlord or a district messenger to stand at the gas fixture and hold the stop-cock open while he did so. No one of these inventors seemed to take into consideration at all the fact that individuals addicted to blowing out the gas, frequented only the cheapest resorts, the proprietors of which would not contemplate for an instant going to the expense of introducing such an apparatus, with the inconvenience and annoyances attendant on its maintenance.

The examination of a host of patents proves that while the premises are correct and method of carrying out the object extremely ingenious, their authors have entirely overlooked the disadvantages incident to the use of the device which are overwhelmingly against its employment. As an example could be cited the expedient patented to prevent horses from running away. This consisted of a strong chain passed about the forelegs of the animal and kept supported against his breast by a line secured to the dashboard. Should the animal take fright and run, the line is simply loosened, when the chain falls to the horse's knees, throwing him and breaking his legs. Another genius, after citing the danger from runaways, not only to the passenger but to the steed himself, calls attention to the absolute waste of energy exerted by the horse in descending hills. He also mentions the exposure the animal is subjected to from storms and rays of the sun in summer. With one bold stroke he leaves all conventional methods behind. The horse is placed under the wagon instead of

in front of it, the vehicle being arched above him. Thus he is perfectly protected from the weather and leaves an unobstructed view. A strong canvas and leather band encircles the animal's body, the ends of which pass upward through the bottom of the wagon and are attached by chains to a windlass above the flooring. Should the horse be descending a hill or undertake to bolt, the driver calmly winds on a crank and lifts him off his feet.

The Fire Engine.....Edward F. Croker.....Home Magazine

When an alarm-box is opened and its hook pulled it does not ring a bell with a corresponding number at headquarters, as most people imagine; they do not seem to realize that this would mean as many individual bells and individual wires connecting the boxes with the individual bells as there are boxes, and that as there are 1,200 of these boxes in Manhattan alone, the cost of such a means—for wire, bells, and particularly for currents of electricity which must be kept turned on day and night—would be so enormously high as to make it prohibitive even in wealthy New York.

By an ingenious device of the electrician, however, there require to be only forty circuits for all these boxes and no bells at all, and therefore only a moderate amount of electricity. This device arranges it so that whenever a hook is pulled its box automatically telegraphs, by Morse dots and dashes, the number of that box to headquarters, where the receiving instrument automatically registers the number on a strip of paper, much on the same principle as a stock ticker. By a further device several alarms can be rung and registered on this piece of paper simultaneously without the least danger of a mix-up.

When the operator at headquarters sees the number of an alarm he snatches up a brass tag bearing the same number, slaps it against a wheel, presses a button, touches a lever and simultaneously a gong begins ringing that number in every station-house within the zone where that fire-box is situated. Each zone is in turn subdivided into districts, and on first alarms there go to the fire only those companies of the zone that are in that district. For second alarms from the same box the companies from the second districts go also, and so on. In order that each company in the zone will know in a wink if their company is going out to that alarm, there are two gongs in each station-house, on the first of which all alarms are sounded, the second gong ringing in only those stations where the men are to go out. When this second gong rings it automatically drops a bar which automatically

opens the chains that are holding the horses in their stalls, the latter thereupon dashing into their places. Yet it is all done by a single touch of that lever at headquarters—that is, the machinery that does this marvelous amount of work in such a twinkling requires but the insertion of that tag and the pressure of the lever and it does the rest.

Fire Boats.....Walton Fawcett.....Pearson's

Perhaps an idea of just what the modern fire boat is may not be better conveyed than by a brief description of the expensive and surprisingly complete craft now building for the city of Detroit. The vessel is 122 feet in length, 25 feet a-beam, and 13 feet in depth, and the hull has been modeled with the idea of breaking heavy ice. The best quality of mild steel is the material which has been used, and the hold of the boat is divided into four separate water-tight compartments, so that it is practically unsinkable.

The four holds—separate ships, as it were—are all put to excellent uses. The fore hold is elaborately fitted for the drying of hose; the middle hold contains the boilers and coal bunkers, and the after hold the propelling engines, fire pumps, and a complete little workshop in which repairs could be quickly made to any portion of the apparatus which might become damaged. In the steel house up on the deck are giant reels capable of holding 2,000 additional feet of hose, and close by are innumerable lockers filled with nozzles and fittings, all arranged with the utmost care; for if there be any place where the importance of the injunction, "a place for everything, and everything in its place," is fully appreciated, it is on a fire boat.

The feature of the fire boat, in which especially extensive improvements have been made during the past few years, is found in that most essential portion of the equipment—the pumps. This is due largely to the fact that the requirements of modern fire boats are far more exacting than formerly. A year or two ago the boat needed but to furnish power for the streams which its own force of firemen directed against the flames, but latterly what are known as underground pipeline systems have been installed in many cities, and through these immense quantities of water must be forced at very high pressure. In this way the benefit of the fire boat's tremendous power may be had in fighting a fire at some distance from the water front.

A double set of pumps of the kind now used will weigh more than sixteen tons, and they are capable of hurling through space more than 6,000 gallons of water per minute.

The offensive forces of the fire boat are being increased almost as rapidly as those of the battleship. Indeed, in some of the new members of the fire-fighting navy now under construction there are more than a score of hose outlets. This means that twenty solid streams of water, each a quarter of a foot through, can be swept against a wall of flames, simultaneously, from different parts of the boat. There are hose outlets forward and aft, and amidships, just as the guns are distributed on a man-of-war, so that the boat's position need not be dependent upon the point of attack.

We might carry the comparison between the naval craft and the fire-fighter still farther, and corresponding to the capacious-throated thirteen-inch guns, one located high up on top of the pilot house, and the other in the after part of the vessel. These constitute the heavy artillery of the service, and it is upon them that dependence is placed when it is desired to throw to a great height a stream of water almost the thickness of a man.

Then comes a long list of minor weapons for battling with the flames, which correspond in their importance to the torpedoes and machine guns of the lords of the navy. Each fire boat is provided with powerful reversing-gear which enables the vessel to be stopped and turned about in an especially short space of time. The vessel is steered by steam, and there are even ingenious devices for mechanically hoisting the anchors and carrying out the ashes.

Is a Timber Famine Imminent?.....Henry Gannett.....Forum

Of the amount of standing timber of merchantable size and quality we have no complete information. We have, however, many bits of knowledge relating to different parts of the country, to different species of trees, etc.; and by putting these together we may be enabled to make a guess at the extent of our resources.

During the past three years the forests of the West have been examined with considerable care, both within and without the forest reserves, for the purpose of aiding in the administration of the reserves, for the establishment of new reserves, and for learning the local supply of lumber in various parts of the West. The results of these examinations enable me to state with some confidence that in the Pacific Coast States there are in the neighborhood of 600 million feet (B. M.)* of merchantable timber, and that in the Rocky Mountain region there are some 30 billions, making a total of 630 billions in the country west of the plains.

Concerning the eastern part of the country we

*British Measurement.

have comparatively little information. The amount of timber in Minnesota has been estimated with considerable care, with results showing 27.6 billion feet. Wisconsin has been examined with equal care, and is said to contain 45 billion feet.

In the manufacturing investigations of the Eleventh Census, made in 1890, lumbermen and mill owners were asked how much timber land was owned by them, and what was the stand of timber upon it. These questions were quite generally answered, and the replies showed that a total area of 27,664,626 acres, or about 43,200 square miles, was reported upon, with an average stand upon it of 7,830 feet per acre. Nearly all of this area was in the Eastern States. The stand of timber average by States ranged from 3,000 up to 41,000 feet per acre, the latter stand being in the State of California. The average stand in the Southern States, including pine and hardwood, was 6,090 feet, and in New England 6,500 feet. These figures of average stand, however, are misleading, since they represent not the average of the timber land of the country, but the best of it, quality having largely determined the selection of lands. It would, therefore, be unsafe to accept these figures of stand as the average, even for the lands which are covered with merchantable timber. The average stand of the wooded regions of the eastern country must be far below these figures. Indeed, estimates of the stand of southern pine show the much lower average of about 3,000 feet per acre for the entire region.

Judging by the above facts and numerous other straws of evidence which it would be tedious to enumerate here, I have come to the conclusion that the average stand upon the wooded lands in the East probably does not exceed 1,500 feet. The area of woodland in this part of the country is a little less than half a billion acres. The stand of timber upon it, therefore, may be in the neighborhood of 750 billion feet (B. M.). With that estimated in the West, 630 billions, the total stand in the country would appear to be, approximately, 1,380 billion feet (B. M.). In 1890, the cut was about 25 billion feet, and since then the annual cut has somewhat increased. The present stand would therefore supply the present rate of consumption for about fifty years. As a random statement, then, it may be said that we have timber in stock sufficient to last the present demands of our industries for nearly two generations. Some species, however, which are applicable to certain purposes, such as the southern pine, the redwood, and the red fir, will last longer than others, and some species, like the black walnut and white pine, are already nearly exhausted.

But in saying that the merchantable timber in sight may supply the needs of our country for fifty years to come, it must not be understood for a moment that at the end of that time we shall be at the end of our timber resources. Our timber supply is not like our supply of coal, or iron ore, etc., upon which we have only the principal to draw. It is constantly being replenished by growth, so that we have the interest as well as the capital to live on. It is estimated that each year the average acre of woodland adds a third of a cord by growth. The annual increment of our supply of wood material by growth is, therefore, over 300 billion feet (B. M.). Of this it may be estimated that one-tenth, or 30 billion feet (B. M.), consists of merchantable timber. This is a little in excess of the annual demands of our sawmills, but when we add to these requirements the amount destroyed by fire and other sources of loss, it is altogether probable that the annual growth is considerably less than the annual destruction. It seems, therefore, that if we could reduce the sources of waste to a minimum, the prospect of a continuous supply of timber from our woodlands would be good.

The principal sources of waste are fires and wasteful lumbering, and of these the more serious is the first. Fires operate to destroy timber in various ways, according to their intensity. It is only the fiercest, hottest ones which make a clean sweep of a mature forest, but many of less intensity do great damage. Even light fires destroy the youth growth and may injure mature trees in such a way as ultimately to cause their death. Fires, however, can be prevented.

The present methods of lumbering are extremely wasteful, from 60 to 75 per cent. only of the tree being cut and utilized as lumber. The younger trees—those of insufficient size—or the trees of inferior species, are left standing. The waste of the cut trees is left upon the ground, where it dries, and inevitably, sooner or later, intentionally or unintentionally, is burned, producing a hot fire which destroys all the trees left by the lumbermen. Thus, over the lumbered tract not only are all the mature trees cut, but the young growth, which might be depended upon to seed the area for a future crop, is destroyed by the inevitable fires. The lumbered area then depends for reseeding upon trees at a distance, and this reseeding takes place slowly. It may be many years before the area is covered with young growth, and even then for many years this young growth has to run the gauntlet of forest fires before it reaches an age at which it can resist even the lightest.

Aboard the Siberian Express

By HENRY NORMAN



The Siberian "train de luxe" is still new enough to be one of the sights of Moscow to its inhabitants, and therefore the platform of the magnificent station is crowded every Saturday night at 8.15, when it starts on its long journey. The Russians think there is no such train in the world, but that is because they have not seen the Congressional or the Chicago Limited trains. All things considered, however, it is a more remarkable train than either of these, for it goes very much farther, it passes through a country which was a wilderness a few years ago, and to a large extent it has to carry its own civilization with it. The locomotive is a heavy compound one made in France; behind it comes a car containing the baggage, the kitchen and the sleeping quarters of the servants, then a car with the engineers' bunks and the electric light plant—an upright steam-boiler and a dynamo driven by a Swedish turbine—for the whole train, down to the red tail-lamps, is lighted by electricity; then a restaurant-car, containing also a bath and an exercising apparatus; and the three passenger cars, the first class painted blue and the second class yellow. For comfort there is little to choose between these. Some of the second class is divided like the first into large separate compartments holding four persons, but another part is only screened off by curtains. The first class has only three advantages: the company is more official and select, there is a large saloon with arm-chairs in the middle of the car, and—curious luxury—the car has no brakes, so that its occupants are not disturbed in their reading or writing or sleeping by the vibration of the skidding wheels when the train slows down, or the banging machinery when it starts—for it must be added that Russian engine-drivers are not very expert in working the Westinghouse brake, but apply it and release it with disquieting jars. Twice when we got well into Siberia they put it on and could not get it off again, and I fear I made them very angry by standing on the platform and smiling at their rather excited efforts. A specially attractive luxury is an electric reading-lamp in each compartment, that can be placed on the table or hung behind your pillow.

The locomotive hums, the turbine squeals, the little boiler pours out a stream of great wood-sparks, the whole train is a blaze of light, the brilliant crowd chatters and cheers, the passengers shout their last good-byes, and we are off into the

night. Then a big Tartar, in blue linen blouse, with a twisted scar upon his forehead which suggests contact with some fierce crooked Eastern blade, comes in and makes up the broad beds in a manner very neat and prompt; the book of statistics of Russian commercial activities slips from our hand, a last effort disconnects the electric lamp and pulls the blue silk curtains over the twin roof-lamps, and so, wrapped in a cloudy maze of anticipations and rocked softly by the murmur of the wheels of the Siberian Express, we fall asleep.

Morning finds us passing through a country mostly flat as a billiard-table, patched with fields of corn-stubble, with fields of emerald-colored winter rye and intervals of birch forest, scattered over with gray-roofed villages—little, flat, wood-built, shed-like houses all huddled together and reminding one of the kind of gray scab that clusters and spreads on the back of a diseased leaf. To our astonishment we find that all the sanitary arrangements of the train are shared by the two sexes, with consequent delays and embarrassments, and it is late before we gather at what we intend to be breakfast. But all Western meal-times must be abandoned before a Russian's daily food-scheme. No Russian has an exact sense of time, the lack of it being probably attributable to the Orientalism in his blood. Nobody, indeed, could have one on this train, for the clock keeps the hour of St. Petersburg for a thousand miles or more of due eastward traveling, in order that its time-table may have some semblance of utility and conformity; but as the days pass the train itself grows ashamed of such a childish pretension, and after Chelyabinsk it leaps lightly to local time and hurls a couple of useless hours out of the window, so to speak—hours that make no record, either of weal or woe, against any of us—two sinless hours, two joyless, tearless little hours flung forth upon the brown Siberian steppes. As for a Russian's meal-times, he simply has none. If I had my tea early there would be the invariable nameless official in his dark blue uniform piped with green or blue or magenta cloth, with crossed pick-axes or hammers or bill-hooks on his collar and cap, finishing a beefsteak or a "hâchis" made into the shape of a cutlet—futile masquerade!—or thoughtfully spitting out the bones of a fried carp upon his plate while he selected a fresh mouthful with his knife. When we dined or supped they would be drinking tea,

and once when we went into the restaurant-car for a sandwich about midnight a party of rugged-looking men—not officials, for once, but of occupations which their strange faces did not allow us to presume—were sitting round an empty “café-tière” drinking champagne from tumblers, a saucer in front of them piled high with the cardboard mouth-pieces and ashes of many dozen cigarettes. This habit of eating when you are hungry and eating whatever you may happen to fancy, instead of eating when the cook wills, and then only what custom severely restricts you to, is disorganizing in its effects upon the refectory of the train. There is no time to sweep up and set tables; no time when the servants can feel free to rest, sleep, or eat; no time when the wearied kitchen fire can “go down” as it does at home—and how meekly we accept those periods of its slumber when the cook concocts her love letter at the corner of the kitchen table and the maids mark their new aprons! The result is great discomfort for Western passengers.

We are making possibly thirty miles an hour, express speed in Russia, for the line here is well laid and well ballasted. We are still in Europe and on a main line. At the tail of the train, common to both first and second class passengers, is an observation car with four arm-chairs and a few folding stools in it, where, while the day passes and we find ourselves more and more fascinated as the landscape eliminates to a few very elementary and persistent traits, we spend much time. The second morning brings us to Samara, the flourishing town where the Volga meets the beginning of the Great Siberian Railway, and soon afterward we enter the slopes of the Urals. Russians had raved to us about these mountains; but the truth is that Russians are not good judges of mountains—as indeed, how should they be, when in the whole of European Russia there is no land as high as the Washington Monument? Those in whom the Urals excite immoderate enthusiasm can never have seen the Tyrol and do not know the Grampians. Let me say at once that the Urals cannot hold a pine-knot to either.

Where the firs clothe them closely, the hills seem to be wearing a mantle of rough green frieze, but presently larches, yellowing fast in this perfect October weather, burn like flambeaux among the green, and beside the shallow river, wimpling over its stony bed, and through the fords of stepping-stones built curiously in a fork shape, the purple thicket of bare alder-twigs makes planes of soft, quiet color. Your fir and pine “en masse” is an inartistic tree; the repetition of his even points becomes tiresome, and he gives the outline of the mountains a line regular

as the teeth of a comb, which should be the despair of the painter. Therefore painters wisely let these fir countries alone.

In a few places, at the water-parting, which occurs near the town of Zlataoust, the pine gives way and the gray stone triumphs where a few points, the highest of any in this southern end of the chain, rise bare against the sky. A little stir among the engineers, who courteously desire that we shall lose nothing, causes us to glue ourselves to the window and stare into the forest in our desire not to miss the frontier-post, the actual definite spot where Europe ends and Asia begins, which has been marked, as we presently see, by a little uninspired monument, some ten feet high, in yellow freestone. It is a simple base with a stone-built, pointed column on the top—the sort of thing you may find behind some trees in the park of a nobleman, raised to mark the resting-place of his favorite fox-terrier. I do not detect any inscription upon its front, as the train passes at such a speed. Indifferent, the passengers barely interrupt their endless tea and talk and cigarettes, but we are silent, thoughtful, oppressed, fraught with vague realizations of the significance of this bit of earth; idly we compose, with feelings that should thrill a Russian, but are, save for our sense of the sentiment, alien to us, the legend that might be cut upon this fateful pillar. Russia, who has not looked back, here first pushed her plough beyond the last limit of Europe. Here she girded herself for that long and bloody march across the Asian plain; what a journey, how long since begun, how strenuously pursued, how rich in human incident, how bitter with human suffering! Here passed her trains of chained convicts—convicts whose tears made Europe weep; here, even here, defiled the long line of exiles, reft from their homes to make warm a spot in Asia for the coming thousands. Here passed the Poles, a hundred years ago, when Russia first took up that burden on her western border—the burden that has meant riches and industrial expansion to her ever since—many thousand of them went this way. Here she held her Cossacks, always in harness of war, hurrying the laggard and the fugitive. Here, to-day, when so much has been done and said and suffered, so much spent and lost and gained, here passes this emblem of her success, carrying an earnest, even to the confines of China, of what she has done and what in the future she means to do—the great Siberian Express. No, on second thought there is no room on that monument, nor yet space on the broadest hillside of her forgotten boundary, to write the story that surges to the surface of our imagination.

Helen Terry on Lady Macbeth*

BY CLEMENT SCOTT

In my humble judgment the Ellen Terry temperament is too pronounced and sweet for Lady Macbeth, and I can recall a most interesting discussion, had with the actress on this subject soon after the revival at the Lyceum, when Ellen Terry succeeded to Lady Macbeth in place of Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe).

I remember her saying, in her generous, emphatic way—

"You have hit the blot, 'an empty barren cry.'" Indeed it was. "When I called on the Spirits to unsex me, I acted that bit just as badly as anybody would act anything.

"You know it was most kind of you to suppose that I could act Lady Macbeth. You wrote from that point of view, which in itself is a very great compliment.

"For my own part, I am quite surprised to find I am really a useful actress. For I really am."

Of course I laughed at the idea that anybody in the wide world could urge that she was not, and I implored her to go on.

"Well," said Ellen Terry, with justifiable sarcasm, "I have been able to get through with such parts as Ophelia, Olivia, Beatrice, Margaret, and Lady Macbeth, and my aim is usefulness to my lovely art and to Henry Irving. This is not a very high ambition, is it? But long ago I gave up dreaming, and I think I see things as they are—especially see myself as I am, alas! both off and on the stage, and I only aspire to help a little."

Then we drifted on to Ellen Terry's conception of Lady Macbeth, and here her views became to me pregnant with interest.

"Mind you though," she said vivaciously, and with intense enthusiasm, "although I know I cannot do what I want to do in this part, I don't even want to be 'a fiend,' and can't believe for a moment that Lady Macbeth did conceive that murder—that one murder.

"Most women," she went on, "break the law during their lives; few women realize the consequences of what they do to-day." Again the earnest artist returned to her own reading of the character.

"I do believe," she said, "that at the end of that Banquet, that poor wretched creature was brought through agony and sin to repentance, and

was forgiven. Surely she called the spirits to be made bad, because she knew she was not so very bad?"

"But was Lady Macbeth good?" I asked.

"No, she was not good, but not so much worse than many women you know."

Away she broke in her impetuous way, and darted on to another subject, after we had discussed what murders a woman would commit, for child or lover, a subject on which the actress was profoundly interesting.

"You would have laughed the other night though. The man at the side put the paint—"

Then came the Ellen Terry shudder, and she went on in her deep tragic voice—

"The Blood! On my hands, and in the hurry and excitement I didn't look; but when I saw it, I just burst out crying."

That of course is the Ellen Terry temperament, and she never acted better. After a mock self-accusation, all in the vein of tragic-comedy, she went on—

"You say I can't be Lady Macbeth, whilst all the time you see I am quite as bad."

Immediately I dissented, but she went on—

"Don't have me hanged, drawn, and quartered after this. You are quite right, I can't play Lady Macbeth; but it's because my methods are not right, and, oh, nothing is right about it yet. To be consistent to a conviction is what I am going to try for."

Then came a very pretty compliment, which touched me very much. "It's good of you to have 'let me down easy'; but I care more for what you think than because you say it to others in print."

Away she went again at a tangent about the shoes of Mrs. Siddons. "Was it not nice of an actress; she sent me Mrs. Siddons' shoes!—not to wear, but to keep. I wish I could have 'stood in 'em.' She played Lady Macbeth—her Lady Macbeth, not Shakespeare's, and if I could I would have done hers, for Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth was a fool to it."

I roared with laughter.

"But at the same time," she went on, "I don't think I'd care to try to imitate her imitators."

I mentioned Helen Faucit.

"Ah!" she said enthusiastically, "I wish I could have seen Helen Faucit in the part. I do believe she was the rightest, although not to be looked at by the side of the Siddons' portrait, as a single effective figure."

* From Helen Terry by Clement Scott, Frederick A. Stokes. \$1.25.

Some Divining Charms*

BY SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE



Burning the nuts is perhaps the most popular mode of trying conclusions with fate, as it certainly is the most mirth-provoking. On this interesting occasion lads and lassies arrange themselves in a circle before a blazing wood fire, on the hearth. Nuts are produced. Each person after naming his or her nut, puts it upon the glowing coals, with the unspoken invocation:

"If he loves me, pop and fly,
If he hates me, live and die."

The poet Gray turns this somewhat differently, but it is not our affair to reconcile conflicting passages. He sings:

"Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That in a flame of brightest color blazed.
As blazed the nut, so may the passions grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow."

A still different rendering is given by Burns. According to him each questioner of the charm names two nuts, one for himself, one for his sweetheart, presumably the mode practiced in Scotland in his time:

"Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e;
Wha 'twas she wadna tell:
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel'.
He blaz'd o'er her, and she owre him,
As they wad never mair part,
'Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night."

Popping corn sometimes takes the place of burning the nuts. The spoken invocation is then "Pit, put, turn inside out!"

There are also several methods of performing this act of divination with apples. The one most practiced in New England is this: First pare an apple. If you succeed in removing the peel all in one piece, throw it over your head, and should the charm work well, the peel will so fall as to form the first letter of your future husband's name, or as Gay poetically puts it:

"I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepard's name to nourish on the plain;
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect L is read."

When sleeping in a strange bed for the first

time, name the four posts for some of your male friends. The post that you first look at, upon waking in the morning, bears the name of the one whom you will marry. Care is usually taken to fall asleep on the right side of the bed.

By walking down the cellar stairs backward, holding a mirror over your head as you go, the face of the person whom you will marry will presently appear in the mirror.

The oracle of the daisy flower, so effectively made use of in Goethe's *Faust*, is of great antiquity, and is perhaps more often consulted by blushing maidens than any other. When plucking away the snowy petals, the fair questioner of fate should murmur low to herself the cabalistic formula:

"'He loves me, loves me not,' she said,
Bending low her dainty head
O'er the daisy's mystic spell.
'He loves me, loves me not, he loves,'
She murmurs mid the golden groves
Of the cornfields on the fell."

As the last leaf falls so goes the prophecy.

If you put a four-leaved clover in your shoe before going out for a walk, you will presently meet the one you are going to marry. The same charm is used to bring back an absent or wayward lover. Consequently there is much looking for this bashful little plant at all of our matrimonial resorts. The rhymed version runs in this wise:

"A clover, a clover of two;
Put it in your right shoe;
The first young man you meet
In field, street or lane,
You'll get him, or one of his name."

In some localities a bean-pod or a pea-pod put over the door acts as a charm to bring the favored of fortune to lift the latch and walk in. This is old. The poet Gay has it in rhyme thus:

"As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely filled with three times three;
Which, when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
The latch moved up, when who should first come in,
But in his proper person—Lübbekin!"

Another mode of divination runs in this way: On going to bed the girls eat two spoonfuls of salt. The salt causes her to dream that she is dying of thirst; and whoever the young man may be that brings her a cup of water, in her dream, is the one she will marry.

*This page has been compiled from a chapter *Love and Marriage in Myths and Fables of To-day*. Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.

Nihon No Ichiban Shiwai Jimbutsu

BY CLARENCE LUDLOW BROWNELL

Tales from Tokio,* by Clarence Ludlow Brownell, contain many amusing descriptions of peculiar Japanese customs. We reprint here by permission one of the tales.

Kono Hito was the closest man in Japan. He lived near a temple less than one hundred ri from Kanazawa on the west coast. If he had been farther from the temple he could have been just as close, but he might not have discovered the fact to the world, nor have wasted away on account of his unlovely trait.

Kono Hito was a farmer. He raised rice. To do so he had to have water, and plenty of it, thousands of tsubo, as the Japanese say. A tsubo is the size of two mats, or thirty-six square feet. He owned over fifty fields, lying side by side without fences separating them. Only a low ridge of earth marked the boundary of the field, and this, when the rice had grown a bit, was quite out of sight. At the time of planting these ridges are mushy, but at harvest time they are dry and hard, so that one could walk on them easily if he had occasion. The way Kono did was to throw seed rice, that is, rice kernels in the shell, over the surface of the tiny ponds, where it sprouted and wove into a tangled mat of deep, rich green. When the rice blades were six inches long and had well-formed roots he would disentangle them, and, gathering them in clusters, would plant them in the mud, at two-foot intervals, along rows parallel and two feet apart. This made the rows regular, like the lines of a checker board, with a bunch of rice wherever two lines met. The board itself was all water at first, and had to remain water until nearly time for harvest, for Kono Hito grew swamp rice only. He said there was no money in upland rice. It was too hard and would not sell for the cost of growing it.

A drought, therefore, was about as bad a thing as could happen to Kono Hito. He must have water or go to the money lenders, and once he went to them there would be no end of going until they had possession of his rice fields. That is the fate of those who borrow, as Kono Hito knew well. So he built dams above his fields, to make reservoirs; he dug ditches from one field to the other, and he observed the Buddhist fast days. In spite of all this, however, his crops turned yellow earlier than those of Sono Hito, the rice grower on the opposite side of the high-

way that ran between their paddy fields to the temple and beyond.

"Komaru ne," said Kono Hito, as he came along the road in his jin-riki-sha one day. "Doshimashoka." But though he spoke to himself of trouble, and asked himself what he should do, he did not talk out loud. He kept more fast days, worked harder in his sloppy fields, built tiny shrines like dolls' houses at his reservoirs, and brought the household economy down to such a fine point that Okamusen, his wife, dared not lose so much as a grain of rice in a month. But with all his prayers and his skimping, he had not water enough. His fields were brown when Sono Hito's were yet green. "Hontoni komaru!" Trouble, indeed!

Sono Hito, the meanwhile, was not worrying. He was a patriarch in the Home of Happy Husbandmen and never had bad years, even though he kept few fasts and was not more than half careful of his reservoirs. A lot of folk worked for him, however, and without knowing it, they were glad to do so.

They were good Buddhists of the Hoganji sect, passing daily to the grand old temple overlooking the sea. They offered alms to Buddha, and ere they offered they washed themselves, as good folk do before they worship. Sono Hito, of course, knew this, for he went to the temple himself sometimes, and took the preparatory bath just as the others did.

It was while he was taking one of these baths that the idea that resulted in Kono Hito's "komaru" occurred to Sono. This is the idea. Sono's rice fields reached quite up to the temple grove. He would build a shrine in honor of the temple's god a little this side of the gate of the temple and near the road, and he would sink a well there. It would needs be a deep well, it is true, but Sono's crops had been good and he would not begrudge the cost. Having dug the well he would place a tablet before the shrine bearing a dedication of his offering to the temple's god on behalf of those who worshiped there. He would give each worshiper all the pure water he might desire for a bath, and would not charge him for it. All the worshiper need do was to help himself.

Sono had been a traveler. He knew "Yokohama, Nagasaki, Hakodate hoi" personally, for he had been there. He had seen missionaries in Tokio and merchants in the treaty ports. One of

*Copyrighted by Warner & Brownell. \$1.00.

the missionaries had shown him a praying water wheel from India. It was part of a collection the pious man had gathered at various stations he had occupied in the Far East. Sono delighted in these things, but the praying wheel pleased him most. If he had had a place to set one up on his west coast rice fields he would have begged the missionary to get him one from the ancient home of Buddhism.

Some days after he had seen this supplication-made-simple apparatus, so much simpler than the man-power prayer wheels of the Tokio temples, Sono received an invitation from the missionary's friend, who was a silk mercant in Yokohama. This man wished to make friends on the west coast, especially in Fukui and Kanagawa Kens, where the wormsspinn well. Sono, always ready "to see the new thing," to learn something and have a good time, took the train at Shimbashi that afternoon, and within an hour was at the "Yama Namban," as jin-riki-sha coolies called the merchant's house.

Sono Hito had a wonderful time at this foreigner's home. The yoshoku, the setsuin, the nedai and the danru, with its kemuri-dashi, were marvelous to him, but the thing that tickled him especially was what he called the midzu-age kikai, or water-raising machine, not far from the kitchen door. He played with this a half hour steadily, until he was all of a sweat and had flooded his host's back yard and turned the tennis court into a soppy marsh.

Nothing would do but he must have one to operate at his home over on the west coast, and as the kikai was not in stock at any of the Yokohama agencies, Sono Hito's host promised to get one for him from San Francisco.

"I'll send it over to you as soon as it arrives," said Mo Hitosu Smith San (he was the second Smith to come to Yokohama after Perry's departure. The first Smith was simply "Smith San," but the second was Mohitotsu, i. e., more than one Smith, Mr.). He did better than that, however; he took the apparatus over himself three months later, and showed his Japanese friend how to set it up and how he could use it to fill a storage tank so as to have water for emergencies.

So Sono had the men dig the well wide and deep. There was not such another well in that part of the country.

Kono Hito, across the road, had nothing in the least comparable. He would not have spent so much money on a well had he been ever so rich, and in these days he thought himself a very poor man indeed. It grieved him to think anything that cost money should be necessary in his household. The sight of his people eating made him ill, and the prosperity across the road was

like fire against his face. He could not endure to look at it.

But as Kono Hito suffered Sono Hito worked at his well shrine. The building was as simple in design as a Shinto temple. Inside, over at one end, was a broad, shallow wooden tank for the bather to sit in, and before the tank ample floor space where the worshiper would have room to use his tenui, or scrubbing towel, such as all Japanese carry with them. At the end opposite the tank was the shrine, and beside the tank was a device strange to the natives on the west coast. Sono said it was a praying wheel. There was a gaku over it bearing the inscription, "Bonno Kuno," "all lust is grief," in Chinese characters.

An American would not have thought the device was a prayer wheel. He would doubt if the Japanese used water prayer wheels, and would have said "chain pump," though one may assert with considerable confidence that he never before had seen a chain pump boxed in an image of Buddha, with a third arm, in the shape of a crank, reaching out from one side and projecting over a bathtub.

Sono Hito knew all about the apparatus, both from the American and the west coast viewpoint. He was the only person that did; but, like Brer Rabbit, "he wasn't saying nuffin."

In fact, the American who did see this device guessed right the very first time. He saw right away it was not a praying wheel, but he kept his thoughts quiet. Sono Hito might call it a praying wheel, and each bather, as he sat in the tub, might turn Buddha's third arm with vigor and pray fervently, chanting his petitions in unison with the rat-tat-rat-tat-tattle in Buddha's stomach; to the Yankee's mind the thing would be a chain pump still.

Soon after this visit of Smith San's it was that the patriarch of the Home of Happy Husbandmen had evolved his scheme of joining piety and prosperity in happy combination by giving faithful Buddhists a cataract bath free and a chance at the praying wheel thrown in. The ancient peoples of China and India had used these wheels with august results, Sono Hito told the worshipers, and then he showed them also how, after pious revolutions, the Divine Pleasure would give them water from above.

Buddhists take cataract baths even in winter, though possibly they do not enjoy them then, at least not with obvious hilarity. In Tokio the traveler sees native men and women standing naked under a fall of water in some of the temple parks. In December and January this water is well down to the freezing point.

There is virtue in a cataract. Wherever one is

that place is sacred. The natives take great pains in making artificial falls whenever possible, especially in the neighborhood of temples. They are purifiers beyond all else, these "from heaven descending" streams. Therefore, when Sono made his offer of a free bath—a cataract bath! something the region about the beloved temple had not known since the great jishin, the earthquake that hundreds of years before had broken up the country, let out the upper waters and ruined their plans of holy ablation—he became the most popular man in his ken.

He was deeply grateful to his American friend who had showed him how to rig the pump so as to deliver water overhead, where, in the roof of the shrine, Sono had built a sort of distributing reservoir. Part of the water that the worshipers pumped into this poured down in a stream onto the head of whoever might be working at the crank as he or she sat in the tub. The greater part, however, flowed away into the channels in the rice fields. As the pious came, therefore, and worked the praying wheel, they accomplished three things at once—irrigation, purification and "to pump." These explained how Sono Hito kept things green and why Kono Hito said "Komaru."

Kono Hito worried greatly over the early yellowishness of his fields. He did not understand how Sono Hito managed. He never had been to Yokohama, and he knew nothing of chain pumps. He believed that Sono Hito's piety had won favor in Buddha's eyes, and that the gods had blessed the fields as a mark of divine pleasure. If he could have a bath shrine he might win favor, too, but that would cost money, and then to give the baths free, not to charge even a *ni rin* piece for them—the thought was painful.

Still, if Buddha would smile on him, "it might pay," thought Kono. It would pay—but to spend the money. "Domu! Komaru ne." So he devised how he might be pious cheaply.

"*Namu Omahen de giisu*," said the wife of Kono Hito when a man called one morning to see her lord. She meant he was not at home. (In Tokio she might have said: "*Iye ori masen de gozaimasu*." That would have conveyed a similar idea.)

The man went away. Down the road a bit he heard a voice calling "Korario," which, to those who live in that region, means "come here." The man went in the direction of the call and found Kono Hito busy with a carpenter and a well digger, discussing plans for an opposition bath shrine. Kono Hito was in agony over the cost, but the workmen had reached their limit, and, with many bows, were protesting that if they cut

their prices even a mo lower they would not have enough left to pay for the air they breathed while they worked.

So Kono gave orders for them to begin at once. Within a week the plans had materialized. There was a well with a pair of buckets, a tub and a shrine dedicated to the use of worshipers. It was not a cataract bath, nor was the well deep, but Kono Hito hoped Buddha would take his penury into account and smile sweetly as though the water fell direct from a spring on the mountain.

But Buddha did not smile. No one went to Kono Hito's shrine bath unless too many had gathered at the place across the way. "Without worshipers Buddha will not smile," said the unhappy husbandman. "Komaru ne!" And later he said to himself, "Do shi mashoka," which brought him inspiration.

Ho took a station at a point that commanded a view of the road, and whenever he saw those coming who might be worshipers he went into Hito's shrine, sat himself in the tank, turned the crank and prayed vigorously.

This was a deep scheme, for the pilgrims, after waiting long for Kono to finish, would conclude such fervent piety should not be disturbed. Leaving the zealot in Sono Hito's tub, they would cross over to do as best they might with two buckets. When they had done so they emptied these buckets on the road side.

Kono Hito, however, as he ground and ground away, taking twenty or thirty baths a day, chilling himself in the cataract and pumping three times as much water over Sono Hito's fields as he brought down onto his poll, had much tenacity and a belief that if he could keep the pious to his side of the road long enough he would receive the blessings his soul yearned for.

He pumped and prayed heroically, resting little and eating less, while Sono Hito took a peep at him occasionally and showed no vexation.

Kono wondered at this, for he had been rather fearful of discovery, and when he learned that the man he was so jealous of had seen him and had said nothing, he did not understand. Nor did he understand why Buddha would not smile upon his crops.

As he pumped he puzzled upon these things and grew more and more attenuated.

Overbathing, even with prayers, is not good. When Junsu, the policeman, called Isha, the physician, to Sono Hito's shrine one evening, and let his lantern light fall on Kono Hito's face, the man of medicine said, "Water on the brain." Two days later they buried him, and Sono Hito gave money for a stone column to mark the resting place of his ashes.

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

The Old Flute.....S. E. Kiser.....Chicago Times-Herald

Here lies the flute he used to play!
How often in the past
I've longed to throw the thing away—
And, here it lies unused, to-day,
And I have peace at last!
One tune alone he used to know—
An ancient tune and sad—
Night after night he'd sit and blow
Until it often seemed as though
I must be driven mad!
Here lies the flute he used to play,
And grass is growing where
They laid his wasted form away—
Ah, would that he were here to-day
To play that sweet, old air!

Miss Lucy.....Boston Transcript

Miss Lucy was a modern child,
Extremely up to date,
No superstitious trash defiled
Her most superior state.
No fairies hovered round her cot,
No giants barred her way,
Old Santa Claus was quite forgot,
With all deceitful play.
Her food was modulated milk,
With graham bread and rice;
Her underclothing was of silk,
That cost a pretty price.
Her governess from Paris came,
Her nurse was German born;
At English words they cried, "For shame!"
And treated them with scorn.
She never went in car or shop
For fear of catching germs;
She could not near a beggar stop
On any sort of terms!
And now a very curious thing
I must perforce relate;
And list, ye parents, while I sing
Of poor Miss Lucy's fate.
At twelve years old she went to school,
And there, oh, strange to say,
She seemed a little like a fool,
In some mysterious way.
She could not read, she could not spell,
Her tongues were jumbled so;
'Twould weary anyone to tell
The things she did not know.
And though no giants crossed her lot,
Or ghosts to cause her fear,
She trembled sore, lest by her cot
A microbe should appear.
At last one very windy day,
While walking with the maid,
In spite of all her silk array
She caught a cold, 'tis said.
O poor Miss Lucy! Microbes came
And sat down in a row,
And germs, and things without a name
That all refused to go.

For many a weary day and night
They had their wicked will;
Till nurse and doctor won the fight
By patient care and skill.

Ah, in the most enlightened schemes
Some difficulties lurk;
So not amiss, it sometimes seems,
To watch how they may work.

The Old Oak.....Hail Caine.....Home Journal

His feet laid hold of the marl and earth, his head
was in the sky,
He had seen a thousand bud and burst, he had seen
a thousand die,
And none knew when he began to be—of trees that
grew on that ground—
Lord of the wood, king of the oaks, monarch of all
around.
And towering so high over others, the wind in
his branches roared,
Yet never a limb did the tempest break or shatter
a bough that soared,
Only the ripe young acorns it flung to the earth at
his knees,
And they sprang up themselves in their season, a
belt of protecting trees.
But at length when the storms were over, and still
was the forest dell,
Unbattered, unbeaten, unbroken, he bowed himself
and fell;
And the breadth of that mighty clearing, when the
giant had gone from his place,
Was like to the scene of a hundred oaks in the
waste of its empty space.

A Night-Bird.....W. H. Garrison.....New Orleans Times-Democrat

An attic room beneath the oak tree's brush,
The leafy sighs when wind went slipping by,
The summer night's wan solitude and hush,
Now broken by a bird's nocturnal cry,
"Chuck! Wills-a-widow!"

The lonely cry, akin to human speech,
Fell on the hour so sweetly calm and still,
And fled afield and sought the wooded reach,
Outspread beyond the attic window sill,—
"Chuck! Wills-a-widow!"

Some boyhood days will glow like setting suns!
Remembrance dear points out to past array
Of turtle haunts, of popping alder guns,
Of attic night when plaintive voice would say,
"Chuck! Wills-a-widow!"

To solemn pause the night had waxed and grown,
The resting kine scarce stirred with tinkling bell,
The fields and woods seemed desolate and lone,
Within the hour the quaint infection fell,
"Chuck! Wills-a-widow!"

A corner, then, in olden summerland,
The owlets hoot, the fireflies winding go,
Great shadow trees beneath the moonlight stand,
Within the dusk, one pensive calletth so,
"Chuck! Wills-a-widow!"

The West.....F. A. Murray.....New York Tribune

I listen to the rumble and rattle of the rail
And to my ear's unfolded the world's most wondrous tale;
The prairie tamed and broken; the forest split in two;
The lake and ocean blended; the mountain shivered through;
The chasm knit with iron; the cataract swung back;
Both Time and Distance shrunk with every foot of track.

The tramp of millions westward is echoed from the wheel;
The strain of millions striving sensations new to feel;
New cities planned at twilight, perfected with the dawn;
Our Nation's might replenished by Western brain and brawn.

The fruits are, aye! most luscious; the flowers fairest bloom;
The men are best and bravest, and there is least of gloom
Where sets the Star of Empire, where Sun of Progress dips
And burnishes the wheat fields and glides the groaning ships.

The Lament of the Golfer.....S. E. Kiser.....Chicago Times-Herald

The days are growing short, alas!
The mellow autumn's here;
The grapes are crimson in the press,
The leaves are pale and sere.

The grass is yellow on the meads,
The hills are blue with haze;
The cider mill begins to hum—
Ah, doleful autumn days!

Across the spreading fields the scent
Of roses comes no more;
The fence is bare that was so fair
With fragrant peas before.

The summer's dead! The robin sings
Its farewell to the lark,
And, O, it's such a little while
From 3 o'clock till dark!

To the Mocking BirdNorman Robinson.....Boston Transcript

Sweet singer of our summer land,
Who taught your gifted tongue? What cunning hand
Such golden threads could weave along
The bright embroidery of your burnished song?

That little throat! How can it be
So full of rare, exultant minstrelsy—
No bigger than my finger round,
Pouring its silver torrent of sweet sound!

I cannot think such harmonies
Were born among our earthly forest trees!
Confess! That song was angel given!
You've taken music lessons up in heaven!

I hear you when the whippoorwill
Calls on his coy mate at twilight on the hill,
And when the rosy touch of day
Pushes the eastern fringe of night away.

And sometimes all night long you sing,
Voicing the inmost soul of coming spring,
For nature's temple, service free,
Still finds its sweetest chorister in thee.

But when thy babes are in their nest,
I think, dear little bird, I love thee best,
How well thou carest for thy young!
What rare and radiant cradle-songs are sung!

Sing on, sweet bird—we need thy song!
Our human singing still hints something wrong,
And in each note some shadow lies;
Thou bringest music fresh from paradise!

The Magic of a Whistle.....Roy F. Green.....Detroit Free Press

I have heard his boyish whistle in the dark and dewy gloam
As he trudged across the meadows, as he drove the cattle home.
I have heard him trill a measure with the cadence of a lark,
And his boyish reason for it is: "It frightens off the dark."
Oft there seems a something lurking in the tall-grown plots of grass,
And his blood runs cold at thinking it may grab him should he pass,
But he knows fear cannot linger in a brain for very long
If two lips are pursed for whistling and a heart is tuned to song.

Though the eerie shadows hover and the clouds shut out the stars,
Up the pasture path he whistles, whistles taking down the bars,
And the tune he pipes would surely any tired heart regale
When he times it to the splashing in the frothed-o'er milking pail.
All the shadows, all the darkness grow affrighted at the joy,
And the happiness that bubbles from the glad heart of a boy,
While Fear's pickets scout and scatter 'fore the hosts of Courage strong
If two lips are pursed for whistling and a heart is tuned to song.

In my worldly walks of living, in my struggle after self,
His philosophy of courage I have taken to myself.
When the clouds of care and trouble veil the blessed air of hope,
And Misfortune waits to grab me as along the path I grope,
When beset by fear I falter; see of light no feeble spark,
Then his boyish plan I welcome, "for to frighten off the dark."
And I reach my hopes' bright haven, since one cannot wander wrong
If two lips are pursed for whistling and a heart is tuned to song.

The Sketch Book: Character in Outline

A Yiddish Sketch.....New York Commercial Advertiser

A little piece of humorous-pathetic life cut from Yiddish New York has recently been put into burlesque literary form in one of the ghetto newspapers. Leon Kabrin is the author, a man who writes many plays and short stories descriptive of the life of the Jewish quarter. This particular story made the whole Russian east side laugh for two weeks, and the author is as proud of it as he would be of a play that ran three nights (a long time for a Yiddish theatre) in succession at the Thalia. It is the story of an old woman from Russia who has come to live with her children in New York. She is an orthodox Jewess and a greenhorn. By the latter term is meant somebody who is not "on to" the customs of the Russian Jews in New York.

The woman of Mr. Kabrin's sketch hates America. She is too old to learn new ways, and is shocked and puzzled at every turn. Her married daughter is so irreligious that the old lady won't stay with her at Easter, but goes to dine with an old countrywoman of hers who still does things in the old way, at whose house food is "koshur," and prayer is devout and in correct form.

She has been there often before. She cannot read the names of the streets, and the system of blocks confuses her. She finds her way instinctively, with a few picturesque helps, one of which is the image of an Indian, before the door of a cigar store. When she arrives there she knows how to find her way. But on this particular occasion she cannot find the Indian, which she calls a Turk. She is confused and can't find her way, either to her old friend's house, or back home.

She sees a Jew on the street, with a beard. "Ah! that is an orthodox!" she thinks. "He will tell me where the Turk is." She seizes him by the arm. "Countryman," she cries, "where is the Turk?" He stares and passes on. A "goy" (gentile) with a shaved face attracts her attention. Perhaps he will know. "Where is the Turk?" she asks, in her Yiddish. But the gentile does not understand. She grows more and more distressed, and asks everybody she meets about the whereabouts of the Turk. The young men crowd around her, and derisively refer to her as "Grandma," and make fun of her Turk. She tells an Irish policeman in Polish that she wants to find the Turk. She uses Polish, for she thinks there are only two languages, Yiddish for the Jews and Polish for the gentiles, and the policeman she

recognizes as a gentile. He speaks Yiddish, however, and says: "Come to the station with me and perhaps we can find the Turk."

She thinks she is going to jail, and weeps violently. "Oh, I wish I were in Russia!" she cries to the jovial crowd of mixed "Jids" and Irish toughs who follow as the policeman drags her along. At the police station they hold a consultation about the Turk, and the store where the Indian originally stood, but from which it had been recently removed, was at last found, and the old woman returned to her daughter's house in safety.

But this was not the last of her adventures in New York. She had many of them, among the most amusing being her experience at the Yiddish theatre, where she behaved somewhat as Parturidge did when he went to see Garrick with Tom Jones. She tells a neighbor afterward all about it. Her granddaughter was about to be married, so the whole family went to the theatre to celebrate.

"Before I went," she said, "I thought it would be a menagerie, where I could see some fine beasts. But it was not amusing at all. It was shocking. I will tell you. Ach, America!"

"We went into a big building, where they played music just as if it was a 'hochzeit' (wedding). There were three or four stories to the house, and in front of the musicians was a wall, which suddenly disappeared through the roof. The lights went out, and the musicians, not being able to see, stopped playing. At the same time the people on the top roof began to yell and hiss. They were afraid when the light went out, and I did not blame them, for it was very dark up there, and they thought they would fall down off the narrow roof.

"Then, suddenly, where the wall had been, I saw Paradise open before me, and all the people were quiet and looked at the spectacle. There was a real old Jew, such as you see him in the old country, with a long, long beard. He was rocking his body to and fro, chanting the Talmud, which he held before him. It was like heaven. I was very glad, and hoped my children would learn to be as pious as that.

"Then the daughter of the rabbi appeared from behind another wall. She was as beautiful as seven suns. The rabbi kissed her, but I didn't think it was very decent to do it before the crowd, but he was a rabbi, so I guess it was all right.

"Then I was shocked to see a shoemaker appear, a very common man. And, just imagine,

the beautiful rabbi's daughter was in love with him—in love with a shoemaker! What a place is America! And he was a "goy," too, for he was shaved, a regular gentile! America must be responsible for such things!

"And they kissed each other in public. And the people all laughed. And the rabbi didn't seem to notice, but kept on reading the Talmud. Ah, me! What will become of my children? I wanted to tell the rabbi what his wicked daughter was doing. I called to him, but he paid no attention. My children told me to keep quiet. They said it was not good to cry out in the theatre. But I struggled, and yelled still louder: 'Father rabbi, look at your daughter; she is kissing behind your back, and kissing a "goy!"' But he did not hear me. He must have been deaf. The people near me looked at me as if they were angry, and said: 'Keep quiet, will you?' But I cried till the wall closed up and the rabbi, the girl and the shoemaker disappeared. And then my children said they would never take me to the theatre again."

The English Way..... *London Academy*

He came into the restaurant car on a German railway, let the door slam behind him, smiled, sniffed, said "Oh!" and threw open one of the windows. We stared, for a German railway, where every stationmaster suggests imminent martial law, is not the place for the flaunting of an independent spirit. We—a little company of various nationalities, united only by a tacit servility to wait patiently till it should please the waiter to attend to our wants—stared. The newcomer, a mere boy, but tall, treated the place as if it were a Duchy and he the Duke of it. He tucked his long legs under a table, and shouted in a high, pleasant voice: "Kellner!" to which, after a few seconds, he added the word "schnell!" Those were the only two German words he knew, and he used them frequently, with varying degrees of emphasis. Strange to say, the waiter answered the call, and took his leisurely order. He gave him his entire attention, just as if the boy were a duke and we subjects. His dinner was served while we still waited, and while he ate I talked to him. He had been with his "people" at Homburg, and now he was on his way back to a public school in England. Later he was going into the army. This he told me while he ate his dinner, and chirped criticisms of German ways. When he had finished his meal, he threw himself back in his chair and cried: "Kellner, bill! schnell!" The waiter heard, and came to him, down the whole length of the carriage. The bill was presented. "Look here," said the boy, "the service is bad. I'm going to back this bill." He

wrote his complaint (it was not very well spelt) in a large, round caligraphy, folded it, and dropped the document into the official box attached to the wall. Then he rose, said: "Bring my coffee into the smoking-room," smiled generally at the company, and strolled to the door. He paused there a moment, said: "Look here, 'schnell,'" and disappeared. I began my dinner. I ruminated. His behavior was inexcusable, and yet—Well, he carried it off. It was not underbred—it was English. I ruminated, and thought of the map of Africa and the domination that was spreading down from the North and up from the South. I did not approve, but, as I ate my tardy dinner, I think I understood—the English way.

Immoral Fables.....*Barry Pain*.....*Black and White*

I.

An elderly giraffe, born in foreign parts, was in the habit of entertaining with his conversation a large captive-bred baboon. By agreeable persiflage and well-chosen anecdote he did much to relieve the tedium of off hours in their menagerie life. The baboon, silent but singularly accurate, would listen for hours to tales of what would have been his native land if only he had been born there.

"I have referred on previous occasions," said the giraffe one night, "to the tropical forest, where the sun can scarce penetrate and the gaily-colored paroquet and the less attractive jackal are to be found at their innocent gambols. I have spoken, too, of the swamp, red with the setting sun, where only the snort of the hippopotamus or the buzz of the mosquito breaks the interminable silence of the drowsy evening. Would you not like to hear now something of the desert?"

The baboon, terse but by no means indifferent, nodded his head.

"The desert," said the giraffe, "is composed of sand. Some deserts are furnished also with a neat and convenient oasis, an arrangement of palm trees and fountain singularly grateful and refreshing to the weary and parched traveler. Others are provided with a mirage, an ingenious optical delusion, but, judged by the hard test of results, of no practical value. Others again are without either of these annexes and may be considered as vast plains of sand, extending, as a general rule, over a space greater than the whole of this island where at present we are being exhibited at prices sadly incommensurate with the pleasure and instruction that we provide for the young. An alligator of my acquaintance once attempted to cross one of these deserts. He took

his chance of finding an oasis; but as it happened this desert was all sand, pure sand, and nothing but sand. I would not harrow the feelings and depress the spirits by recounting all the agonies that the alligator endured from thirst; suffice it to say that a point was reached when he knew that in another hour he would be dead for want of water. The point to which I wish to call your attention is one which has a curious psychological interest. Unable to endure the suspense of waiting the approach of death, the misguided and desperate reptile anticipated the decree of nature and committed suicide."

"How?" asked the baboon.

The giraffe cleared his throat to gain time, and then murmured, with a pathetic look in his eye:

"Drowned himself."

And then no sound was heard but the snapping of the bars of the cage by the justly incensed baboon. A moment later the air was thick with shreds of decentralized giraffe.

Immoral.—Never begin to tell a lie until you see your way to the end of it.

II.

There was once an almond-eyed Princess, of great beauty, considerable wealth and average principles. And when the time drew near that she should be married she bade her Grand Vizier bring before her her suitors, that she might hear what they had to say, at the same time not binding herself to accept the lowest or any tender.

When the day came there were but three who had the courage to step forward and urge their claims. The first was middle-aged and portly and spoke after this manner:

"Princess, if you will be mine, I will give you the finest palace in this country, and the largest diamond and the fleetest horse."

The second was younger and would have been nice-looking if he had not had a shifty eye.

"Princess," he said, "if my suits finds favor with you, I will do all that this merchant has promised; and moreover, by a private arrangement between the Court physician and myself, I will succeed my father as king, and you shall be my queen."

"Number Three," the Vizier called out, and very shyly the third man stepped forward. He was very young and as beautiful as a young god. He was simply but tastefully attired in a suit, no longer new, of his Sunday clothes.

"O Princess," he said, in a rich and fruity voice, looking round absent-mindedly for the lime-light, "I have no treasure to offer you, nor power nor title. Only an undying love."

There was a faint trembling on the violin strings; the musicians, being used to Oriental

stories, had expected something of the kind. The Vizier spoke:

"O more than diamonds! O sweeter than power! Higher, far higher, is love undying. Love that——"

"I wish you'd sit down and not talk like a back number, said the Princess. "Number Two wins, of course."

Immoral.—The highest feelings are the furthest out of reach.

III.

In the garden of an aged and rheumatic chartered accountant (who has nothing to do with the story) there grew a proud rose and a poppy side by side. The rose was tended and pruned and watered; nobody heeded the poppy. If they had heeded it they would have taken it by the neck and thrown it out. It was a common and self-sown poppy; some people would have thought it of no value. They would have been right first time.

One dry day the poppy permitted itself to remark. "O, if they only would water me too!"

"Why should they?" asked the rose. "I am beautiful in color, graceful in shape, delicious in perfume. You are cheap and gaudy and untidy, and you smell badly, and there is no wear in you."

The poppy was on the point of inventing one of those humble but pathetic answers that are so common in fables, when a wind arrived and took most of the poppy's face along with it.

Possibly immoral, but quite true and frequently overlooked.—The braggart sometimes speaks the truth about himself, and humility with no other concomitant merit is not necessarily triumphant.

Mrs. Green.....London Outlook

"Are you fond of traveling, Mrs. Green?" I asked, leaning thoughtfully against the water-butt.

I had come across Mrs. Green in a conducive hour, and we had entered into conversation. She was seated on the lowest step of the stair leading to her rooms above the coach-house. Her work was over, and her sleeves were unrolled; she was in a meditative mood. Together we contemplated the pickings and scratchings of the reflective hens about her doorway.

"Travelin' as is travelin'," she replied, "I enjoys. As much as I enjoys hanythink."

"What do you call traveling?" said I.

"Put me in a third-class kerridge railway train," said Mrs. Green sentimentally, "with hall me frens about me, an' nappy 'earts a-beatin' 'igh, an' nevery soul a-standin' treat cheerful, an' a-larfin' gay, an' no one a-carin' where they're a-

goin', nor whether they never gets there, an' I harsks no more! That's what I calls travelin'. Suffer I may, for suffer I halways mus', along o' my firs'; but I suffers in silence with a smilin' heyde."

"What is the other kind of traveling?" said I.

"When you travels cos you 'ave ter, an' not alonger wantin' to," replied Mrs. Green shortly; "a 'urrying' 'ere an' a 'urrying' there, an' a-knockin' up constant again' a lot o' hidjets as carn' give a plain hanswer to a plain question."

"And don't you suffer in silence in that kind of traveling?" said I meditatively.

"I do not," said Mrs. Green. "I lets 'em know it."

A short pause ensued.

"There was the day I went to London," resumed Mrs. Green thoughtfully, "as you've 'eard me tell on. No one guesses what I went through that day, nor no one never will, 'cept 'Eving, as sen's the sorrers we hinjor."

"You only told me a little about it," said I.

"Ah! there's things as ain't to be tol' in words," said Mrs. Green darkly. "Eleving parcils I 'ad an' neither more nor less an' that begun it. No comp'ny shell go a-chargin' me for leggidge, ses I. Three an' heightpence it corstes me to get to London, ses I, an' I makes no complaint, for I travils 'eavy. But leggidge as goes inside a wan what no one wants to travil in—no, not ef you 'ired 'em to do it, ses I; they ain't no right to go a-chargin' agains' a respectable person a-settin' in a paid-for seat. Nor shell they do so, ses I, determined-like, if I can stop 'em! So I ses to Green a Frid'y—me bein' promised to me harnt's nephew-be-marriage a Satterd'y—"Green," ses I, 'you'll 'elp me do hup me things in parcils,' ses I, 'an' I'll 'ang 'em about meself,' ses I."

"It was a very clever idea," I said.

"Clever!" said Mrs. Green with a furious snort. "When you sups with Sating you wants a long spoon, an' so I tell you. No one never got the better of a comp'ny yet, nor never will. A single man with a face to 'im hanyone can manidge, but a lot o' cowards a-keepin' dark an' never bein' on the spot for to 'ear the trewth about theirselves, there ain't no reachin'. Which the thought on it drives me wil'."

She paused and fanned herself with her apron.

"There was a young man at the station what called 'isself a porter, an' when I come in, a bit blown with the hextry weight, hup 'e comes a-ready an' a-smilin' in a manner fit to bust a body along o' aggrawation. 'Put 'em hall there,' ses 'e, an' 'e points to the weigh stand. Ah, I could 'a' 'it 'im! 'Preps you'd like me to get hon too,' ses I, a-pantin' fierce, for I sees immejit 'ow it

would be. 'Not hunless you'll pay for demigis, mem,' ses 'e, a-thinkin' 'isself funny. But no one ain't never funny with me long. 'Hif I gets hon, you'll come too, any'ow,' ses I, an' I seizes 'im row'n the wais', an' afore 'e knowed where 'e were up 'e goes, as pale as a pillar-slip; for 'e were a little man. That done me good."

"Didn't the people laugh?" I asked.

"They didn't laugh at me no more," said Mrs. Green, darkly, "an' no more didn't 'e. But I 'ad to pay! Four an' sixpence, if you'll believe me. More nor what I corst meself, an' me a good fourteen stun. It turns me in me bed o' nights to think of it. Ah, there's thoughts as takes years an' years horf of a woman's life; but a man, 'e sets an' ses nothin', let 'im be cheated 'ow 'e may, so long as it's a comp'ny as does it. What 'e can't set straight heasy 'e'll leave crooked. 'Don't let's 'ave no fuss,' ses 'e a-smilin' comfrible. Ah! I knows 'em. But wimming ain't made that way. It torments 'em to be cheated."

"If I could honly get a good slap at that there South Heastern Comp'ny's face," she added with sudden fury, "I shouldn't min' so much."

She relapsed into gloom.

"A comp'ny ain't got no face. They takes goot care o' that. Four an' sixpence tor me parcils, an' three an' heightpence for meself, an' me fourteen stun."

She groaned in bitterness of spirit, and, seizing a handy stone, flung it among the encroaching fowls, which scattered with protesting shrieks and elongated necks and swiftly striding legs.

"But how was it you had so many parcels if you were only going for the day?"

"Presingts," said Mrs. Green. "Wegebuls, heggs, hunnions, hepples, an' sech like. Halso cast-orfs, for to make down for me harnt's nephew's children. An' a set o' chipped chiney tea-things as I 'adn't no use for. An' a few hother little things. To say nothin' of a nole bonnit for me harnt's nephew's wife, she bein' near 'er twelfth, an' nothin' decent to rejoice in."

"Rejoice in!" I repeated.

"In church," explained Mrs. Green, "arterwards. A-giving of thanks for the goodness of 'Eving. Which she does 'em by threes, it comin' too dear to rejoice on 'em singly."

"Oh," I said.

Silence fell again.

"Yes, that begun it," said Mrs. Green with a sigh. "An' 'avin' thus begun, thus it went on. Heverythink went wrong. I tole you what 'appened in the eatin'-'ouse. Ah, when I got 'ome a Satterd'y night, Green 'e nearly wep' to see me. 'Oh, Hanna, Hanna,' ses 'e with 'is feelin' 'eart, 'you're wore to a presbirin, shadder.'"

The Mizzibul Man*

BY MARY DAWSON

"What are you planting, Miss Flower-Garden?" asked the tall man as he bent down to rest his elbows on the fence.

It was rather frightening to have a strange person lean upon the fence and talk to one in this way. Ellen stole a look at his face to see if she had better be afraid. She decided that she need not.

"I'm planting sweet alyssum here," she answered politely. "I've por-chu-lacca and petoonias near the fence.—Our cook is going to give me some lady-slipper seed," she added in a burst of confidence.

"Then your sister won't have to buy any slippers for ever so long, will she?"

This was a very funny mistake and Ellen wanted so to laugh. But nothing was ruder than to laugh when any one made a mistake so she kept back even a smile and changed the subject.

"Do you know my sister?" she asked.

The tall man sighed and shook his head. "I used to," he answered, "but I don't now."

"Caroline's playing tennis on the back lawn. If you will come over the fence I'll show you where she is," she suggested hospitably.

The tall man sighed again. Ellen decided that he was very mizzibul about something. "No," he said. "I'm afraid I can't come. There's something very queer about me. I can never get over this fence."

Ellen thought that perhaps he had only one leg like the man who sometimes came around to mend umbrellas and who had been in the war. She looked to see. But both of the Mizzibul Man's legs were there.

"Have you a garden?" she asked.

"I have, I'm sorry to say—for nothing nice ever comes up in it. It isn't a pretty one like yours. My garden is filled with disagreeable things. There's a good deal of rue in it. Do you know rue?"

Ellen shook her head. "No," she said. "I haven't any of that in my garden."

"I hope you never will plant any," he answered. "It is very disagreeable. It isn't half as nice as geraniums. Those are very fine geraniums you have there."

"Yes. Grandmother sent me those. They are slipped from her window garden. This plant will have red flowers and the other white ones."

"My goodness!" exclaimed the Mizzibul Man. "But suppose they forget and the one that ought to put out red flowers puts out white ones and the white tree can't think what to do about it and so comes out with red ones."

He said this so quickly that Ellen felt a little puzzled. She did not quite like to ask him to say it all over again so she asked instead, "Don't you think the flowers will be pretty whether they are red or white?"

"Indeed I do," he agreed. "Whenever I have a geranium in my buttonhole I don't care whether it is a red flower that has forgotten to be white or a white flower that didn't know how to be red."

Ellen found this idea, too, very hard to follow. "Well, they are very pretty," she murmured.

"If I had a garden where nice things would grow, do you know what I'd plant?" said the Mizzibul Man. "I'd plant a cream chocolate tree and a marshmallow bush. Then I could walk out every day when the cream chocolates and marshmallows got ripe and pick some."

This was a joke and Ellen knew that she could laugh without hurting his feelings.

"But perhaps you are one of the little girls that can't bear candy?" he said afterwards.

"U-m-m-mm, I love it," said Ellen.

"Chocolate creams and marshmallows?"

"Yes. But specially buttercups."

"I know where there is a little box of them all. I will bring it round in the morning to you," said the Mizzibul Man, preparing to go.

"I'll ask Caroline if I can take it," said Ellen.

* * * * *

"Well, how are the petunias coming on?" asked the Mizzibul Man, the following morning as he came up to the fence.

"Oh, they haven't come up yet. They need more sun than we've been having."

"I wish I had known they needed sun, I'd have brought a piece of it along in my pocket."

Ellen leaned upon her little spade and laughed. She had discovered that the Mizzibul Man made a great many jokes at which he did not even smile.

Speaking of bringing the sun along in his pocket reminded her of something else. "Caroline said I could take the candy," she said shyly.

"Did she," he cried joyfully. "I'm glad you told me so, because I might have carried this back with me and forgotten to give it to you."

He dug down into a deep coat pocket and pulled out a very large box.

*Written for Short Stories.

"Oh," she cried. "What a big one! Why, you told me it would be little."

"It looked little when I put it in my coat pocket. But perhaps it has grown since then."

Ellen inverted a flower pot and sat down upon it, arranging a corolla of petticoats.

"Will you have a flower pot?"

"No, thank you; I think not. I've almost given up sitting on flower pots. They are apt to cramp my legs which aren't as short as they used to be."

There were ever so many kinds of candies in the box. Delicious sugary things which melted away deliciously in the mouth.

When Ellen had removed the cover, she passed the box to the Mizzibul Man who gravely partook of a chocolate cream and a cocoanut kiss.

"Thank you," he said.

"You're entirely welcome," she said formally, as she bit into a big marshmallow.

* * * * *

It was very queer. Ellen tried to think why it was and she could not understand it at all. Caroline was usually so "intrusted" in men. She would spend whole mornings on the porch with them. But she would not be intrusted in the Mizzibul Man. When Caroline tried to tell her she did not listen. She talked very fast about doll-houses and about a piece of honeycomb canvas that Ellen was embroidering for her grandmother.

Caroline was watching the tucking away of some seeds in the garden the next morning when the Mizzibul Man appeared unexpectedly.

The young lady instantly dropped Ellen's little spade upon which she was leaning and hurried away to the house. Her head was thrown back, her eyes half closed and her lovely white dress swish-swished across the grass like a swirl of snow.

Ellen called to her. "Caroline! Caroline! Don't you know him? This is the Mizzibul Man."

But Caroline only hurried away faster.

The Mizzibul Man sighed.

"I frightened your sister," he said miserably. "I'm so sorry. I wouldn't frighten her for the world. I don't frighten you do I?"

"Not now," said Ellen. "Only at first."

"Will you tell your sister that it made me very unhappy to see her run away?"

"Yes. And I'll tell her that she needn't be afraid of you," she promised.

* * * * *

That afternoon Ellen tried to find Caroline to tell her how sorry the Mizzibul Man had been to see her run away from the fence and what he had said.

But the dressmaker kept her sister in the sew-

ing room all the rest of the day fitting on some new dresses. Ellen did not see her alone.

At night time the opportunity occurred, however, for Caroline always came into the room to help her unfasten any hook or button that was stiff or inconveniently beyond reach; to hear her say her prayers and tuck her into bed.

"He was very sorry," she began as Caroline brushed and braided her hair.

"Who was sorry, honey-love?"

"That man at the fence."

"Oh!" said Caroline. She waited a long moment. Then she asked, "What was he sorry for?"

"He was so sorry he frightened you."

"He didn't frighten me, sweetheart."

"Oh! Don't you remember? At the fence, Caroline. When you saw him you ran away."

"I had forgotten that. I remember now."

"He is so mizzibul, Caroline."

"There are a great many mizzibul people in this world, honey-love," said her sister softly.

"What makes them mizzibul, Caroline?"

"I hardly know. Perhaps they are not good enough. Some people are miserable because they are not good enough to forgive the wrong things done to them. Don't you remember, when the kitten was killed, how hard you found it to forgive Jackie Potter?"

"Yes," said Ellen thoughtfully. "It took a long while."

"And yet it was your duty to forgive Jackie if you wanted to be like the good God. For He forgave every one who did wrong to Him.—Well, dearie, there are a good many people like you. They find it very hard to forgive. So hard sometimes that they never succeed in forgiving."

Caroline was bending down to braid the hair, and, as she said this something warm and wet splashed upon Ellen's cheek.

Ellen looked up in great surprise. "Why, Caroline! you're crying."

"A little, honey-love. Just a silly tear or two. I'm sure I don't know why. It won't last long, I guess.—You haven't told me whether the pansy seed has come up yet?"

* * * * *

The sun was shining the next day and when Ellen went down toward the fence to look at her garden there were rows upon rows of little green things thrusting upward through the soil.

It was the por-chu-lacca.

The Mizzibul Man came along just after she had discovered them.

"Hello!" he said. "So the sun got round at last, did he? What are they please, Miss Flower-Garden?"

"It's the por-chu-lacca," said Ellen ecstatically.

"I bet you another box of candy right now, that they turn out to be rose-bushes."

Ellen laughed. "I'll win. I've seen grandmother's rose-bushes and they don't come up like this at all," she said as she deluged the new arrivals with water from the scarlet watering pot, by way of helping them to grow.

"Well, when you get a box of candy you give some of it to me. So I might as well lose. I get all I want from you and I couldn't eat a whole box. It would make me sick."

It seemed to Ellen that there was something not quite sound in this reasoning. But she was too much interested in por-chu-lacca just then to be interested in sophistry.

"They look like little green soldiers, don't they," he said, "coming up that way in little regiments and battalions, I mean. And do you see the funny helmets they have on? They've just taken the seed and split it in two and stuck it over their heads."

"It's funny. But I didn't think they'd be up to-day," Ellen mused. "I was telling Caroline about them last night and I told her that we hadn't had enough sun to bring them up yet."

"I suppose you couldn't remember, could you, how sorry I was that I frightened your sister at the fence," suggested the Mizzibul Man.

"Oh, yes! I told her that."

"I suppose she was very angry at me?"

"I don't know. She didn't say anything. But afterward I told her about you. That I wasn't afraid of you and that you were just mizzibul, mizzibul all the time."

"She must have been dreadfully cross with me, then."

"No. She didn't look cross. I forget what she said. And then she splained to me why people were mizzibul and then she cried a little—just a little—soft."

"Cried!" It seemed to Ellen that he would jump over the fence with pure astonishment. Then he sighed, shook his head and became mizzibul again.

The lawn was freshly mown that morning and smelled deliciously sweet. Patches of sunlight and shadows played hide-and-seek across the green because the sky was full of little fleecy clouds which scurried now and then over the face of the sun.

It was a very pretty picture and Caroline who sat on the porch rocking and embroidering looked very pretty, too. She had on a lovely pink frock with a shawl around her shoulders which was white and fleecy like the little clouds in the sky.

Ellen saw that the Mizzibul Man looked very often at the porch and at Caroline. It seemed

such a pity that he could not talk to Caroline. She knew so well how to help any one over any mizzibulness.

"I wish you could get over the fence," she said. "Then you could know my sister."

"I was just at that moment wondering whether I couldn't," he replied. "Do you know, I feel a little as if I could get inside the fence to-day."

"Try," she encouraged him. "Give a high step."

The Mizzibul Man considered a moment. Then he swung one long leg over the fence and was inside, as he himself said, in a jiffy.

"There! I thought you could," she cried in triumph. "Now let's go to Caroline."

The Mizzibul Man hesitated. "Perhaps Caroline won't speak to me."

"I'll introduce you," she promised. "I'll tell her that I'm not afraid of you."

Ellen hurried him at a smart pace across the lawn. She was greatly afraid that he would try to run away and kept a tight hold on his hand.

"Don't be afraid. I'll introduce you," she reassured him.

Caroline was sitting with the back of her chair toward the fence and so she did not catch sight of the two until they were fairly on the porch.

She turned. Her face grew very hot and then very white. She stood up quickly and it seemed, for a moment, as if she were going to run indoors.

But Ellen interposed. "This is the Mizzibul Man, Caroline," she said. "I told him I would introduce him to you."

"It is a very mizzibul man, indeed, Caroline," he said in a very low voice. "Please let me be introduced to you."

He stood before her holding out his hand. How big he looked! Even Caroline, who was a grown-up young lady, looked little beside him.

But Caroline did not put out her hand. She stood very still and looked away and said nothing.

"I planted my garden very wrongly, Caroline. But think of all the rue and all the bitter roots I've grown in it. Think of these. I confess I planted wrongly. But, think of these and—let me be introduced to you, Caroline."

"The trouble was," said Caroline, in a queer low voice, "that our gardens lay so close together, yours and mine. The bitter things you planted came over the boundary line and grew in my garden, too."

"I am sorrier for that than for anything that happened in mine," he answered. "But I have waited months. I have grown my bitter roots. Be—be a woman and forgive.—I mean, let me be introduced to you, Caroline."

He stretched out his big hand again. And this time Caroline put her hand into it.

Some Danish Proverbs*

—Advice after mischief is like medicine after death.

—To give good counsel to a fool is like throwing water on a duck's back.

—Who refuses cheap advice must buy dear repentance.

—He who knows how to beg may leave his money at home.

—When it rains porridge the beggar has no spoon.*

—Care, and not fine stables, makes the good horse.

—It is bad to lean against a falling wall.

—It is good to lend to God and the soil; they pay good interest.

—Help is good everywhere except in the porridge bowl.

—Give to a pig when it grunts and a child when it cries, and you will have a fine pig and a bad child.

—A bold attempt is half success.

—It is easy to poke another man's fire.

—If you would catch a fox you must hunt with geese.

—He who tastes every man's broth sometimes burns his mouth.

—Of bad debtors you may take spoilt herrings.

—He who relies on another's table is apt to dine late.

—Many a sheep goes out woolly and comes home shorn.

—After pleasant scratching comes unpleasant smarting.

—He knows the water best who has waded through it.

—After one that earns comes one that wastes.

—Flattery is sweet food to those who can swallow it.

—If a man have folly in his sleeve, it is sure to peep out.

—There is no need to fasten a bell to a fool.

—He who would make a fool of himself will find many to help him.

—To a friend's house the road is never long.

—Slander expires at a good woman's door.

—Joy like the ague has one good day between two bad ones.

—Better the world should know you as a sinner than God know you as a hypocrite.

—God help the sheep when the wolf is judge!

—“Virtue in the middle,” quoth the devil, as he sat between two lawyers.

—Lambs don't run into the mouth of the sleeping wolf.

—Hair by hair the head grows bald.

—“Every little helps,” said the dog as he snapped at the fly.

—Much broth is sometimes made of little meat.

—Luck steps in at the door and asks whether Prudence is in.

—One hair of a maiden's head pulls harder than ten oxen.

—A golden key opens every door save heaven's.

—He who takes a child by the hand takes a mother by the heart.

—Fortune often knocks at the door, but the fool does not invite her in.

—“Peter, I am taking a ride,” said the goose as the fox ran away with her.

—It is too late to cover the well when the child is drowned.

—A silent man's words are not brought into court.

—Time is not tied to a post like a horse to a manger.

—Act so in the valley that you need not fear those who stand on the hill.

—Bend the willow while it is young.

—When wine is in, wit is out.

—He that does not save pennies will never have pounds.

—He who would save should begin with his mouth.

—Wash a dog, comb a dog, still a dog remains a dog.

—There are three bad neighbors—great roads, great lords and great rivers.

—A good neighbor is a good morrow.

—He that lies down with dogs will get up with fleas.

—Tell me your company and I will tell you what you are.

—Beauty without virtue is a rose without fragrance.

—The horse must go to the manger, and not the manger to the horse.

—A lean compromise is better than a fat lawsuit.

—*For a good dinner and a gentle wife you can afford to wait.

* From The World's Best Proverbs and Short Quotations. By George Howard Opdyke. Laird & Lee. \$1.50.

Reflections on Life*

God's Word is an anvil which has worn out many a hammer.—Beza.

Man though dead retains a part of himself; the immortal mind remains.—Homer.

The belief in the eternal existence of man's soul is as old as mankind itself.—Strabo.

An atheistic and materialistic democracy seems to me a very hell upon earth.—Pressensé.

Atheism is a disease of the soul before it becomes an error of the understanding.—Plato.

God is the common Father of us all, but more especially of the best of us.—Plutarch's Lives.

The Scriptures teach us the best way of living, the noblest way of suffering, and the most comfortable way of dying.—Flavel.

Man in every stage of society, civilized or savage, has universally believed that he is to live hereafter.—Smith (Sidney).

Life is a state of embryo, a preparation for life. A man is not completely born until he has passed through death.—Benjamin Franklin.

Cheerfully do I depart this life, hoping for the immortal, the imperishable. One cannot but be charmed by that blessed hope.—Socrates.

The soul when departing from the body does but begin to live. Oh, blessed day, when I arrive at the divine assembly of souls!—Scipio.

Agnosticism never won a victory, never slew a sin, never healed a heartache, never produced a ray of sunshine, never saved a soul.—Cuyler.

Give me matter, and I will explain the formation of a world; but give me matter only, and I cannot explain the formation of a caterpillar.—Kant.

Oh, what a world this would be if the perseverance of the saints were made of as enduring stuff as the perseverance of the sinners!—Parkhurst.

* Compiled from Faiths of Famous Men; John Kenyon Kilbourn. Henry T. Coates & Co.

It is but reasonable to regard the force of gravitation as the direct or indirect result of a will or consciousness existing somewhere.—Herschel.

Amidst all my doubts and speculations, there are two things which always strike me with awe—the starry firmament above me, and the moral law within me.—Kant.

My mind can take no hold of the present world nor rest in it for a moment, but my whole nature rushes on with irresistible force toward a future and better state of being.—Fichte.

The Holy Ghost is by far the most simple writer in heaven or on earth; therefore his words can have no more than one most simple sense, which we call the spiritual or literal meaning.—Luther.

Madmen! (shouted Diderot to the French ecclesiastics) tear down the walls that imprison your ideas! Extend your Godhead! Confess that He is everywhere, or deny that He is at all!

The Egyptians were not a people of very high intellectual development, and yet their religious system was strictly associated with, I might rather say founded on, the belief in immortality.—Gladstone.

Traversing the world, you may find towns without walls, without letters, without kings, without coin, without schools, without theatres; but a town without a temple of prayer, no one ever saw.—Plutarch.

Setting, nevertheless, the sun is always the same sun. I am fully convinced that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues to eternity. (Again.) The pious wisely draw from death the hope of future bliss.—Goethe.

When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others: I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say: I have finished my life. My work will begin again next morning. My tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare; it closes with the twilight to open with the dawn. It would not be worth while to live at all, were we to die entirely. That which alleviates labor and sanctifies toil is to have constantly before us the vision of a better world appearing through the darkness of this life.—Victor Hugo.

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

Napoleon at the Height of His Power. By Imbert de St. Amand. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

M. de Saint-Amand, if not the most eminent, is certainly one of the most popular historians in the later French school of to-day. This popularity has been obtained by judicious selections of interesting periods in French history, and by treating these periods with a lightness of touch that prefers gossip to discussion, and pageantry and splendor to economic or political details. The present volume is the fifth of the series devoted to the Second Empire, and is more immediately an outcome of the fourth in the series which treats of the relations between France and Italy. The year 1860 is taken as the height of Napoleon III.'s power, and the whole volume is concerned with France and Italy during that highly important year. In January, 1860, France seemed to be at peace with the world. On New Year's day of that year Napoleon exchanged greetings of peace with all the world. But the emperor was a master of "coups d'état." Repose was an unknown factor in the restless monarch's contradictory nature. The world was astounded by the formation of a free trade treaty with England. No inkling had been dropped of such a move, and the protective policy of France was annihilated at a stroke. This was followed by warlike movements in Italy; the temporal power of the Pope was assailed; a Piedmontese army assailed the Papal States; by diplomatic manœuvring with Cavour, Napoleon quietly assumed the kingdoms of Nice and Savoy, while the patriotic army of Garibaldi drove Francis II. from the throne of the Neapolitan kingdom and presented it to Victor Emmanuel as the crowning achievement of the move toward a united Italy. The diplomatic policy of France at this time showed itself superbly effective. With consummate skill it steered clearly free from international complications and with steady conservatism it refused to interfere in the troubles of the Pope, and yet it was able to maintain the respect of the Catholic world. While French prestige was thus being established in the Occident war broke out between China and France. England allied with France, and the crowning glory for France was attained when in November of that eventful year the allied forces by forced marches reached the gates of Peking, captured the city, burned the famous summer palace of the emperor, looted it of its treasures, concluded a satisfactory treaty and

returned home laden with wealth and honors. At the close of the year France was the first country of Europe, her flag had been planted and maintained beyond the borders of Christendom, her internal affairs had been managed with an enlightenment that was to be the earnest of present economic principles, her diplomatic proceedings had been consummated with rare skill and finesse, and in great measure the credit belongs to Napoleon III., who alone and frequently in the face of religious and political prejudice ruled France with a firm and enlightened hand. M. de Saint-Amand has told his story clearly and well. His portrait sketches are well chosen and well done. Napoleon, Victor Emmanuel, Pius IX., Garibaldi, the unfortunate Francis II., the Empress Eugénie are a few of such portraits in high lights. The battles of Castelfidardo and Polikao are vividly portrayed and with a touch of the old historical affection for detail. A word must be said in conclusion for the part that Miss Martin has played in the English production of this work. Her translation is extremely clear and idiomatic, and in a few places she has transcribed literally the short, pithy sententiousness of the original.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Oliver Cromwell. By John Morley, M.P. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co. \$3.50.

Oliver Cromwell. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

Oliver Cromwell, Life and Character. By Arthur Paterson. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co. \$3.00.

The monographs on Oliver Cromwell written for the Century and Scribner's magazines by Mr. John Morley and Governor Roosevelt, respectively, make their nearly simultaneous appearance in book form, with all the original pictures. Mr. Morley's volume forms the longer and more elaborate work of the two; and while its magazine origin is not unapparent throughout, it also bears throughout, we need hardly say, the unmistakable impress of distinction inseparable from this fine writer's work. Like all Mr. Morley's essays in historical biography. (and where are better ones to be found?), the life of Cromwell is a study not only of the man, but also, and perhaps even more essentially, of his times and the spirit of his times. . . . Mr. Morley's essay is keyed above the tone and spirit of controversy; and surely the time has gone by for wrangling over the cause, and weeping or rejoicing over the fate

of the Stuarts. What is wanted now is the clear sight and the balanced judgment in order that we may come at last to the right historic view of that great drama and its actors. To this end, Mr. Morley's cool and dispassionate pages give valuable aid. . . . Governor Roosevelt has plainly found in Cromwell, as a remarkably strenuous character who entered public life at the head of a corps of rough riders, a subject very much to his mind; and he has treated it with his usual vim and downrightness, and with as much independence of view as a theme already so well canvassed admits of.—Dial.

When Macaulay "wrote a Whig pamphlet and called it history" he set an example for men less skilled than himself to follow. Mr. Roosevelt's claims to be considered as a serious historian are of the slightest. If this book be any evidence, he has no especial acquaintance with the time of which he treats; in comparison with the contemporary work of Mr. Morley or Mr. Firth, for example, his is superficial and hasty. He holds to a view of his hero not unlike theirs; but in his case it seems to be based upon prejudice rather than upon conviction. Such a view is not, in the opinion of many competent writers, tenable; but at least we may expect those who share it to put forth arguments more convincing than any we find in these pages. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt's purpose is to be discovered in his frequent allusions to current events, and his use of the Puritan Revolution to point a moral for the benefit of those who do not think as he does. . . . His book has the interest inseparable from his picturesque personality, but as history its value is hardly appreciable.—Providence Journal.

Mr. Paterson possesses neither the vivacity of Roosevelt nor the broad historic sense of Morley. He is not, like Roosevelt, so interested in himself that he amusingly turns history into a campaign document for personal exploitation. Nor has he like Morley the power to communicate his own interest in his hero to the reader. The book is rather tame, in short. The great Oliver loses his picturesqueness and becomes a mere humdrum collection of virtues. For Mr. Paterson is an uncompromising Cromwellian. He even seeks to condone Cromwell's wholesale butcheries in Ireland by arguments which would equally condone the horrors of the Inquisition in Spain or the Puritan atrocities in this country.—New York Herald.

Tommy and Grizel. By James Matthew Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

The story is told as only Mr. Barrie could tell it, because it has been felt as only he can feel it.

We all know his peculiar charm: the sense of spiritual beauty blended with dry humor. His humor, like the rest of him, is "autochthonous," and so deserts him in London, where he makes cheap fun of the society known as the Tommies and their rivals the Tummies. At home in Thrums it gives us Corp and Gavinia and Dominie Cathro, and a whole college of delightful eccentrics. O. P. Pym is good, but probably owes something to F. Bayham, Esquire. For spiritual beauty there is Grizel, as true and lovable a woman as novelist ever created. Her story is simple and might be summed up in the words of Ingeborg in Ibsen's *Pretenders*: "To love, to sacrifice all, and be forgotten, that is woman's saga." Grizel's saga is not to be read without tears. (The curious will note, by the way, that her passion for "mothering" other people's bairns has been borrowed to furnish the prettiest scene in the author's *Wedding Guest*.) As for Tommy, Mr. Barrie obviously would have us weep for him too. But there, we submit, parental fondness misleads him. We agree rather with old Aaron Latta, who laughed at Tommy's sublimities ("for I ken you, Tommy, my man, I ken you"), and with David Gemmell, who roundly told Grizel that her hero was "a false loon." And yet, as we say it, we begin to incline to the other side, to the feeling of pity and tenderness which we think Mr. Barrie could wring from a stone. For even reviewers are not immune against "double consciousness."—London Times.

There are certain books that are far more enjoyable when read in monthly instalments than at a single sitting. Tommy and Grizel is one of these. It abounds in delicate, artistic effects that are more delightful when they are had one at a time. Moreover, with Tommy's strenuous and continuous self-searchings, with Grizel's minute study of Tommy's every act and motive, with Mr. Barrie's analysis of Tommy from every point of view, we are apt to conclude that there is too much analysis and too much Tommy.—Public Opinion.

Sam Houston. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. (Beacon Biographies.) Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 75 cents.

Sam Houston is an attractive subject for biography, and Sarah Barnwell Elliott has made the most of it in her little book. The biographer brings out the romantic in Houston's adventurous career and throws into relief the manliness, honesty and chivalrousness of his character in a way to please the most ardent of his admirers. At the battle of Horseshoe Bend, one of Jackson's Indian victories, Houston, an enlisted man, was wounded

in the thigh by an arrow while trying to climb a stockade. A companion failing at first to pull it out, "If you don't do it," cried Houston, "I'll kill you." He fell afterward with two bullets in the shoulder, and was supposed to be mortally wounded. Houston's gallantry had attracted Jackson's notice, and "Old Hickory" was always his staunch friend through life. Like his patron, Houston engaged in one celebrated duel. Gen. White, of Nashville, condemning Houston for some reflections made by him on the local postmaster, one Erwin, Houston sent a challenge to White and shot him in the hip. Houston never fought a duel again, declining many challenges. To his secretary, after reading a call to the field of honor, he said: "Indorse this number fourteen and file it away." Houston's separation in January, 1823, from his wife, whom he had just married, provoked many scandalous stories and raised up a host of enemies against him. He disdained to make any explanation while he lived except to his second wife, who not until after his death told the world that Sam Houston, discovering that his young wife had been forced by her family to marry him against her consent, and that she loved another, had left her with the suggestion that she obtain a divorce for abandonment. Houston was broken-hearted and retired to live among his friends, the Cherokees, beyond the Mississippi. Miss Elliott sketches the events leading up to Texan independence, which Sam Houston made possible by his victory at San Jacinto, with admirable clearness, but it is in Sam Houston the individual that readers are most interested, and no side lights on her hero's character escape her. Houston was never greater than when he used his personal influence against secession in Texas and roused the passions of the South to such a fierce flame that "in Virginia it was demanded that the traitor Houston be tarred and feathered, while in Georgia it was suggested that 'some Texan Brutus may arise to rid his country of this old, hoary-headed traitor.' But he refused a commission as major-general which President Lincoln offered him and declared for his State, right or wrong."—New York Evening Sun.

The Individual. A Study of Life and Death. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

This is a profound, original, scientific, and in many ways most suggestive study, appealing exclusively to thoughtful readers and the scientific spirit, free from cant, conventionality, and deference to tradition, reverent in spirit, and with much of faith and spirituality written between its lines, but sticking rigidly to its own line of in-

vestigation and argument, and dealing with its subject exclusively on the scientific side. Professor Shaler keeps entirely within the realm of natural history. He takes no notice whatever of the religious aspects of his theme, but is concerned only with the outward facts, the phenomena, and upon this basis examines and defines the place of the individual in the universe, arranges the data which determine longevity, traces the growth of sympathy among the lower animal forms, shows the normal and the logical place of death in its relation to individuality and the race, and discourses tenderly on old age and its uses from the naturalist's point of view. It is preëminently a naturalist's book for readers who are able to follow trains of thought from the naturalist's point of view. It accumulates a great mass of facts, some of them of curious interest, and its generalizations and reflections are marked by a candor, a modesty, a reserve, and a caution which are delightful. It is a public benefaction when a mind like Professor Shaler's undertakes the illumination of a theme which like this lies so close to the innermost and tenderest nerves of human nature.—Literary World.

The Isle of Unrest. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

There is a briskness about the writings of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman which is not to be withstood. In *The Isle of Unrest* this quality is perhaps more abundantly present, and more inspiring, than in any of its predecessors. The story deals with Corsica in the closing years of the Third Empire, when the power which had held the lawless inhabitants in something like obedience to the rules of civilization was on the verge of collapse, and the society of the island felt the first vague uneasiness of a return to sanguinary ways. The author is of the opinion that Corsica is now in much the same condition as existed before the iron hand of the Emperor was laid upon its wicked habits. He presents his principal personages as embodiments of the Corsican character as it has endured through all times and changes, fiery, brave and tenacious. Lory de Vasselot, the hero, has no taste for the ideas of vendetta which were cherished by his ancestors. His father lives concealed for thirty years as the result of a murder committed for revenge. He himself would hurt no man unless in a fair fight. But even Lory cannot throw off the Corsican character altogether, and though the action of the tale passes partly in France and carries the hero through some of the hardest fighting in the war with Prussia, the atmosphere of the sinister little island is flung over every

chapter of the book. Those chapters have, as a rule, striking endings. The author likes to round out each one of them with a telling stroke. This communicates a tinge of cheap melodrama to the work which we could well do without. But, on the other hand, the recurring climax, neatly and vigorously handled, does much to maintain that tone of briskness to which appreciative allusion has already been made. One may object to the almost automatic twists which give the plot too crisp and stogy a character by half; art seems to be giving place to mechanism when the succession of events is set forth with such glibness, but it is idle to think of putting the book down unfinished, the author is so alert, so nimble, so full of energy and so interesting. *The Isle of Unrest*, in a word, is one of those books which cannot be unreservedly admired, but which give a distinct pleasure to the reader notwithstanding. He may not accept Henry Seton Merriman as a brilliant novelist, but he cannot deny his story-telling faculty, his gift for seizing the attention and keeping it.—*New York Tribune*.

Paul Jones, Founder of the American Navy. By Augustus C. Buell. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

A glamor of mystery has long enshrouded the figure of Paul Jones. The sketches and biographies of him that have hitherto appeared, leaving much to conjecture, have served to intensify rather than to dispel it; and thus we have come to picture this intrepid and gifted free-lance of the ocean, not so much as a perfectly realizable and relatively modern historical character, as a heroic half-mythical figure fixed on the quarter-deck of the *Ranger* or the *Bon Homme Richard*, wrapped in the smoke of battle. Material enough, however, has always existed for an authentic and fairly circumstantial life of Jones, that should leave untouched no essential phase of his strangely varied and romantic though somewhat brief career. But the material has been scattered, and much of it not easy of access; and the use that has heretofore been made of it has been most unsatisfactory, wherever an effort was made, or ostensibly made, to blend the facts it conserved into a biographical whole. That a satisfactory life of Jones, which should remove him from cloud-land and show him to posterity as his American and European contemporaries knew him, awaited only the advent of a writer competent to undertake it, is amply proved by Mr. A. C. Buell's spirited work. Mr. Buell has ransacked the records, private and official, and consulted and collated the authorities, English and foreign. The book is really the fruit of painstaking research

and extended effort; and no student of our maritime history can afford to neglect it. It is neatly gotten up, and contains two portraits (one in colors) of Jones, and a few other cuts.—*Dial*.

James Martineau. A Biography and Study. By A. W. Jackson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$3.00.

This is less a life of Dr. Martineau than a portrait; and less a portrait than a study of him as a preacher, teacher, and philosopher. In Dr. Martineau's case these words must be regarded as almost synonymous; according to his own explanation of the function of a preacher, he was primarily a teacher in the pulpit; and certainly in all his public teaching the practical and ethical issue of his teaching was never absent from his sub-consciousness. Mr. Jackson is an undisguised pupil and admirer of Dr. Martineau, and confessedly makes this study of his great teacher an occasion for the exposition of his own philosophy. But that philosophy is so borrowed from Dr. Martineau and so imbued by his spirit that it is not easy to discriminate between the interpreter and the author whom he interprets. For one who desires to get the spirit of Dr. Martineau's teaching in brief compass, and has not time or opportunity to study directly the author's three great works, *A Study of Religions*, *The Seat of Authority*, and *Types and Ethical Theory*, we know of no volume comparable to this.—*Outlook*.

Sons of the Morning. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: G. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

A singularly powerful and original story, equal to some of the best works of Thomas Hardy, in many ways similar to his later novels, yet strongly stamped with an individuality of its own. The setting, the minor characters, the loving descriptions of nature, all remind us of Hardy, but the main plot of the story is so treated as to leave little doubt that in Mr. Phillpotts we have an author whose works must soon place him among the foremost of English writers. It is to his credit that he has taken an almost impossible theme—a woman's love for two men—and treated it with such rare delicacy and apparent fidelity to fact that it holds the reader's attention, without, however, leaving him convinced. Indeed, it is hard to imagine a girl of Honor Endicott's character loving equally these two men quite as she is represented. That this equal love should exist after her marriage to one of them is still more hard to believe, but the fact is reiterated even to the final page. The most finely drawn character is blind old Mark Endicott, but the two men, Myles and Christopher, are well contrasted. The

working out of the minor plot is carefully handled, and the interest sustained throughout. The descriptions of nature are often in refreshing contrast to the unnatural expression of Honor's love. A bit of Dartmoor is made vivid to us through all the changing seasons. It is a book to be thankful for, if for nothing more than this.—*Home Journal*.

Webster's International Dictionary, to which is added a supplement of twenty-five thousand words and phrases. Edited by W. T. Harris. Springfield: G. & C. Merriam & Co. \$10.00.

The new edition of Webster's International Dictionary is probably the best one-volume English dictionary. It is printed from new plates and in addition to all the features that have made it so popular it has a supplement of 25,000 additional words and phrases prepared under the editorship of Dr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education. The old dictionary as revised only a few years ago has well been described as "the best practical working dictionary." It is admirably adapted to saving the time of a busy man or woman, as the seeker after definition or pronunciation is not referred elsewhere, as is the irritating custom of so many manuals. The new supplement is worthy of high praise, as it has gathered up all the recent terms in science, literature and the arts. It indicates their spelling and gives the authority for their use. This supplement alone will be of great help, as it includes many names that are not found in more pretentious works. It comprises noted names of fiction as well as many terms which are found in romance. Altogether the various supplements in the appendix amount to 569 pages. The most valuable are the noted fictitious persons and places and the biographical dictionary. The volume is finely printed, the cuts being especially clear, and it is substantially bound and furnished with the thumb index. It may be commended without any reservation to the student as well as to the general reader.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

An American Anthology, 1787-1899: selections illustrating the editor's critical review of American poetry in the nineteenth century. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.

Mr. Stedman's latest volume supplements his *Poets of America*, as his *Victorian Anthology* supplemented the earlier survey of the English poets of the period. Its selections illustrate his critical review of American poets, and its range is notable. The work is a compact volume of nearly nine hundred pages. It gives selections from the verse of more than four hundred writers, arranged in chronological order, and divided into

three periods. An introduction from the pen of the editor, covering twenty pages, sketches and explains the plan of the book, and is rich in critical observations. The department devoted to biographical notices fills sixty pages, and contains a vast amount of personal information presented briefly. There are an index of poets, an index of titles, and an index of first lines. No minor details have been overlooked in the arrangement, and in system and comprehensiveness the book is as nearly perfect as care could make it. Its contents will be found to include hundreds of "old favorites," as well as many poems that are not familiar to general readers. There is opportunity for difference of opinion concerning the space properly devoted to poets of to-day, but Mr. Stedman's decisions will not be seriously questioned by any considerable number. The work will find a prominent place on many bookshelves, as there has been no collection of American poetry of its scope for many years.—*Argonaut*.

Up in Maine. By Holman F. Day. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.00.

Holman F. Day is a poet of the common people, whose Yankee dialect verse and stories in rhyme of the quaint folk in far-away nooks and corners of Maine are well known to the readers of current periodicals. They are watched for and people who have once read his verses never afterward skip anything that appears over his name. That is pretty good evidence that Mr. Day has the faculty of saying something in a way that calls forth a responsive echo in the reader's mind. Sometimes it may be an echo of memory, but more often we fancy it is because he strikes a homely, human note that no one can fail to recognize. Verse that shows this intimate quality is worth preserving and for that reason the little volume of verse which Mr. Day has just published, and to which he has given the title *Up in Maine*, is very welcome. As he says in his sub-title, they are "stories of Yankee life told in verse." They are grouped under the headings *Round Home*, *Takin' Comfort*, *'Long Shore*, *Drive*, *Camp and Waggan*, *Hosses' and Goin' t' School*. It will be seen from these captions that Mr. Day's muse deals with homely, common things—with the comedies and the tragedies of everyday life. His style is not the smoothest and he deals with phases of life that do not appeal to the dreamers—but his verse has in it the wind among the pines and spruces, or the sound of the breakers on the rocky shore. This is, we believe, Mr. Day's first collection of the fruit of his pen. It is well worth preserving.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Society Verse: Songs in Lighter Vein

A Bachelor London Punch

Who collars all my scanty pay,
And with my little plans makes hay?
Who says Mamma has come to stay?

Who takes away my easy chair
Because "it has no business there,"
And only says she doesn't care?

Who says she hasn't got a gown,
And wants to put the horses down,
And thinks we'd better live in town?

Who commandeers my only hack,
Returns him with a bad sore back,
And says the little beast is slack?

Who thinks that I must ride a bike,
And makes me do what I don't like,
And tells me if I don't she'll strike?

And when I'm feeling sad and low
Who sympathizes with my woe
And softly breathes, "I told you so!"
NO ONE!

A Paradise Adele Durand Life

A cosy room,
A pleasant view
Of hill, of lake,
A book or two,

Some cigarettes,
Some gossip new,
A rainy day,
And just us two!

Jack's Second Trial Roy Farrell Greene Smart Set

The second time that Jack proposed
'Twas really a surprise,
Though still I—gossips so supposed—
Found favor in his eyes.
His first avowal, months before,
I'd treated with disdain,
And laughed at him the while he swore
He'd surely try again.

The second time that Jack proposed
I never said a word,
Though to assent I'd grown disposed—
I simply overheard
By accident his earnest plea
While in the waltz's whirl;
The second time 'twas not to me,
But to another girl!

A Tiff Edmund Petley London Graphic

Sweet Marjorie and I fell out—
That evening we remember well—
But what on earth it was about
Nor Marjorie nor I can tell.

We've talked about it since, perplexed,
And wondered how we had the heart;
For she was cross and I was vexed,
And we agreed 'twas best to part.

She bade me take my gifts and go—
The feather fan, the sapphire ring,
The sachet with the true-love bow,
The songs I loved to hear her sing.

The jeweled crescent for her hair,
And Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust"—
Then, thinking that I did not care,
She added—to my great disgust—

"But may I hope you will be kind
And let me keep the cockatoo,
For, when he's spiteful, he'll remind
Me sometimes, Reginald, of you."

Incensed, I left the saucy minx,
And savagely the hall door slammed;
But on the top step, like a sphinx,
Stuck fast, my coat tail tightly jammed.

I stamped my foot in futile rage,
I may at once admit—I swore;
I know 'twas wrong, but I'll engage
A bishop would have cursed that door.

The thought flashed quickly through my mind—
(I felt forlorn as fish on hook)—
"If she is peeping through the blind,
How idiotic I must look.

"Mine is a most unlucky star,
Beyond the shadow of a doubt;
Would I had left the door ajar,
Or let the servant show me out."

I strove in vain the cloth to tear,
But might have tugged till that day week;
I could not leave my garment there,
And, sparsley clad, my chambers seek.

For freedom, then, I rang the bell;
The fatal door was opened wide,
And in my arms my sweetheart fell—
"Forgive my cruelty," she cried.

And murmured in my fond embrace—
Regarding me with deep concern,
While I with rapture kissed her face—
"I knew, dear Reggie, you'd return."

Passing Pleasantries Chicago Times-Herald

THRIFT.

He saw her drop her glove,
And watched it where it lay;
He rushed to pick it up
When she had turned away;
He kissed and hid it in
A pocket near his heart,
Not knowing that the girl
But played a little part.

The preacher said the words
That made her his for life;
"Now give me back my glove,"
Implored his loving wife;
"I have the one that goes
With that I dropped for you—
I never wore them, and
They're still as good as new."

Child Verse

Nursery Rhymes for Wooden Toys.....New York Herald

There was a wooden soldier and he had a wooden gun,

And his uniform was painted blue, blue, blue;
But he couldn't shoot his gun at a rabbit or in fun,
All on account of the glue, glue, glue.

Mooley cow, mooley cow, where have you been?
Once you were snowy white, now you are green.
I stood in a rainstorm, close to a tree;
The leaves lost their color (and gave it to me).

Jack and Jill stood on a hill,
Two little wooden creatures.
A thunderstorm it came along
And washed off all their features.

Three toy men of Gotham
Went to sea in a paper boat.
The boat went down,
But the men didn't drown,
'Cause little toy men can float.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Nowhere at all, kind sir," she said.
"You are a blockhead from your talk,
For a maid like me can't move or walk."

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep
From the box where she confined them.
Could she but look across the book,
All safe and sound she'd find them.

The Moon-Baby.....Pall Mall Gazette

There's a beautiful golden cradle,
That rocks in the rose-red sky;
I have seen it there in the evening air,
Where the bats and beetles fly;
With little white clouds for curtains,
And pillows of fleecy wool,
And a dear little bed for the Moon-Baby's head,
So tiny and beautiful!

There are tender young stars around it,
That wait for their bath of dew
In the purple tints that the sun's warm prints
Have left on the mountain blue;
There are good little gentle planets,
That want to be nursed and kissed,
And laid to sleep in the ocean deep,
Under silvery folds of mist.

But the Moon-Baby first must slumber,
For he is their proud young king;
So, hand in hand, round his bed they stand,
And lullabies low they sing.
And the beautiful golden cradle
Is rocked by the winds that stray,
With pinions soft, from the halls aloft,
Where the Moon-Baby lives to-day.

Do You S'pose.....New Orleans Picayune

Do you s'pose little flies, with their thousands of eyes,

When their mamma is busy with tea,
Ever climb on the chairs, and get in her way,
And cry, "Lem-me-see, lem-me-see!"

Do you s'pose little fish, when their mammas wish
To take a short nap—just a wink—
Ever pound on the door with their soft little fins,
And whimper, "Please gimme a d'ink?"

Do you s'pose little quails, as they creep through the rails

And into the weeds where they stay,
Ever ask mamma dear, when her head aches so hard,

"But why can't I whistle to-day?"

Do you s'pose little bees, as they hum in the trees,
And find where the honey-sweets lurk,
Ever ask of their papa, who's busy near-by,

"I know—but what for must I work?"

Do you s'pose, do you s'pose that any one knows
Of a small boy who might think awhile
Of all this and more? You do? So I thought—
And now let us see if he'll smile!

The Length of Time.....Priscilla Leonard.....The Churchman

Sixty questions make an hour,
One for every minute;
And Neddy tries, with all his might,
To get more questions in it.

Sixty questions make an hour,
And as for a reply
The wisest sage would stand aghast
At Neddy's searching "Why?"

Sixty questions make an hour,
And childhood's hours are brief;
So Neddy has no time to waste,
No pauses for relief.

Sixty questions make an hour,
Presto! why, where is Ned?
Alas! he's gone, and in his place
A Question Point instead!

Little Willie.....Detroit Free Press

They cut pa's trousers down for me; I don't get nuthin' new;

I have to wear his old coats out, his old suspenders, too!

His hats and shoes don't fit me, but s'pose they will some day,

And then they'll come to me instead of being thrown away.

My sister Grace is twenty-two,
And she can sing and play,
And what she wears is always new—
Not stuff that's thrown away!
She puts on style, I tell you what!
She dresses out of sight;
She's proud and haughty and she's got
A beau 'most every night.

I never get new things to wear; I'm just a boy, you see,

And any old thing's good enough to doctor up for me!

'Most every thing that I've got on one day belonged to pa—

When sister's through with her fine things she hands them up to ma!

Brief Comment: Literary Sayings and Doings

—An English paper says Sir George Trevelyan is editing the diary of Lord Macaulay.

—Although in his 73d year Jules Verne is at work on a new book of travel.

—J. M. Barrie has written a new story for Scribner's Magazine which will make it first appearance early in the year.

—W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, whose work thus far has been confined to poetry, is at work on a novel.

—The bibliography of Austin Dobson is being compiled by Mr. Francis Edwin Murray, of Derby, England, who will also be the publisher.

—Lord Roseberry has written a study of Napoleon which has just been published by Harper & Brothers, a reading from which appears in this number of Current Literature.

—Joel Chandler Harris, author and former newspaper editor, has been invited to deliver a lecture on journalism before the English department of the University of Chicago.

—Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the novelist, is to be married soon to Dr. Charles Freeman, a physician of Metuchen, N. J., and their home will be in Metuchen.

—Gibbon's autobiography is to be issued by the Methuens, of London, uniform with their fine edition of the Decline and Fall, and will be edited by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the Johnsonian scholar.

—According to the American Bookman and the English Academy, The Reign of Law is the best-selling novel in both countries at the present time. It has already passed its first hundredth thousand.

—A well-illustrated and exhaustive work on travels and explorations in Antarctic Regions, by Karl Fricker, has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. It contains sixty-one illustrations, many plates and maps.

—The Oxford University Press, which is exhibiting in three different groups at the Paris Exhibition, has gained the unique distinction of being awarded three Grands Prix—one each for higher education, bookbinding and Oxford India paper.

—Maurice Thompson's story of American life, Alice of Old Vincennes, is now selling at the rate of 3,500 per day, and its sales are closely approaching 100,000, and from present indications will be one of the popular books of the season.

—Miss Mary Johnston, whose second novel, To Have and To Hold, is in its two hundred and

seventieth thousand, has also completed a third, which, under the title of Audrey, will begin as a serial in the Atlantic in the June number.

—Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for early publication Count Tolstoi's new book: Slavery in Our Times, an inquiry into the results of modern industrialism, on which Count Tolstoi has been engaged for some months. The fundamental idea of the book is the negation of coercion.

—According to a prediction of The American Bookman, made with reference to The Reign of Law, "now that the historical novel has run its course for the time being, the next two or three years will witness the vogue of the religious novel."

—The Macmillan Company will publish immediately the new edition of A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath in one volume, and illustrated by Hugh Thomson. They will also issue a special large-paper autograph edition of one hundred copies, each of which will be signed by the author.

—A number of short stories, by William Waldorf Astor, that have appeared from time to time in the English magazines have now been collected and will shortly appear in book form in this country and in England under the title of Pharaoh's Daughter, and Other Stories.

—Sir William Martin Conway's admirable book The Alps from End to End, has previously been beyond the reach of bookbuyers of modest pretensions. A cheaper edition with all the original illustrations, which is now offered by the Lippincotts, will be most acceptable to Alpinists and mountain-climbers generally.

—The five hundredth anniversary of the death of Chaucer, which occurred October 25, was appropriately celebrated in New York by the Grolier Club and in London by the British Museum by exhibitions of various editions of the works of the poet, portraits, manuscripts, engravings, and other objects relating to him.

—But one book manuscript was completely destroyed in the great Lippincott fire of last winter. This was the hand-written manuscript of Baroness Von Hutten's new novel, Marr'd in Making. The author cabled that she had not a word of copy—but she rewrote the book, which is just ready.

—The Plantin-Moretus Museum, at Antwerp, will shortly publish an impression of the original copper plates, woodcuts, head-letters and alphabets, characters and types, the treasures of which made this old printing establishment fa

mous throughout the world. All interested in the project may obtain further information by addressing L. H. Smedling, managing director, 50 Marché street, Jacques, Antwerp, Belgium.

—The revival of the *Magazine of American History*, which was discussed last year, is promised to be a fact by January, 1901. It is to be conducted jointly by William L. Stone, the historian (who was a frequent contributor to it when it was edited by Mrs. Lamb), and William Abbatt, the author of the *Crisis of the Revolution*.

—At the dinner of the Society of Authors in London a short time ago Anthony Hope made a speech in which he said that the society was prevented from doing important work in the interests of its members because of insufficient funds; this was notably true with regard to their increasing interests in America, where the society felt the need of maintaining a staff of agents.

—The Helman-Taylor Company, Cleveland, Ohio, will publish in January, by authority of The Century Company, an index to the twenty-eight volumes of *St. Nicholas*. This index, which has been prepared by the staff of the *Cumulative Index to Periodicals*, will be dictionary catalogue in form. Each contribution appears under the author's name if known, under the title as given in the text, and under the subject or class heading.

—According to the *New York Herald*, Marie Corelli is still the most talked of author in London at the present moment, and never has a book been more discussed there than *The Master Christian*. The success of the book, in spite of the attacks upon it, is phenomenal. Miss Corelli has left Stratford-on-Avon, where she wrote *The Master Christian*, and will probably spend the winter in Egypt. She is at present in the Isle of Skye.

—G. P. Putnam's Sons have in preparation *Our Hall of Fame; American Immortals and What They Did*. The work will consist of biographical and critical sketches of those chosen for places in the new Hall of Fame. The writer of the articles of each class of subjects—rulers, authors, scientists, judges, theologians, soldiers, sailors, etc.—will be some one especially in sympathy with the group in question. The work will, of course, be adequately illustrated, and will probably form two volumes.

—A charming book by the dean of out-door writers is John Burroughs' *Squirrels and Other Fur-Bearers*, just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is, first of all, a kind of address book of our more common wild animals. Colored plates reduced from the Audubon Quadrupeds greatly enhance its usefulness in this direction. But the book is more than a manual; it is a kind of per-

sonal introduction, of which many nature-lovers will doubtless avail themselves, to these wood and field friends of Mr. Burroughs.

—The late Friedrich Nietzsche's sojourn in Turin in the year 1887 is described in the last number of the *Nuova Antologia*. He spent most of his time reading and writing, and seldom left without telling the landlady to be careful not to touch his books and papers. The first symptoms of his mental infirmity showed themselves one day when he caused a great commotion in the street by hugging a horse's neck and refusing to be parted till the police arrested him. Professor Overbeck was summoned and the patient was taken to his home.

—It would not be surprising if the promised Day Book of John Stuart Blackie proved to be the most characteristic product of its author. The professor published many books, but in none of them was there much of the quaintness and vigor of his public or private speech, in which he most revealed himself. Not even in his book on *Self-Culture* is there so much of the actual Blackie as was to be found always in his public discourse or his private talk. These were always fresh and racy. When he set to work on a book, Blackie became literary and ceased to be "a character."

—The end of the nineteenth century with no uncertain note, says the *Publishers' Weekly*, is giving answer to the haughty inquiry: "Who reads an American book?" Even a quarter of a century after the witty Sidney Smith propounded his vexing question in the pages of the *Edinburgh Review*, the English publishing trade found 382 American books worth reprinting, and in that period the United States annually exported books to the amount of upward of \$40,000, the bulk of which presumably went to England. Half a century later our annual export of books and other printed matter to England and her colonies alone almost touches the \$2,000,000 mark.

—That the novels of Charles Dickens only gain in popularity as time goes on is amply shown in the repeated issues of his works. The next and one of the handsomest of these reissues will be the *Authentic Edition of Dickens*, which will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in this country in conjunction with Chapman & Hall in London, Dickens' original publishers. It is intended to make this edition complete with the full text of all Dickens' writings; it will contain the entire series of original illustrations by Cruikshank, Brown, Leech and others, as accepted by Dickens, and as embodying in the memories of all his older readers their first ideas of Dickens' characters. There will also be the later well-known illustrations as used in the *Gadshill* edition.

Over the Wine and Walnuts*

"Help Fotch de Kingdom."—A young colored candidate for the ministry was addressing a colored Sunday School: "We are always a prayin' 'Thy Kingdom Come,' but we nebber does anything to help fotch de Kingdom. Now we ought to be a doin' sumfin to help answer our prayers. It reminds me of a cullid brudder down South what tuk a fancy to one of his neighbor's chickens. He prayed and prayed to the Lawd foh dat chicken. But de good Lawd did not send him the chicken. At last he prayed de Lawd to send him after dat chicken. And, shore 'nuff! he went ober one night and got dat chicken. So, my bruddern and sisters, you should wuk as well as pray. Yo' should go arter de Kingdom."

The Spring of the Year.—In our neighboring country of Canada, in the Province of New Brunswick, all would-be teachers who present themselves at the Provincial Normal School are required before admission to pass an entrance examination. Among other subjects they are examined on physiology and hygiene. On one such occasion the question was put "What is the proper time to take a bath?" One of the candidates, a young lady, whose advantages, we fear, have not been what they might have, answered: "The proper time to take a bath is in the spring of the year."

A Gilbert Witticism.—Gilbert, the noted composer, while attending a fashionable dinner was placed next to a young lady who was not very well versed in music. The subject of the "Magic Flute" was under discussion. Turning to Gilbert, the young lady inquired: "Who wrote the 'Magic Flute?'" "Mozart," was Gilbert's reply. "Is Mozart a composer?" the young lady returned. "Yes, madam," Gilbert replied rather severely. "Is Mozart still composing?" inquired the young lady undaunted. "No madam, he is decomposing," replied Gilbert ironically.

A Campaign Anecdote.—General Perkins and Tom Marshall, the great orator, were once canvassing the State of Kentucky in a hotly contested election. Perkins was a roaring Democrat and demagogue. Among other means of catching votes, he was in the habit of boasting that his father was a cooper in an obscure part of the State. He (Perkins) was one of the people. He

didn't belong to the kid-gloved aristocracy. His great failing was his fondness for whisky, and the more he drank the more of a Democrat he became, and the prouder of being the son of a cooper. Of this fact, he had been making the most, when Marshall, in replying to his speech, while looking at him with great contempt, said: "Fellow citizens, his father may have been a very good cooper—I don't deny that—but I do say, gentlemen, that he put a mighty poor head into that whisky barrel."

A Grave Error.—The following anecdote is told of a minister in England, who is said to have had an irritable temper: The churchyard was surrounded by a low parapet wall with a sharp-ridged coping, to walk along which required nice balancing of the body and was one of the favorite feats of the neighboring boys. The practice greatly annoyed the minister, and one day, while reading the burial service at the graveside, his eye caught a chimney-sweep walking on the wall. This caused the eccentric chaplain by abruptly giving an order to the beadle to make the following interpolation in the solemn words of the funeral service: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying—knock that black rascal off the wall!"

How Justice Was Tempered.—Tact in the management of your judge is a great thing. A certain well-known British Treasury counsel was driving over Blackfriars Bridge one day, on his way to Surrey Sessions. Noticing Sir Peter Edlin trudging along, in the mud and rain, he instantly stopped his hansom and offered the Judge a "lift." It was accepted, and the pair proceeded to Newington in great amity. Arriving, the learned counsel hurried in, as he had an important application to make on the sitting of the court. To his horror and surprise the said application was curtly refused. He was dumbfounded at the sudden change in the demeanor of the Judge, until the usher, in a husky whisper, said: "Do you know what you've done?" "No! What is it?" "Why, you ran in and left the Judge to pay for the cab."

Hunt vs. Adams.—President John Quincy Adams once asserted that he "would not give fifty cents for all the works of Phidias or Praxiteles," adding that he "hoped that America would not think of sculpture for two centuries to come."

* Compiled from Anecdote Department Short Stories Magazine.

On hearing of this, William Morris Hunt, the foremost American painter of his day, dryly inquired: "Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams' estimate of the sculpture of those artists, or the value which he places upon fifty cents?"

Unexpected.—When a beggar asked a Philadelphia stationer the other day for help the latter offered him two lead pencils, saying: "With half the effort required in begging you can easily sell these for five cents apiece." The beggar gazed at the pencils scornfully. "Who'd give me five cents for them?" he demanded. "Why, anybody," said the stationer. "Go out and try it." "Would you?" asked the beggar. "Why, certainly," was the reply. A smile of triumph spread over the grimy features of the mendicant. "Here you are then," he said: "Gimme the ten cents. You can't go back on your own word." It took the stationer several minutes to recover his breath, but finally entered into the deal, and hereafter he will adopt other tactics.

An Embarrassing Situation.—Once, when he first came to London, and was laying the foundation of his great career, the future Lord Chief-Justice of England went to the pit of a theatre. The piece was popular, the pit was crowded, and the young advocate had only standing room. All of a sudden a man at his side cried out that his watch was stolen. Mr. Russell and two other men were hemmed in. "It is one of you three," cried the man minus the watch. "Well, we had better go out and be searched," said Mr. Russell, with the alertness of mind that did not fail him at a trying moment amidst an excited crowd. A detective was at hand, and the suggestion was accepted. As Mr. Russell walked out, the idea flashed through his mind that if the man behind him had the stolen property he would probably try to secrete it in the pocket of his front-rank man. Quick as thought he drew his coat-tails about him—only to feel, to his horror, something large and smooth and round already in his pocket. While he was still wondering what this might mean for him, the detective energetically seized the hindmost man, exclaiming, "What, you rascal! at it again?" To Mr. Russell and the other man he apologized, and bade them go free. But Mr. Russell, before he had taken many steps, reflected that he could not keep the watch. He went back to the box-office and explained, with a courage on which he afterward said he rarely experienced greater demands, that though he did not take the watch, he had it. So saying, he put

his hand into his pocket and pulled out—a forgotten snuff-box.

Hard on Benton.—Congressman Benton, of Missouri, the original "offensive partisan" who was removed from office by Grover Cleveland, has the reputation of being one of the shrewdest and homeliest men who ever sat in Congress. In his early days at the bar Benton went to Texas to prosecute a land claim. He lost the suit, but won an exceedingly pretty Lone Star lass, who accompanied him to his home. At St. Louis the couple met General Mitchell, a plain-spoken pioneer of the region, to whom Benton introduced his wife. The old man looked surprised. He stared at Benton and beamed on the pretty bride. Then he said, sadly: "Mrs. Benton, ain't there any men in Texas?"

A Feat Beyond Him.—A Scottish prison chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection, and with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, my man, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Then I hae heard o' ye before!" "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Well, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but ye willna find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."

His Book on the Filipinos.—When a certain old Dominican father, after forty years of honest service in the Philippines, had arrived at such an advanced age that he knew his time for this world was short, his brother padres asked him to write a book detailing his experiences. He consented, but added: "No one shall see it while I live, but when I am gone you will open my private chest and there you will find the manuscript." Recently the old man died, and, after he was buried, the Dominican fathers opened the chest and found therein a vast bundle of manuscript sewed together in the form of a book. On the cover were these words: "The Characteristics, Habits, and Customs of the Filipino People. By Father —, D. O. M. Prepared as a result of forty years' careful study and observation of the race." They opened the book on the second page and found it blank. They opened it to the third page and it was blank. There were three hundred blank pages. On the very last sheet was written these words: "This is all I know, after forty years' study of the Filipino people."

Magazine Reference for November, 1900

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

American Caricature: I. A. Pyle.....M. Culture.
 Art Sales of the Season: W. Roberts...Mag. of Art.
 Art Students' League of New York:....Bookman.
 Dramatic Art: C. Scott.....Munsey
 Etchings of O. J. Schneider: Everett..Brush & P.
 Grand Opera in English: H. W. Savage...Metrop.
 Grand Prix Paintings: H. Frantz....Mag. of Art.
 Lalique Jewels, The: E. Burke.....House B.
 Making Songs for the Million: Dresser...Metrop.
 New Sculptor, A: Mrs. S. Van Rensseler...Cent.
 New York—The City Beautiful.....Metrop.
 Our Schools for the Stage: B. Howard.....Cent.
 Philadelphia Photographic Salon: Dyer..Brush & P.
 *Prima Donnas of the Past: Norgate....Pall Mall
 Queen's Treasures of Art: Bond....Mag. of Art.
 Quietest Theatre in America: C. Childs...Metrop.
 Roof Gardens: G. Owen.....Strand.
 Ruskin Art and Truth: J. LaFarge.....Intern. M.
 *Ruskin the Servant of Art: Bond....Contemp. R.
 Society Women and Society Plays.....Metrop.
 Some Phases of American Drama.....M. Culture
 Three Masters in Art: N. H. Moore...M. Culture.
 Two Old Masters in Mexico: S. Baxter....Scrib.
 Wallace Collection, The: Constant....No. Am. R.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

A. G. Racey: F. C. Smith.....Canad.
 Beethoven as a Man: H. Davies.....M. Culture.
 Charles John Allen, Sculptor.....Mag. of Art.
 Charles Partridge Adams: D. P. Hall..Brush & P.
 Daniel Webster: J. M. MacMaster.....Cent.
 Dr. Thomas Davidson.....Book B.
 Edward FitzGerald: B. Torrey.....Atlan.
 First Chief Justice of Carolina: Barnes...Green B.
 Frederick Townsend Ward: Dawley....M. Culture
 Gen. John Sullivan: F. B. Sanborn....New Eng.
 Great Chinese Viceroy, The: J. Foster..Intern. M.
 Hanna: W. A. White.....McClure.
 Harold Nelson, Black and White Artist..M. of Art.
 Illustrious Irishman, An: G. Stephens...Donohoe.
 In the Footprints of Bryant: T. F. Wolfe..Lippin.
 James Edward Keeler: W. Campbell...Pop. Sci. M.
 Kuang Hsü: I. T. Headland.....Everybody.
 *Late Chief Justice of England, The.....Green B.
 *Lord Russell of Killowen: E. Dicey....Fortn. R.
 *Prince Charles Edward.....Blackwood.
 Real Richard Croker: W. M. Clemens....Home.
 Sir Robert Hart: H. C. Whittlesey.....Atlan.
 *Thomas Edward Brown: J. C. Tarver...Macmillan.
 *Von Waldersee in 1870: L. Hale.....Contemp. R.

Educational Topics.

Basis of Child Culture.....G. Health.
 Chinese Education.....Open C.
 Education and Morals: B. Winchester..Education.
 Education as World Building: Davidson..Educ. R.
 English Composition in Secondary Schools..Educ.
 Ethnic View of Higher Education.....Educ. R.
 German Higher Schools: E. E. Brown...Educ. R.
 High School Reform: C. M. Clay.....Education.
 Home Education: F. Webster.....T. Motherh.
 How the Dumb Speak: E. F. Edgett.....Strand.

*Magazines starred are October numbers of English periodicals.

Ill-Gotten Gifts to Colleges: V. D. Scudder..Atlan.
 *Pennsylvania Country School, A.....Blackwood.
 Private Secondary Schools for Girls.....Educ. R.
 Private Schools for Boys: L. C. Hall.....Educ. R.
 Reading for Boys and Girls: E. Tomlinson..Atlan.
 Simplicity in Kindergarten Work:.....Kinder. R.
 Study of Housekeeping in Boston.....New Eng.
 Training Teachers in France: L. Salmon..Educ. R.
 Unified Education: Mme. Kraus-Boetle..Kinder. R.
 What Shall Our Boys Read.....T. Motherh.

Essays and Miscellanies.

Americanizing John Chinaman: Headland..Metrop.
 Battle of the Cities: I. Street.....Ainslee.
 Bostonisms: S. P. McCormick.....Bookm.
 Chaucer: F. Greenslet.....Forum.
 Chaucer: J. W. Hales.....No. Am. R.
 Chinese Cooks.....Chambers.
 Chinese Mother Goose: I. T. Headland....Home.
 Cranford Doll Houses, The: Edgewood..House B.
 *Decay of the Chaperon: Jeune.....Fortn. R.
 Does the Press Reflect Public Opinion...Guntton.
 *Education of Naval Officers.....U. Service.
 Experiments of an Entertainer, The.....Cassell.
 Four Legs Instead of Two: M. A. Low...Forum.
 Future English Literary Centre.....Bookm.
 Germ of the Detective Novel: Williams...Book B.
 Greatest of World's Fairs: C. E. Russell..Munsey.
 Hall of Fame, The: H. MacCracken..Am. R. of R.
 How Romona Was Written.....Atlan.
 How to Be a Mind Reader: H. Sutherland..Home.
 In Praise of the Eighteenth Century.....Atlan.
 In the Woods with a Camera.....Home.
 Journalism of New York, The: H. Davis..Munsey.
 *Kingdom of Matter: M. Maeterlinck...Fortn. R.
 Legal Shreds and Patches.....Chambers.
 Little Gossip, A: R. H. Davis.....Scrib.
 Manners.....Cent.
 Making a German Soldier: R. S. Baker...McClure.
 Miss Johnson's Virginia: T. Dixon.....Bookm.
 My Midwinter Garden: M. Thompson....Cent.
 *New French Idealism: De Soissons...Contemp. R.
 Philippine Studies: A. F. Chamberlain..Am. Antiq.
 Poet Laureate Defends Himself.....Critic.
 Protecting Plants in Winter: Bennett...House B.
 Rank and File of British Navy.....Strand.
 *Recreation of Prisons: T. Hopkins....Pall Mall.
 Relish of Dim Names, The.....Atlan.
 Retrogression of Am. Women.....No. Am. R.
 Slavonic Silhouettes: C. Bunton.....Critic.
 Society—Its Demands and Limitations...Metrop.
 Third Degree, The: P. McArthur.....Everybody.

Historical, National and Political.

*Almond's Nek.....Blackwood.
 American Negro at Paris: Du Bois..Am. R. of R.
 Asiatic Conditions: A. T. Mahan....No. Am. R.
 *Aspects of the Chinaman: Dickson...Macmillan.
 Australian Federation: R. Stout.....Forum.
 Boston of Other Days: M. B. O'Sullivan..Donohoe.
 British Czar, The: W. T. Stead.....Am. R. of R.
 Burden of Empire: W. S. Lilly.....Fort. R.
 Burkersdorf Heights: S. Crane.....Lippin.
 Campaign Orators: L. B. Little.....Munsey.
 *Century of Fighting: M. Verner.....Macmillan.
 China: W. B. Parsons.....Pop. Sci. M.

China and Western Nations: F. Crispi. No. Am. R.
 China's Greatest Curiosity: T. Poole.Lippin.
 Chinese Defense, The: E. H. Parker.U. Service.
 Chinese Parties: I. T. Headland.Ainslee
 Chinese Situation Forty Years Ago.Intern.
 Colonist's View on Army Reform, A.Contemp. R.
 Control of China: F. Younghusband.National R.
 Defense of American Parties: W. G. Brown.Atlan.
 Democratic Campaign: W. J. Abbott.Am. R. of R.
 De Soto Expedition: T. H. Lewis.Am. Antiq.
 *Dissolution of Parliament, The.Blackwood.
 Eight General Elections: Colquhoun.Canad.
 Election, The: H. T. Peck.Bookm.
 Elections in England.Anglo-Am.
 *Electors and the Navy: C. McHardy.National R.
 English Intelligence Department.Forum.
 "Europe Is No More": M. Debit.Intern. M.
 Evolution of Political Ideas: Davies.Anglo-Am.
 *Far Eastern Crisis, The.Fortn. R.
 Fighting in Philippines: J. Parker. J. Mil. Ser. Inst.
 French of the Far East: C. Dassiello.M. Culture.
 Future of Russia: E. Noble.Atlan.
 *Gang of Court Poisoners.Macmillan.
 *German Danger in Far East.National R.
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 *Military Policy of the Country.Blackwood.
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 National Guard, The.J. Mil. Ser. Inst.
 New York and Its Historians.No. Am. R.
 *Our Future Policy in China: J. Ross.Contemp. R.
 *Our Military Prestige Abroad.Fortn. R.
 Pan-American Conference: W. C. Fox.Forum.
 Parallels in American Politics: Dunning.Bookm.
 Political Beginnings in Porto Rico.Am. R. of R.
 Predominant Issue, The: Summer.Intern. M.
 *Proconsulate of Milner, The.Contemp. R.
 Recent and Past English Elections.Canad.
 Republican National Committee.Am. R. of R.
 Russia's March to the East: Benjamin.Ainslee.
 Samoan Islands: E. V. Morgan.N. Geographic.
 *Saturnalia, The: J. G. Frazer.Fortn. R.
 *Secret Springs of Russian Policy.Contemp. R.
 *South African Settlement: Robinson.Contemp. R.
 Taming of the Dragon: L. J. Davies.Forum.
 Yesterday and To-day in Morocco.Forum.
 Zde and Hier: E. L. Maxey.M. Culture.

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Abstract Freedom of Kant: R. B. Perry.Phil. R.
 American Missionary Association.National M.
 Christian Faith and New Thought.Mind.
 Christian Missions in China: Fiamingo.Open C.
 Civilization and Ethical Standard: Super.Am. Antiq.
 Contiguity and Similarity: W. Fite.Phil. R.
 Early Idealism of J. Edwards: Gardiner.Phil. R.
 *Ecclesiastical Situation in Scotland.Blackwood.
 Fatalism of the Century: C. Ferguson.Mind.
 From India to Planet Mars: Hyslop.No. Am. R.
 Locke's Relation to Descartes: F. Thilly.Phil. R.
 Mohammedism: Oskar Mann.No. Am. R.
 Mother Church of Australia.Donohoe.
 New Psychology, R. N. Price.Mind.
 On Greek Religion and Mythology.Open C.
 Primitive Objects of Worship.Intern. M.

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*Aim of Prevention Medicine.Contemp. R.
 American Watch Industry: McGovern.Everybody.
 Artificial Rock Formation: G. A. Best.Strand.
 Bread Making at Paris: H. W. Wiley.Forum.
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Camera in Science, Art and Pastime.M. Culture.
 Century of International Commerce.No. Am. R.
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 Count Zeppelin's Air Ship: E. Wolf.McClure.
 Donegal "Turkey" Carpets: Georges.Chambers.
 Industrial Revolution in Japan.No. Am. R.
 Industrial Supremacy: J. Burnley.Chambers.
 Industrial Supremacy: B. Taylor.Fortn. R.
 *Interpolation in Memory: Hartog.Contemp. R.
 London Omnibuses: W. B. Robertson.Cassell.
 Manila Observatory: J. Algue.N. Geographic.
 Mechanism of the Hurricane: Montague.Home.
 Microbes and Disease: Winterburn.Everybody.
 Observing Three Eclipses: J. M. Bacon.Pearson.
 Photo-Engraving: W. C. Whittau.Brush & P.
 Population of United States.Pop. Sci. M.
 Rapid Battleship Building: Fawcett.Pop. Sci. M.
 Revival and Reaction in Iron: A. Brown.Forum.
 Romance of the Telephone: J. P. Bocock.Munsey.
 Ship That Flies, The: G. Severing.Pearson.
 Struggle for Water in the West: Smythe.Atlan.
 Texas Hurricane: A. W. Greely.N. Geographic.
 Underwater Photography: R. H. Sherard.Pearson.
 Toying with Death: C. M. McGovern.Home.
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 Whalebacks: W. Fawcett.Pearson.
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Can There Be a Good Trust: G. E. Roberts.Forum.
 Concept of Capital: F. A. Fitter.Q. J. Econ.
 Dignity of Labor: H. L. Johnson.Am. Kitchen.
 Distribution of Taxes: E. Atkinson.Pop. Sci. M.
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 Heredity and Environment: Clossom.Q. J. Econ.
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 On Voting.Cent.
 Oriental Cheap Labor in the South.Guntton.
 Prospects of the Peace Movement.No. Am. R.
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 Social Settlements in Chicago: Embree.Guntton.
 *Socialism and Anarchism: G. Langtoft.Fortn. R.
 *Solution of the Domestic Problem.Macmillan.
 Trusts, The: J. W. Jenas.Q. J. Econ.
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Travel, Sport and Adventure.

Africa the Largest Game Preserve.N. Geographic.
 After Elk in Colorado: H. Wright.Outing.
 Camera at the Fair: D. L. Elmendorf.Scrib.
 Capital That Moves, A: H. Vivian.Pearson.
 Chinese Carriers: H. C. Smart.Canad.
 Closing Days in Cuba: L. B. Ellis.M. Culture.
 Cross Streets of New York: J. L. Williams.Scrib.
 Duck Shooting Methods: J. D. Knap.Outing.
 *Dunrobin Castle: R. S. Gowen.Pall Mall.
 Early Writers of New England Travels.New Eng.
 First Transverse of Africa: H. C. Fyfe.Pearson.
 Football Symposium.Outing.
 From Mobile to New Orleans: Glover.Intern. M.
 Home of Sir Philip Sidney: Shelley.New Eng.
 Hunting Black Tail Deer: T. C. Crocker.Outing.
 *In the Heart of Kalamantan: Clifford.Blackwood.
 Landscape Features at Paris: S. Paris.Scrib.

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Commodore Paul Jones: Cyrus T. Brady: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. \$1 50
 Daniel O'Connell: Robert Dunlop: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 50
 Henry Fielding, A Memoir: Austin Dobson: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. 1 25
 Life of Henry George: Henry George, Jr.: The Doubleday & McClure Co. 1 50
 Milton: Walter Raleigh: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 50
 Napoleon, The Last Phase: Lord Roseberry: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 3 00
 Oliver Cromwell; His Life and Character: Arthur Paterson: N. Y., The Frederick A. Stokes Co. 3 00
 Oliver Cromwell: John Morley: N. Y., The Century Co. 3 50
 Prince Charles Edward: Andrew Lang: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 20 00
 Roger Ludlow, the Colonial Lawmaker: John M. Taylor: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 50
 Theodore Parker, Preacher and Reformer: John W. Chadwick: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 00
 Thomas Henry Huxley: P. Chalmers Mitchell: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 William Cotton Oswell, Hunter and Explorer: W. E. Oswell: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co., 2v. 8 00

Educational.

- Art of Writing English, The. A Manual for Students: J. M. D. Meikeljohn: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 50
 College Administration: Charles F. Thwing: N. Y., The Century Co. 2 00
 Education and the Philosophical Ideal: Horatio W. Dresser: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons 1 25
 English Literature: Stopford A. Brooke: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 00
 How to Study Nature in Elementary Schools: John D. Wilson: Syracuse, C. W. Bardeen. Praktischer Lehrgang: Herman Schulze: N. Y., William R. Jenkins. 1 00
 Short History of American Literature, A: W. C. Bronson: Bost., D. C. Heath & Co. 80
 Wonders of Nature, As Seen and Described by Famous Writers: Ed. by Esther Singleton: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 00

Essays and Miscellanies.

- American Jewish Year Book 5661, The: Ed. by Cyrus Alder: Phila., The Jewish Pub. Soc. 1 00
 Bibliomania in the Middle Ages: F. Somner Merryweather: Introduction by Charles Orr: N. Y., Meyer Bros. & Co. 3 00
 Book For All Readers, A: Ainsworth Rand Spofford: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 00
 Chess Strategics: Franklin K. Young: Bost., Little, Brown & Co. 2 50
 Christmas Sermon, A: Robert Louis Stevenson: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 50
 Colonial Days and Ways: Helen Evertson Smith: N. Y., The Century Co. 2 50

- Counsels Upon the Reading of Books: H. Morse Stephens, Brander Matthews, H. W. Mabie, etc.: Introd. by Dr. Henry Van Dyke: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 50
 Gavel and the Mace, The: Frank W. Hackett: N. Y., McClure Phillips & Co. 1 25
 Mother Goose for Grown-ups: Guy Wetmore Carryll: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Poetry of the Psalms, The: Henry Van Dyke: N. Y., T. Y. Crowell & Co. 60
 Rudyard Reviewed: W. J. Peddicord: San Francisco, Whittaker & Ray Co. 1 00
 Shakespeare's Predecessors in the English Drama: John Addington Symonds: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2 00
 Short Story Writing: Charles Raymond Barrett, Ph. B.: N. Y., The Baker & Taylor Co. 1 00
 Study of Shakespeare, The: An Instructive Game: Camden, Me., The Shakespeare Club. 50
 Unto You Young Men: William M. Sinclair: Phil., J. B. Lippincott Co. 1 25
 Waifs: A Collection of Miscellany: Burdette Edgett: Poughkeepsie, B. Edgett. 50
 Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language: Springfield, Mass., G. & C. Merriam Co. 10 00
 Womanly Beauty of Form and Feature: Ed. by Albert Turner: N. Y., Health Culture Co. 1 00
 World of the Great Forest, The: Paul Du Chaillu: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2 00

Fiction of the Month.

- Bicycle of Cathay, A: Frank R. Stockton: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Chloris of the Island: H. B. Marriott Watson: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Cobbler of Nimes, The: M. Imlay Taylor: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 1 25
 Darlings, The: Elmore Elliot Peake: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. 1 50
 Devil Tales: Virginia Frazer Boyle: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Diary of a Dreamer, The: Alice Dew-Smith: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 50
 Dr. Dale: A Story Without a Moral: Marion Harland and Albert Payson Terhune: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. 1 50
 Dr. North and His Friends: S. Weir Mitchell, M. D.: N. Y., The Century Co. 1 50
 Duke of Stockbridge, The: Edward Bellamy: N. Y., Silver, Burdett & Co. 1 50
 Eleanor: Mrs. Humphrey Ward: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Eleanor: Mrs. Humphrey Ward: N. Y., Harper & Bros., 2v. 3 00
 Friend or Foe: Frank Samuel Child: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 50
 Heart of the Ancient Wood The: C. G. D. Roberts: Bost., Silver, Burdette & Co. 1 50
 His Wisdom the Defender: Simon Newcomb: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 House of Egremont, The: Molly Elliott Seawell: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1 50
 Idiot at Home, The: John Kendrick Bangs: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 25

- In the Palace of the King: F. Marion Crawford: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50
 King's Deputy, The: H. A. Hinkson: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 1 25
 Last Refuge, The: Henry B. Fuller: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 50
 Mahogany Table, The: F. Clifford Stevens: N. Y., J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 25
 Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries: W. A. Frazer: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 2 00
 Nella, The Heart of the Army: Philip V. Mighels: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 25
 North Carolina Sketches: Marv N. Carter: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 1 00
 Northern Georgia Sketches: Will N. Harben: Chic., A. C. McClurg & Co. 1 00
 Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts: A. T. Quiller-Couch: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1 50
 Petersburg Tales: Olive Garnett: Bost., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 50
 Po' White Trash and Other One Act Dramas: Evelyn Sutherland: Chic., S. Stone & Co. 1 25
 Princess of Arcady, A: Arthur Henry: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 50
 Private Chivalry, A: Francis Lynde: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 00
 Queen Versus Billy and Other Stories, The: L. Osbourne: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1 50
 Quincy Adams Sawyer: Charles Felton Pidgin: Bost., C. M. Clark Pub. Co. 1 50
 Quisante: A Novel: Anthony Hope: N. Y., A. Stokes Co. 1 50
 Romance of Gilbert Holmes, The: Marshall M. Kirkman: Chic., World Railway Co. 1 50
 "S. G., The": A Romance of Peking: Julian Croskey: Brooklyn, Mason.
 St. Peter's Umbrella: Kálmán Mikszáth: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Salt-Box House, The: Jane de Forest Shelton: N. Y., The Baker & Taylor Co. 1 50
 Self-Made Countess, A: John Strange Winter: Phil., The J. B. Lippincott Co. 1 25
 Seven Smiles and a Few Fibs: Thomas J. Vivian: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 00
 Soft Side, The: Henry James: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50
 Some Great Cause: God's New Messiah: The Author's Syndicate: N. Y., J. S. Ogilvie Co. 25
 Son of Carleycroft, The: Theodore Burt Sayre: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
 Sons of the Covenant: Samuel Gorden; Phil., The Jewish Pub. Soc. 1 50
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Open Questions: Talks with Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

664. Will you please inquire through Open Question Pages concerning the following sketch. It was published in the Detroit Free Press about 12 or 15 years ago. A few of the first lines are about as follows: "Did you ever see a battery take position? No? Well, there is something grim about it. The advance of the infantry is inspiring; the sweep forward is thrilling; but when a battery takes position, there is something about it which makes even the oldest veteran rise in his saddle and cheer." I quote only from memory, but I am sure if you could republish this superb piece of descriptive work it will be appreciated by your readers. The author, I think, was M. Quad.—A. L. Russell, Midway, Pa.

[See Current Literature for January, 1889; page 34. The article in question was then copied into the magazine from the Chicago Tribune. It was unsigned.]

665. Can you or any of your readers give the name or text of a short poem I heard quoted by Felix Adler nearly three years ago. It is allegorical, describing a band of pilgrims arrived at a boundless shore. Each tells what holds him to earth. One says (the only perfect line I recall): "There's a green grave that keeps me by this shore." The last lines are rather pessimistic and hopeless—the whole, symbolic of life.—Basil E. Le Sou, San Francisco, Cal.

666. Would you please help me to secure the words of a poem, which appeared, I think, in the October number, 1888, of The Voice Magazine. I think it begins "Three months had passed since she had been to the confessional," etc. It is the story of a girl who had fallen in love with her confessor priest. You may be able to recognize it by these data, and quote the poem and name me the author. I would like also to know the name of the author of Somebody's Mother, beginning

The woman was poor, and old, and gray;
And bent with the chill of a winter's day.

Also, although more scientific than literary, I would like to know the propositions existing between the segments of a meridian, on a map of Mercator's projection, which lie between successive parallels of latitude five degrees apart, taking five degrees on the equator as the unit. I am yours truly.—D. M. Hamilton, Salcoats, Assa, N. W. T.

[The poem for which you first inquire is entitled Absolution, and was originally contributed by E. Nesbit (Mrs. Hubert Bland) to Longman's, from which magazine Current Literature copied it in September, 1888, and again printed

it in January, 1890. The numbers can be obtained at this office. The other poem, Somebody's Mother, we seem to have known always, but only recall it as one of those anonymous waifs that stray periodically from old books of recitation into the country newspaper, and so go the rounds as "old favorites." For the answer to your last question, we refer you in all humility to the query editor of the Scientific American. The exact density of our ignorance on the subject of the proportions existing between the segments of any meridian, on any map, let alone one that's Projected, could with difficulty be calculated by even that worthy himself. Scientists to the rescue!]

667. Kindly inform me through your columns who the author and from what poem the following quotation is taken:

"For all the world's aflame with God,
But only he who sees takes off his shoes—
The rest stand around and pick blackberries."

—J. E. D., Danville, Ill.

668. Please inform me through Open Questions whether the Eddy Brothers, noted Vermont mediums and spiritualists, are still living. Col. H. A. Olcott, writes of them in his book, People From Another World, and Madame Blavatsky, the theosophist, went to Chittenden, Vermont, to see them in 1873-5. Also, would like to know if the noted Fox Sisters, of Rochester Knocking fame, are one or more alive at this day, and if so, living in this country or England?—Eileen M. MacNeil, Wilmington, Delaware.

[We regret that we cannot give you the information you desire. If a file of the New York Sun is accessible to you you will find in a Sunday issue, within the year, we think, several columns devoted to the Eddy's and their "materializations." This may have been called forth by the death of the last surviving brother, but we do not recall anything further than the appearance of such an article.]

669. Can you kindly give me assistance through your columns in locating a poem entitled A Thoughtful-Minded Beggar, which was published early this spring in an American periodical? I clipped the poem at the time, but have unfortunately lost it. It was an answer to Kipling's Absent-Minded Beggar, and the chorus was:
Duke's son, burgher's son, son of the human race,
Their blood-stains from history you cannot erase.

Tell us do you think this war will pay—pay—pay?
I do not remember the third line.—Clarence Barry, Chicago, Ill.

670. "That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." Will you kindly tell me from what this is taken and the author?—Belle Hastings, St. Paul, Minn.

[Locksley Hall. Tennyson.]

671. May I ask you if you will help me find a copy of a poem that attracted a great deal of attention some months ago: Shall We Not Pay for Him? or began with that line. I will gladly pay for the magazine containing it.—Wm. T. Parker, Westborough, Mass.

672. *Baby Mine*: The enclosed poem was voted by our literary society to be the best of a large number of child poems submitted. It is a scrap that I accidentally came across. We should like very much to learn who is the author, and consequently I send it to you with a request to publish it in *Current Literature*. Probably some of the readers of your magazine may be able to give the desired information.—Charlotte Streeter, Buffalo, N. Y.

[The poem is in six stanzas, the first of which follows:

Bit of sunshine,
Sky-blue-eyed,
Sent from heaven
To my side
With us mortals
To abide—
Mamma's darling,
Papa's pride—
Baby mine.

The only "Baby Mine" known to us is that one occurring in the refrain of Charles Mackay's familiar and beautiful, *The Sailor's Wife*:

I've a letter from thy sire,
Baby mine;
I could read and never tire,
Baby mine.

—and so on. And this is quite another child apparently. Perhaps, as our correspondent suggests, some reader of *Open Questions* may be able to identify the other little one.]

673. Can you tell the author and where can be found the poem, the first line of which is: The brightest boy ould Jesse had, was David, youngest son.

Would like to see it in *Treasure Trove*: Old Favorites Recalled.—A. P. Childs, Alden Station, Pa.

[Does anyone know this poem?]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

635. *Authorship of You Kissed Me*: In 1862 I was a compositor on a country paper and set up in type for the paper the poem *You Kissed Me*. It was clipped from an exchange, and credited thus: "Mattie, in the *Louisville Journal*."

At that time the celebrated George D. Prentiss was editor and publisher of the *Louisville (Ky.) Journal*. I have a copy of the poem taken from a proof slip at that time—the summer of 1862—pasted in a scrap book. This poem was likewise printed in

one edition (I have read somewhere) of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's *Poems of Passion*—quite an appropriate place for it, but that writer could scarcely have been old enough in 1862 to write it. Was "Mattie" Josephine Hunt? I enclose a transcript of the poem as it was printed in 1862. As you print it the lines have been broken in two, altering the metre entirely and much for the worse. There are many changes in the language also. This likewise does not improve it. In fact, it has been "edited" too much, as you will acknowledge, I think, on comparing the versions. I draw a line under words in the old edition indicating changes that have been made since I set it up thirty-eight years ago. I should like to have the question of authorship settled for my own satisfaction.—Augustus B. Sheehan, Chicago, Ill.

Having been much interested in reading the poem *You Kissed Me*, published in the September number of *Current Literature*, and also in the comments on its authorship in No. 635 of *Talks With Correspondents*, I would like to add a few words to what has been said regarding it. It was published not far from 1860, and the author then signed herself Josie L. Hunt. I enclose a copy of another poem, *The Red, White and Blue*, by the same author, written in 1861. Miss Hunt was living in Claremont, N. H., and worked at the time in one of the cotton mills, as many other gifted young women did in those days. The poems were first published in the *Claremont National Eagle*. Miss Hunt was very young at that time, and the poems caused much favorable comment from the literary critics of the vicinity. She soon moved to what was then the "Far West," and, I believe, died many years ago.—C. S. Lovell, Worcester, Mass.

[Very many thanks to both these correspondents. We quite agree with Mr. Sheehan. The poem has been tampered with, and we regret that space will not permit us to reprint the unrevised version. With regard to the charge of "literary conveyance" against Mrs. Wilcox, we think it an unjust one. This poem certainly does not appear in the then Ella Wheeler's *Poems of Passion*, but there is one beginning "For just one kiss that your lips have given," which is so similar in expression, as well as in thought, to the second stanza of Miss Hunt's poem that it is easy to understand that Miss Wheeler's memory may have been as unconsciously retentive as was that of your inaccurate informant—with a difference!]

641. *Thou and I*: For the benefit of an inquirer, E. W. Dutcher, in the September number of your magazine, it gives me pleasure to enclose a copy of verses entitled *Thou and I*—clipped from a newspaper, (*The Atlanta Journal*, I think) several years ago. The verses are accredited to Joaquin Miller—how correctly, I cannot say. Apropos of the discussion concerning Josephine Hunt's *You Kissed Me*, have you seen the two very interesting replies, one by our gifted young Georgia poetess, Orelia Key Bell, and the other anonymous, but thought to be also a Georgia production? I can furnish copies, if so desired.—Anna D. F. Hollis, Hayston, Georgia.

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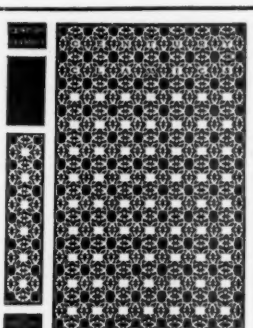
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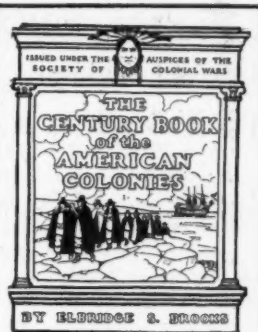
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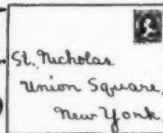
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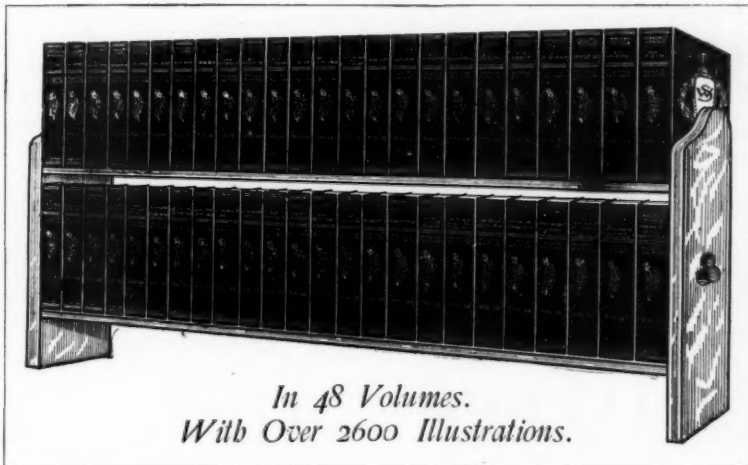
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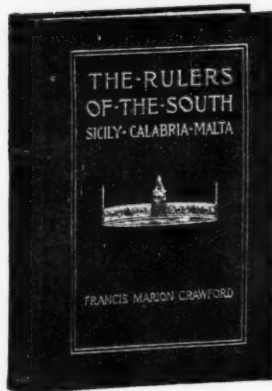
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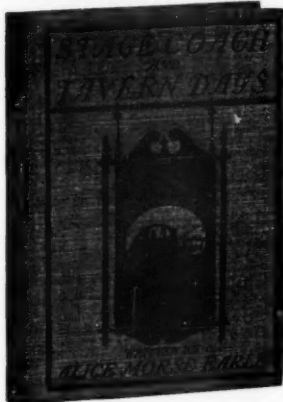
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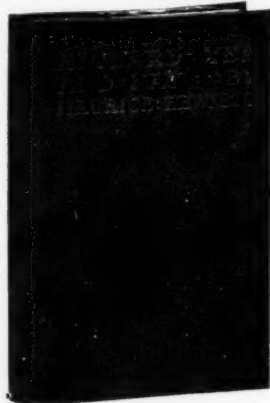
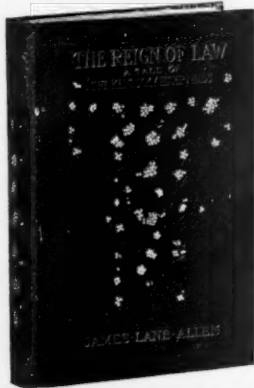
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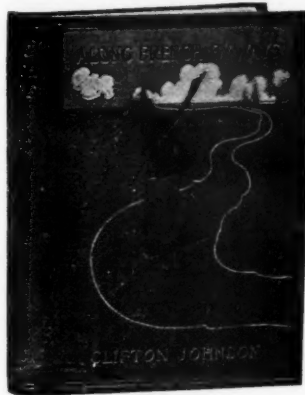
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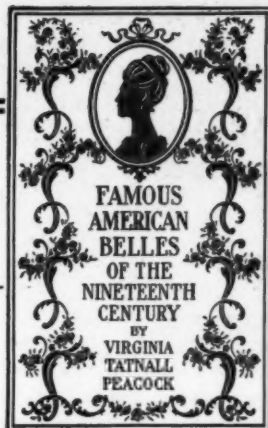
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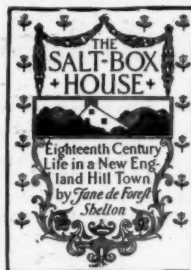
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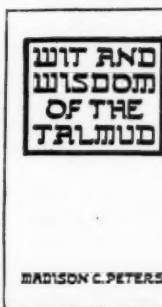
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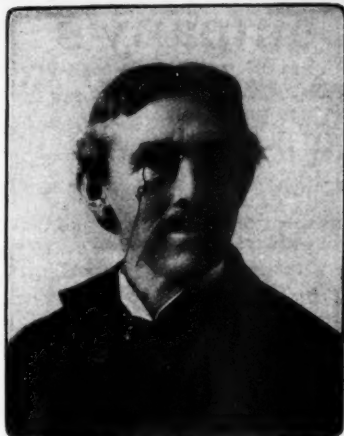
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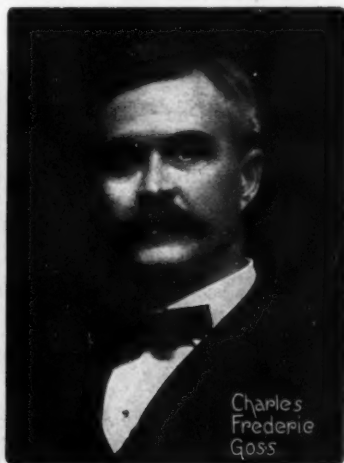
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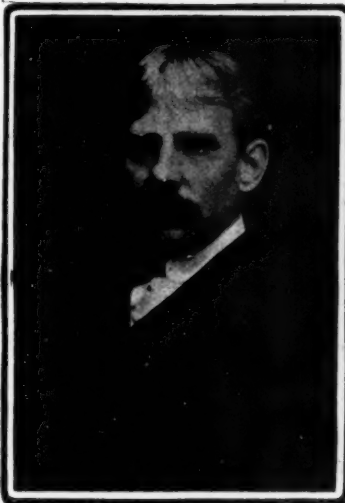


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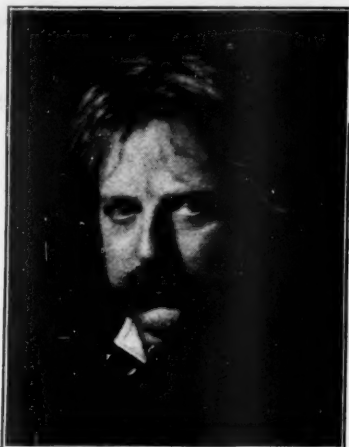
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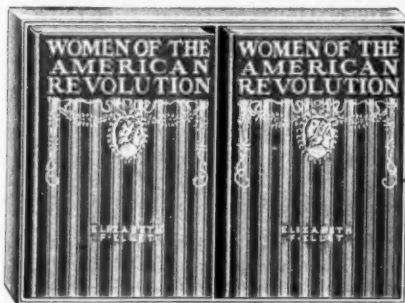
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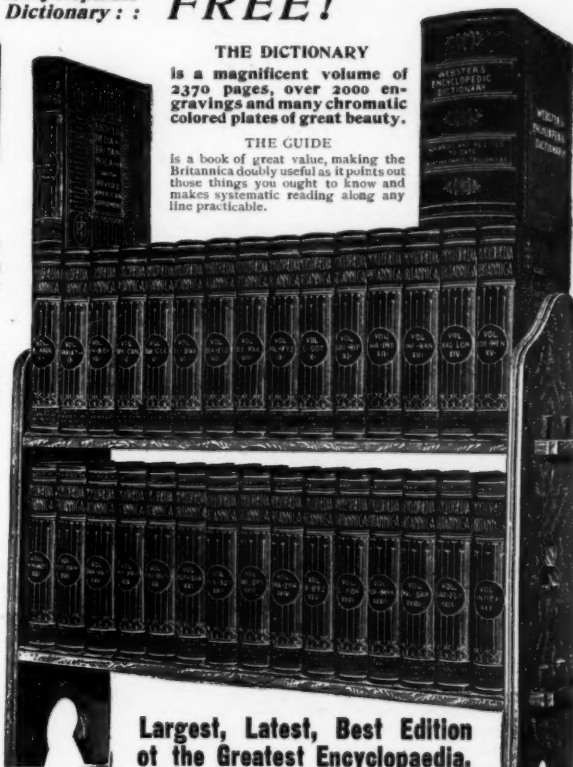
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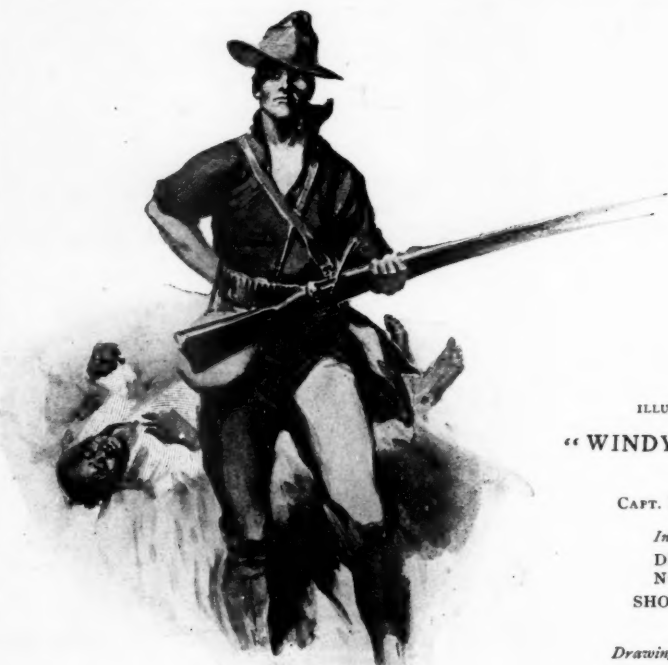


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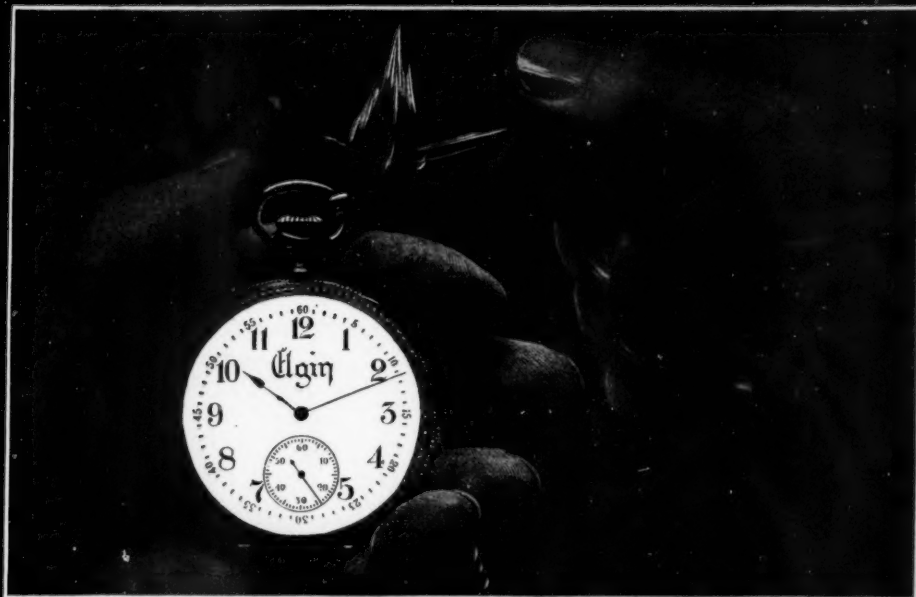
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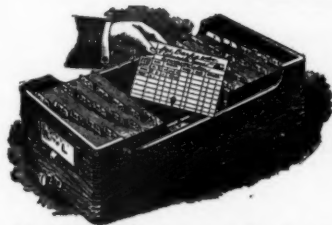
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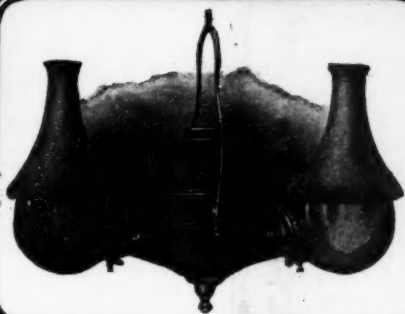
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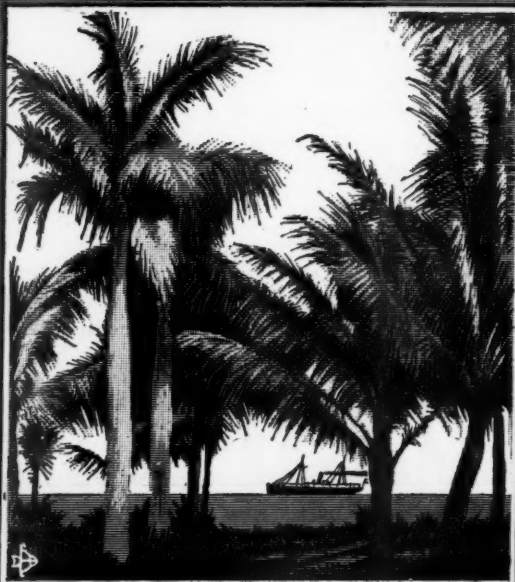
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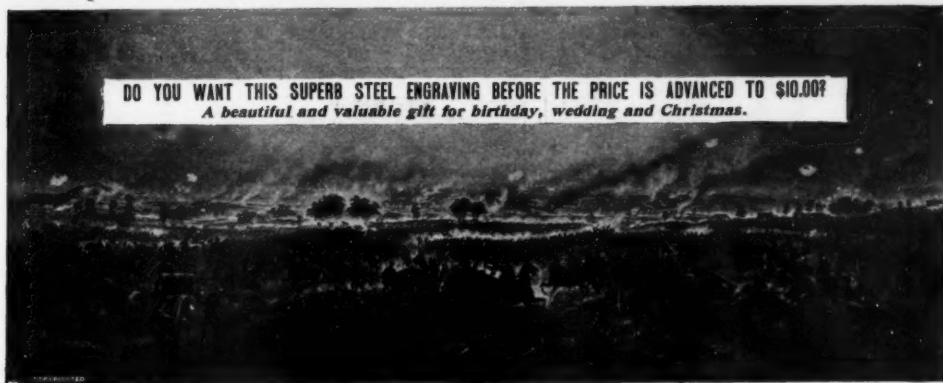


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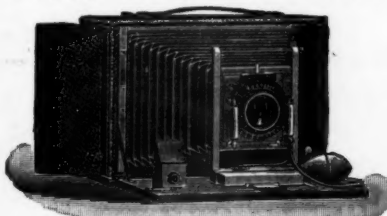
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